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THE
WORKS
OF
PETER PINDAR, Esq.

VOL. II.



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THE
WORKS



VOL. II

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ODE UPON ODE ;
OR,
A PEEP AT ST. JAMES'S;
OR,
NEW-YEAR'S DAY;
OR,
WHAT YOU WILL.

Quo me cunque rapit Tempestas, deferor Hospes. HORACE.

Just as the maggot bites, I take my way—
To painters now my court respectful pay;
Now (ever welcome!) on the Muse's wings,
Drop in at Windsor, on the best of Kings;
Now, at St. James's, about Handel prate,
Hear Odes, see Lords and Squires, and smile at State.

PROËMIUM.

KNOW, Reader, that the LAUREAT's post sublime
Is destin'd to record, in handsome rhyme,
The deeds of British Monarchs twice a-year:
If *great*—how happy is the tuneful tongue!
If *pitiful*—(as Shakspeare says) the song
“ Must fackle fools, and chronicle small-beer.”

But bards must take the *uphill* with the *down* ;
 Kings cannot always oracles be hatching :
 Maggots are oft the tenants of a crown—— [ing.
 Therefore, like those in cheese, not worth the catch-

O gentle Reader ! if, by God's good grace,
 Or, (what's more fought,) good interest at court,
 Thou get'st, of lyric trumpeter, the place,
 And hundreds are, like gudgeons, gaping for't ;
 Hear ! (at a palace if thou mean'st to thrive)
 And of a steady coachman learn to drive.

Whene'er employ'd to celebrate a King,
 Let Fancy lend thy Muse her loftiest wing—
 Stun with thy minstrelsy th' affrighted sphere ;
 Bid thy voice **thunder** like an hundred batteries ;
 For common sounds, conveying common flatteries,
 Are zephyrs whisp'ring to the royal ear.

Know—glutton-like, on praise each Monarch crams :
 Hot spices suit alone their pamper'd nature :
 Alas ! the stomach, parch'd by burning drams,
 With mad-dog terror starts at simple water.

Fierce is each royal *mania* for applause ;
 And, as a horse-pond wide, are Monarch maws——
 Form'd, therefore, on a pretty ample scale :
 To sound the *decent* panegyric note,
 To pour the *modest* flatt'ries down their throat,
 Were off'ring shrimps for dinner to a whale.

And

And mind, whene'er thou strik'st the lyre to Kings,
To touch to Abigails of courts, the strings ;

Give the Queen's toad-eater a handsome sop,
And swear she always has more grace
Than e'en to sell the *meanest* place—

Swear too, the woman keeps no tittle-shop ;

Sells not, like Jews in Paul's Church-Yard their ware,
Who on each passenger for custom stare ;

And, in the happy tones of traffic, cry,

“ *Sher ! vat you buy, Sher ?—Madam, vat you buy ?* ”

Thus, Reader, ends the Prologue to my Ode !

The true-bred courtiers wonder whilst I preach—
And, with grave vizards, and stretch'd eyes to God,

Pronounce my sermon a most impious speech :

With all my spirit—let them d—n my lays——

A courtier's curses are exalted praise.

I HEAR a startl'd moralist exclaim,

“ Fie, PETER, PETER ! Fie for shame !

“ Such counsel disagrees with my digestion.”

Well ! well ! then, my old SOCRATES, to please thee,
For much I'm willing of thy qualms to ease thee,

I'll nobly take the other side the question.

Par Exemple :

FAIR Praise is sterling gold—all should desire it—
 Flattery, base coin—a cheat upon the nation ;
 And yet our vanity doth much admire it,
 And really gives it all its circulation.

FLATTERY'S a sly insinuating screw—
 The world—a bottle of Tokay so fine—
 The engine always can its cork subdue,
 And make an easy conquest of the wine.

FLATTERY'S an ivy wriggling round an oak—
 This oak is often honest blunt JOHN BULL—
 Which ivy would its great supporter choak,
 Whilst JOHN (so thick the walls of his dark scull)
 Deems it a pretty ornament, and struts—
 Till Master IVY creeps into JOHN'S guts ;
 And gives poor thoughtless JOHN a set of gripes :
 Then, like an organ, op'ning all his pipes,
 JOHN roars ; and, when to a consumption drain'd,
 Finds out the knave his folly entertain'd.

PRAISE is a modest, unassuming maid,
 As simply as a Quaker beauty drest :
 No ostentation hers—no vain parade :
 Sweet nymph! and of few words possesst ;

Yet,

Yet, hear'd with reverence when the silence breaks,
And dignifies the man of whom she speaks.

FLATT'RY's a pert French milliner—a jade
Cover'd with *rouge*, and flauntingly array'd—
Makes saucy love to ev'ry man she meets,
And offers ev'n her favours in the streets.

And yet, instead of heeding public hisses——
Divines so grave—philosophers can bear her;
What's stranger still, with childish rapture hear her—
Nay, court the smiling harlot's *very kisses*.

O D E.

RICH as Dutch cargoes from the fragrant East,
Or custard-pudding at a city feast,

TOM's incense greets his Sovereign's hungry nose:
For, bating birth-day torrents from Parnassus,
And New-year's spring-tide of divine molasses,
Fame in a scanty-rill to Windsor flows!

Poets (quoth tuneful Tom) in ancient times,
Delighted all the country with their rhymes;——

Sung knights and barbed steeds with valour big :
 Knights who encounter'd witches—murder'd wizards,
 Flogg'd Pagans, till they grumbl'd in their gizzards :
 Rogues ! with no more religion than a pig :—

Knights who illumin'd poor dark souls,
 Through pretty little well-form'd eylet holes,
 By pious pikes and godly lances made—
 Tools ! that work'd wonders in the holy trade ;

With battle-axes fit to knock down bulls,
 And therefore qualify'd (I wot) full well,
 With force the sacred oracles to tell
 Unto the thickest unbelieving sculls :—

Knights, who, so famous at the game of Tourney,
 Took boldly to the Holy Land a journey,
 To plant, with fwords, in hearts, the Gospel seeds ;
 Just as we hole for cucumbers, hot-beds,
 Or pierce the bosom of the fullen earth,
 To give to radishes or onions birth :—

Knights, who, when tumbl'd on the hostile field,
 And to an enemy oblig'd to yield,
 Could neither leg, nor arm, nor neck, nor nob stir ;
 Poor devils ! who, like aligators hack'd,
 At length by hammers, hatchets, sledges, crack'd,
 Were drag'd from coats of armour—like a lobster.

Great (says the laureat) were the poet's puffings
 On idle daring red-cross raggamuffins,

Who,

Who, for their childishness, deserv'd a birch :
Quoth TOM, A worthier subject now, thank God !
Inspires the lofty dealer in the Ode,
Than blockheads battling for old Mother Church.

Times (quoth our courtly bard) are alter'd quite—
The poet scorns what charm'd of yore the fight—
Goths, Vandals, castles, horses, mares :—
The polish'd poet of the present day,
Doth in his tasty shop display,
Ah ! vastly prettier-colour'd wares.

—The poet “ moulds his harp to manners mild,”
Quoth TOM—to Monarchs who, with rapture wild,
Hear their own praise with mouths of gaping wonder,
And catch each crotchet of the Birth-day thunder :
Crotchets that scorn the praise of *common* folly —
Though not most *musical*—most *melancholy*.
Ah ! crotchets doom'd to charm our ears no more,
Although by Mr. PARSONS set in *score*.
Drear and eternal silence doom'd to keep,
Where the dark waters of oblivion sleep—
To speak in humbler English—doom'd to rest,
With court addressees, in a musty chest.

Yet all the Lady *Amateurs* declar'd,
They were the *charming'st* things they ever heard :
As for example—all the angels GIDEONS —
That is, my Lady, and her daughters fair,
With coal-black eye-brows, and sweet Hebrew air—
The lovely produce of the two religions :

Thus,

Thus, in their virtues, fox hounds best succeed,
 When sportsmen very wisely cross the breed :
 And thus with nobler lustre shines the fowl
 Begot between a game-hen and an owl.

Sir Sampson too declar'd with voice divine,
*" Dat sbince he haf turn Chreeftian, and eat hog,
 " He nebber did hear moosbic half sho fine ;
 " No ! nebber sbince he lefs de Shynnygogue."*

His Grace of Queensb'ry too, with eyes though dim,
 And one deaf ear, was there in wonder drown'd !
 Lift'ning, in attitude of Corp'ral Trim,
 He rais'd his thin grey curl to catch the sound .

Then swore the airs would never meet their matches,
 But in his own immortal glees and catches *.
 Yet were those crotchets all condemn'd to rest
 In the dark bosom of a musty chest !

Crotchets that form'd into so sweet an air,
 As charm'd my Lady Mayorefs and Lord Mayor ;
 Who thought (and really they were true believers)
 The music equall'd marrow-bones and cleavers.

Strains ! that the Reverend Bishops had no qualms
 In saying, that they equall'd David's Psalms ;
 But not surpass'd in melody the bell
 That mournful soundeth an Archbishop's knell ;

* Though not a PURCELL, his Grace is admitted by many
 of his musical guests, to be a very pretty catch-maker.

Strains !

Strains ! that Sir Joseph Mawbey deem'd divine,
Sweet as the quavers of his fattest swine.

E'en great * Lord Brudenell's self admir'd the strain,
In all the tuneful agonies of pain ;
Who, winking, beats, with duck-like nods, the time,
And call'd the music and the words sublime.

Yes, this most lofty Peer admir'd the Ode ;
A Peer who, too, delights in Opera-dancing ;
Thus sagely both those useful arts advancing,
And nobly spreading Britain's fame abroad.

So much by dancing is his Lordship won,
Behind the Op'ra scenes he constant goes,
To kiss the little finger of COULON †,
To mark her knees, and many-twinkling toes.

Too, all the other Lords, with whispers swarming,
Cried *bravo ! bravo !* charming ! *bravo !* charming !
And Majesty itself, to music bred,
Pronounc'd it " Very, very good, indeed !"
Indulging, p'rhaps, the *very* nat'ral dream,
That all its charms were owing to the *theme*.

Not but some small degree of harmless pleasure
Might in the brace of R-y-l bosoms rise,
To think they heard it without waste of treasure ;
As six-p nces are lovely in their eyes.

* A prodigious *Amateur*—without his Lordship there can
be no rehearsal.

† A first dancer at the Opera.

For,

For, not long since, I heard a forward dame
Thus, in a tone of impudence, exclaim—

“ Good God ! how Kings and Queens a song adore !

“ With what delight they order an *encore* !

“ When that same song, *encor’d*, for *nothing* flows !

“ This MADAM MARA to her sorrow knows,

“ To Windsor, oft, and *eke* to Kew,

“ The R-y-l mandate MARA drew.

“ No cheering drop the Dame was ask’d to sip—

“ No bread was offer’d to her quiv’ring lip :

“ Though faint, she was not suffer’d to sit down,—

“ Such was the *goodness—grandeur* of the Cr—n !

“ Now tell me, will it ever be believ’d,

“ How much for song and chaise-hire she receiv’d ?

“ How much pray, think ye ?”—Fifty guineas—

“ No.”

Most surely Forty.—“ No, no.” Thirty.—“ Pohl !

“ Pray, guess in reason,—come, again.”—

Alas ! you jeer us—Twenty at the least ;

No man could ever be so great a b——st ;

As not to give her twenty for her pain.—

“ To keep you, then, no longer in suspense,

“ For MARA’s chaise-hire and unrivall’d note,

“ Out of their *wonderful* benevolence,

“ Their bounteous M——ies gave—not a groat.”

“ Aye !” cry’d a second stand’rer, with a sneer,

“ I know a story like it—You shall hear—

“ Poor

“ POOR MRS. SIDDONS, *she* was order'd out——
“ To wait upon their M-j---ies, to *spout*——
“ To read old Shakespeare's *As you like it* to 'em ;
“ And how to mind their stops, and commas,
“ *shew* 'em :

“ She read——was told 'twas very, very fine,
“ Excepting here and there a line,——
“ To which the Royal wisdom did object——
“ And which in all the pride of emendation,
“ And partly to improve her reputation,
“ His M-j---y thought proper to correct :

“ Then turning to the Partner of his Bed,
“ On tip-toe mounted by self-approbation,
“ A very modest elevation.”

He cried, “ Mind, CHARLY, *that's* the way to read.”

“ The Actress reading, spouting——out of breath,
“ *Stood* all the time——was nearly tir'd to death ;
“ Whilst both their M-j---ies, in royal style,
“ At perfect ease were *sitting* all the while.
“ Not offer'd to her was one drop of beer,
“ Nor wine, nor chocolate, her heart to cheer :
“ Ready to drop to earth, she must have sunk,
“ But for a child, that at the hardship shrunk——
“ A little PRINCE, who mark'd her situation,
“ Thus, pitying, pour'd a tender exclamation :
“ La ! MRS. SIDDONS is quite faint indeed,
“ How pale ! I'm sure she cannot longer read :
“ She

“ She somewhat wants, her spirits to repair,
 “ And would, I’m sure, be happy in a *chair*.”

“ What follow’d——Why, the R-y-l pair arose
 “ Surly enough——one fairly may suppose!
 “ And to a room adjoining made retreat,
 “ To let her, for one minute, *steal* a feat.”

“ At length the actresses ceas’d to read and spout
 “ Where generosity’s a crying sin:
 “ Her curt’fy dropp’d—was nodded to—came out—
 “ So rich!”—How rich?—“ As rich as she
 “ *went in*.”

Such are the stories twain!—Why, grant the fact,
 Are PRINCES, pray, like *common folks* to act?

Should MARA call it *cruelty*, and blame
 Such R-y-l conduct, I’d cry, Fie upon her!
 To Mrs. SIDDONS freely say the same——
 Sufficient for *such people* is the honour!

E’en I, the BARD, expect no gifts from KINGS,
 Although I’ve said of them such *handsome* things—
 Nay, not their eye’s attention, whose bright ray
 Would, like the SUN, illumine my poor lay,
 And, like the Sun, so kind to procreation,
 Increase within my brain the maggot nation.
 So much for idle tales.—Now, MUSE, thy strain
 Digressive, turn to Drawing-rooms again.

There

There too was PITT, who scrap'd and bow'd to ground;
 And whisper'd Majesty, 'twas vastly fine;—
 Then wish'd such harmony could once be found
 Where *he*, each day, was treated like a swine
 By that arch-fiend CHARLES FOX, and his vile party—
 Villains! in nought but black rebellion hearty;
 Fellows! who had the impudence to place
 The *sacred sceptre* underneath the *mace*,
 And twisted ropes, with malice disappointed,
 To hamper or to hang the LORD'S ANOINTED.

To whom a certain SAGE so earnest cry'd,
 “ Don't mind—don't mind—the rogues their aim
 have miss'd—

“ Don't fear you place, whilst I am well supply'd—

“ But mind, mind poverty of Civil List.

“ Swear that no K——'s so poor upon the globe;

“ Compare me——yes, compare me to poor JOB.

“ What, what, PITT—hæ? We must have t'other
 grant—— [dead AUNT

“ What, what? You know, PITT, that my old

“ Left not a six-pence, PITT, these eyes to bless,

“ But from the parish sav'd that fool at *Hesse*.

“ But mind me—hæ, to plague her heart when dying,

“ I was a constant hunter—Nimrod still;

“ And when in state as dead 's a mack'rel lying,

“ I car'd not, for I knew the Woman's *Will*.

- " And three days after she was dead,
 " Which some folks thought prodigiously profane,
 " I took it——yes——I took in my head,
 " To order *Sir John Brute* at Drury Lane ;——
 " Had she respected *me*, I do aver,
 " I shou'd have stay'd at home, and thought of *her*.
 " And mind—keep GEORGE as poor as a church
 " mouse——
 " Vote not a halfpenny for Carlton House——
 " This may appear like wonderful barbarity——
 " But mind, Pitt, mind—he gains in popularity.
 " I see him o'er his Father try to rise——
 " And mount an eagle to the skies——
 " But poverty will check his daring flight——
 " Besides, should GEORGE receive a grant——
 " He gets the golden orbs I want——
 " Then Civil-List deficiencies, good night !
 " And hæ ! that wicked * son-in-law of BROWN,
 " Losing all sort of rev'rence for a Crown,
 " Hath sent me a bill so dread——
 " What's very strange too, PITT, I'll tell ye more——
 " The rascal came into my house, and swore
 " 'Twas a just bill, and that he *must* be paid :

* Mr. Holland, who married a daughter of the late *Capability* Brown, and who hath several times *impertinently* troubled the Palace with a bill of two thousand pounds, due for work done by his father-in-law in the Royal gardens.

" Yes,

“ Yes, that he wou’d, he swore — (how saucy! PITT) —

“ Or send a lawyer to me with a *writ*.

“ Down sent I RAMUS to him o’er and o’er,

“ To say that BROWN had *gain’d* enough —

“ And bid him to the Palace come no more

“ To pester Majesty with bills and stuff.

“ What—PITT, pray don’t you think I’m right —
quite right?”

On which the Premier, with a fault’ring bow,
Star’d in the face by TRUTH—looking I don’t
know how,

Hem’d out a faint assent—Heav’ns, how polite!

How pretty ’twas in PITT, what great good sense,
Not to give Majesty the least offence!

Whereas, the CHANCELLOR, had *be* been there,
Whose tutor, one would think, had been a bear;
Thinking a Briton to no forms confin’d,
But born with privilege to speak his mind;
Had answer’d with a thund’ring tongue,

“ I think your Majesty d-mn-tion wrong —

“ I know no *moral* or *prescriptive* right

“ In Kings to * * * a subject of a mite: —

“ Give him his just demand—it is but fit —

“ Such littlenesses look extremely odd —

“ Before *me* should the matter come, by G—d

“ Your Majesty will cursedly be *bit* —

"Kings by a sense of honour should be sway'd——

"Holland *must*, *will*, by G—d he *shall*, be paid."

LORD ROCHFORD, too, the gentle youth! was there,
Whose sweet *falsetto* voice is often sported
In glees and catches; so that all who hear,
Believe a pretty *femi-vir* imported.

Anxious to please the royal pair,
LORD SALISBURY prais'd the words and air;
My Lord—who boasts a pretty tuneful palate,
Who kindly teaches cobblers how to sing,
Instructs his butler, baker, on the string,
And with Apollo's laurel crowns his valet*.

"A cobbler, baker, chang'd to a musician,

"Butlers, and lick-trenchers!" my reader roars;

"The sacred art is in a sweet condition——

"A pretty way of rubbing out old scores!

"God blefs his generosity and purse!——

"Soon probably his grandmother, or nurse,

"May to the happy band unite their notes——

"Perchance, the list respectable to grace,

"His Lordship's fav'rite *horse* may show his face,

"And earn, as chorus finger, all his oats."

* His Lordship made some *bad* appointments to his Majesty's band—ignorant, unmusical rogues, who receive the salary, and thrum by proxy: however he hath behaved better *lately*, and made atonement, by giving SHIELD, DANCE, BLAKE, PARKE, and HACKWOOD, to the band.

There

There too, that close attendant on the KING,
Sir CHARLES *, the active, elegant, and supple,
Join'd with the happy *beings* of the ring,
And bow'd and scrap'd before the sceptred couple ;
Pour'd high *encomium* on the birth-day din,
And won the *meed* of many a royal grin.

Sir Charles ! the most polite, devoted man,
Form'd perfectly upon the courtier plan ;
Watches each motion of the royal lips,
And round his Majesty so lively skips :

Keen as an hawk, observes his Sovereign's eye,
Explores its wants, and dwells upon its stare,
As if he really was to live or die

According to th' appearance of the glare :
Hops, dances, of true courtlinefs the type,
Just like a pea on a tobacco-pipe.

Oft will his sacred M——y look down,
With aspect conscious of a glorious crown ;
Look down with surly grandeur on the Knight,
As if such servile homage was his *right* ;
And by a *stare*, inform the fearful thing,
The diff'rence 'twixt a subject and a King.

Thus when a little fearful puppy meets
A noble Newfoundland-dog in the streets,

* Sir Charles Thompson.

He creeps, and whines, and licks the lofty brute ;
 Curls round him, falls upon his back, and then
 Springs up and gambols—frisks it back agen,
 And crawls in dread submission to his foot ;
 Looks up, and hugs his neck, and seems t'entreat him,
 With ev'ry mark of terror, not to eat him.

The Newfoundland-dog, conscious of his might,
 Cocks high his tail and ears, his state to show ;
 Then lifts his leg (a little unpolite)
 And almost drowns the suppliant below ;

Then seems, in full-blown majesty, to say,
 “ Great is my power—but, lo ! I'll not abuse it ;
 “ I'm CÆSAR ! paltry creature, go thy way ;
 “ But mind, I can *devour* thee, if I chuse it.”

Sir CHARLES at theatres oft shows his mien,
 Skips from his Majesty behind the scene,
 To make a fav'rite actress blest, by saying,
 How pleas'd the Monarch is—how oft he clap'd,
 How oft the Queen her fan so gracious tap'd,
 In approbation of her charming playing !

Then will the Knight, with motions all so quick,
 Rush back again, o'erjoy'd, through thin and thick,
 And to their sacred Majesties repair,
 Loaded with curtsies, speeches, thanks, fine things !
 Proud as some old dame's nag with Queens and Kings
 Of gingerbread, to grace a country fair.

Then

Then will Sir CHARLES race back, with bold career,
With something *new* the royal mouths shall utter,
Sweet to the actress's astonish'd ear,
As sugar-plums to brats—or bread and butter ;

Then back to Majesty Sir CHARLES will fly
With the great actress's sublime reply ;
As for example—" Dear Sir CHARLES, dear friend,
" Pray thank their Majesties' extreme good-nature,
" Who in their goodnesses can condescend
" To honour thus their poor devoted creature :
" Whose patronage gives glory to a name——
" Whose smiles *alone* confer immortal fame.——
" I beg, Sir CHARLES, you'll say the *humblest* things—
" Commend me to the best of *Queens and Kings*."

Back with the messages Sir CHARLES will run,
And with them charm of Majesty the sun,
And bid him, like his brother in the skies,
Dart smiling radiance from his mouth and eyes !
Thrice happy Knight ! all parties form'd to please !
Blest porter of such messages as these !

Thus, 'midst the battle's rage, like lightning, scours
An aid de camp, his General's orders carrying ;
Bravely he gallops through the bullet-show'rs,
But scarce a single minute tarrying ;
Then to the General back with answer comes,
'Midst the deep thunder of great guns and drums ;

Now

Now forth again with more command he fallies,
 Then back, then forth again behold him hurry ;
 To *this* that runs away, to *that* which rallies,
 All bustle, uproar wild, and hurry scurry !

Yet was there *one* who much the day decry'd—

Old Lady MARY DUNCAN (says report).

“ What, no dear, dear *Castrato* here !” she sigh’d ;
 “ Why then—p-x take the roarings and the court ;
 “ Then Lord have mercy on my tortur’d ears,
 “ And shield me from the shouts of such he-bears !

“ Are such the pretty notes to please ?
 “ Then may I never more hear sounds like these ;
 “ In days of yore they might have had their merit,
 “ Amongst the rams-horns to have borne a bob,
 “ That did at Jericho the wondrous job——
 “ Knock’d down the wall with so much spirit.

“ The sounds may answer to play tricks
 “ Amongst a pack of drunken asses ;
 “ To break, as if it were, with sticks,
 “ The bones of bottles and poor glasses.

“ Where, where is Pacchierotti’s *heart-felt strain* ?

“ Where Rubinelli’s *sofienuto* note ?

“ That tickled oft my fighting soul to *pain*,

“ That bade my senses in Elysium float ?

“ Avaunt ! you vile black-bearded rogues—avaunt !

“ ’Tis smother chins, and sweeter tones, *I want*.”

My

My Lord of EXETER was also there,
Who, marv'ling, cock'd his time discerning ear
To strains that did such honour to a throne——
There UXBRIDGE taught the audience how to *think* ;
With much significant and knowing wink,
And speeches clad in Wisdom's critic tone ;
Who look'd musicians *through* with half-shut eyes !—
Most solemn, most *chromatically* wise !

SANDWICH, the glory of each jovial meeting
This fidler now—now *that*, so kindly greeting,
Appear'd, and shrewdly pour'd his *habs* and *bums* :
Great in tattoo, my Lord, and cross-hand roll ;
Great in the Dead-march stroke sublime of Saul,
He beats Old Afsbridge * on the kettle-drums.

What pity to our *military* host,
That such a charming drummer should be lost !
And feel through life his glories *overcast*
At that dull Board †, where, never could he learn
Of ships, the diff'rence between *stem* and *stern*,
Hen-coops and boats, the rudder and the mast.

Say—'midst the tuneful tribe was EDMUND BURKE ?
No !—MUN was cutting out for HASTINGS, work ;
Writing to Cousin WILL ‡ and Co., to league 'em
Against that rogue, who like a ruffian rose,
And tweak'd a bulse of jewels from the nose
Of dames in India, christen'd *Munny Begum*.

* A kettle-drummer of great celebrity.

† The Admiralty.

‡ In India.

EDMUNDI

EDMUND! who formerly look'd fierce as Grimbald
 On that most horrid imp, Sir THOMAS RUMBOLD;
 Vow'd, like a sheep, to slay that eastern thief;
 Till *strange good fortune* open'd EDMUND's eyes:
 Oh! then he heard of innocence the cries,
 And, like Jew converts, damn'd his old belief.
 Yet, let *some* praise for MUN's conversion pass
 To that great wonder-worker, Saint Dundas.

EDMUND! who battl'd hard for POWELL's life,
 And swore no man, in virtue, e'er went further:
 To prove which oath, this POWELL took a knife,
 And made the world believe it, by *self-murder*.

Reader, suppose I give thee a small Ode,
 Made when vile TIPPPOO SAIB in triumph rode,
 And play'd the devil on our Indian borders,
 In person, or by vile Satanic orders:
 When Mr. Burke, so famous for fine speeches,
 From *trope* to *trope*, a downright rabbit skipping,
 Meant, school-boy like, to take down HASTINGS'
breeches,
 And give the noble GOVERNOR a whipping?

If rightly, reader, I translate thy phiz,
 Thou smil'st consent—I thank thee—Here it is.

But mark my cleanliness ere I begin:
 Know, I've not caught the *itch* of party sin;

To

TO PITT, or FOX, I never did belong ;
TRUTH, TRUTH I seek—so help me GOD OF SONG !
P'rhaps to a *Heathen oath* thou may'st demur :
Well then—suspicion that I mayn't incur,

But, like a *Christian*, swear *I do not sham*—
By all the angels of yon lofty sky,
Where burning seraphims and cherubs cry,
I'm of no party—curse me if I am !

By all those wonder-monger faints and martyrs,
Cut for the love of God in halves and quarters ;
By each black soul in purgatory frying ;
By all those whiter souls, though we can't see 'em,
Singing their *Ave Maria* and *Te Deum*
On yon bright cloud—I swear I am not lying.

No ! free as air the Muse shall spread her wing,
Of *whom*, and *when*, and *what* she pleases, sing ;
Though Privy Councils *, jealous of her note,
Prescrib'd, of late, a halter for her throat.

Let Folly spring—my eagle, falcon, kite,
Hawk—satire—what you will—shall mark her flight ;
Through huts or palaces, ('tis just the same,)
With equal rage, pursue the panting game ;
And lay (by princes, or by peasants, bred)
Low at the OWNER'S feet, the CUCKOW, dead.

* This is a piece of secret history.

O D E
TO
EDMUND.

MUCH edified am I by EDMUND BURKE!

Well pleas'd I see his mill-like mouth at work,
Grinding away for poor Old England's good:
He gives of elocution such a feast!
He tells of such dread doings in the East!
And sighs, as 'twere, for his own flesh and blood.

*Shroff, Chout, Lack, Omra, Dufuck, Nabob, Bunder,
Crore, Choultry, Begum,* leave his lips in thunder.

With matchless *Pathos*, Mun describes the gag,
Employ'd by that vile son of HYDER NAIG,
Nam'd TIPPoo——Gags that British mouths detest!
Occasion'd partly by that man so sad,
That HASTINGS!—oh! deserving all that's bad—
That villain, murd'rer, tyrant, dog, wild beast!

Poor EDMUND sees poor Britain's setting sun;
Poor EDMUND groans, and Britain is undone!

Reader! thou hast, I do presume,
(God knows though) been in a snug room,

By

By coals or wood made comfortably warm,
And often fancy'd that a storm *without*,
Hath made a diabolic rout——
Sunk ships—torn trees up—done a world of harm.

Yes! thou hast lifted up thy tearful eyes,
Fancying thou heardest of mariners the cries;
And sigh'd, "How wretched now must thousands be!
"Oh! how I pity the poor souls at sea!"
When, lo! this dreadful tempest and his roar,
A *zephyr*—in the key-hole of the door!

Now, may not EDMUND's howlings be a sigh [fishes,
Pressing through EDMUND's lungs for loaves and
On which he long hath look'd with *longing* eye,
To fill poor EDMUND's not o'er-burden'd dishes?

Give MUN a sop—forgot will be complaint;
BRITAIN be safe, and HASTINGS prove a *saint*.

NOW for the drawing-room—O Muse, so madding,
Delighted in digression to be gadding.

Hampden and Fortescue (brave names!) attended—
The *last* in catches wonderfully mended.

The lovely Lady Clarges too was there,
 To all the graces as to music born;
 Whose notes so sweetly melting sooths the ear!
 Soft as the robin's to the blush of morn!
 There too the rare *Viol-di-Gamba*, Pratt,
 Whose fingers fair the strings so nicely pat,
 And bow that brings out sounds unknown at Babel—
 Though not so sweet as those of Mr. Abel.

Dear maid! the daughter of that prince of Pratts,
 Who music *cons* as well as law; and swears
 The girl shall *scrub* no foul's but Handel's airs,
 To whom he thinks our great composers, cats:

Id est, Sacchini, Haydn, Bach, and Gluck,
 And twenty more, who never had the luck
 To please the nicer ears of *some crown'd* FOLK;
 Ears that, like other people's though they grow,
 Poor creatures! really want the sense to know
 Psalm tunes, so mournful, from the old Black Joke.

That musty music-hunter too—*Mus. D.*
 Much travell'd Burney, came to hear and see;
 He, in his tour, who found such great protectors—
 Kings, Queens, Dukes, Margraves, Margravines,
 Electors,
 Who ask'd the Doctor many a gracious question,
 And treated him with marv'ulous hospitality;
 Guessing he had as clever a digestion
 For meat and drink, as music of rare quality—

Not

Not with much glee the Doctor heard the ode,
But turn'd his disappointed eyes to GOD;
And wish'd it his own setting, with a sigh;
For, ere to Salisbury's house the Doctor came——
To get, as ODE-SETTER, enroll'd his name——
Behold! behold the *wedding was gone by!*

Ah! how unlucky that the prize was lost!
Parsons, who, daring, dash'd thro' thick and thin——
Eclipse the second!—got, like lightning, *in*,
When Burney just had reach'd the *distance post*.

Yet, gentle Muse, let candour *this* allow,
That, though his heart was mortify'd enow,
The Doctor did his rival's art admire,
And own'd his *maiden* crotchets full of fire——
Crotchets! though sweet—alas! condemn'd to lie,
Like royal virtues, hid from mortal eye!
Crotchets that songful Mr. Parsons ties
To Tom's big phrase, to make sublimer cries;
Thrice happy union to entrance the soul!
How like the notes of cats, a vocal pair,
By boys (to catch their wild and mingl'd air)
Tied tail to tail, and thrown a-crofs a pole!

But where was great Sir Watkyn all this time!
Why heard he not the air and lofty rhyme?

The sleek Welsh deity, who music knows——
 The ALEXANDER of the Tot'n'am * troops,
 Who, tutor'd by his stampings, nods, grunts, whoops,
 Do wond'rous execution with their bows?

Sir Watkyn, deep in dismal dudgeon gone,
 Far in his Cambrian villa † sat alone;
 To Mrs. Walsingham ‡ he scrubb'd his base,
 Whilst anger swell'd the volume of his face,
 Flaming like suns of London in a fog;
 Of Mrs. Walsingham he sung with ire;
 His eyes as red as ferret's eyes, with fire;
 His mighty soul for vengeance all a-gog.

ACHILLES thus, affronted to the beard,
 His sledge-like fist o'er Agamemnon rear'd,
 And down his throat wou'd fain his words have ramm'd;
 Who, after oaths, (a pretty decent volly,)
 And rating the long Monarch for his folly,
 Inform'd the King of Men he might he d-mn'd;
 Then to his tent majestic strode, to strum,
 And scrape his anger out on tweedle-dum.

* Sir Watkyn is a member of the Ancient Music Concert
 in Tottenham Street, and much attended to, both for his art
 and science.

† Wynnestay.

‡ The quarrel between the Knight and the Lady was a won-
 derful one—*Tantane animis caelestibus ira?*

Yet

Yet Mrs. Walsingham the ode attended ;
 From 'Squire Apollo lineally descended——
 A dame who dances, paints, and plays, and sings ;
 The Saint Cecilia—Queen of wind and strings !
 Though scarcely bigger than a cat—a dame
 'Midst the *Bas Bleus*, a giant as to fame,
 When fiddle, hautboy, clarinet, bassoon,
 On Sunday (deem'd, by *us* good Christians, *odd*,)
 Unite their clang, and pour their merry tune
 In jiggyish gratitude to God ;
 Lo ! if a witless member should desire,
 Instead of Handel, strains *perchance* of Haydn,
 A fierce SEMIRAMIS she flames with fire——
 This Amazonian, crotchet-loving maiden !
 She looks at him with such a pair of eyes !——
 Reader, by way of *simile*-digression,
 Which to my subject happily applies——
 Did'st ever see *Grimalkin* in a passion,
 Lifting her back and ears, and tail, and hair ;
 Giving her two expressive goglers,
 (Not in the sweet and tender style of oglers,)
 A fierce, broad, wild, fix'd, furious, threat'ning stare ?
 If so—thou may'st some faint idea have
 Of this great Lady at her tuneful club——
 Who very often hath been heard to rave,
 And with much eloquence the members snub.
 Some people by their souls will swear,
 That if musicians miss but half a bar,

Just like an Irishman she starts to *bother*——
And, in the violence of quaver madness,
Where nought should reign but harmony and gladness,
She knocks one tuneful head against another ;
Then screams in such chromatic tones
Upon Apollo's poor affrighted sons,
Whose trembling tongues, when her's begins to sound,
Are, in the din vociferating, drown'd !

Thus when the Oxford bell, baptiz'd *Great Tom*,
Shakes all the city with his iron tongue,
The little tinklers might as well be dumb
As ask attention to their puny song,
So much the Lilliputians are o'ercome
By the deep thunder of the *Mighty Tom*.

Handel, as fam'd for manners as a pig,
Enrag'd, upon a time pull'd off his wig,
And flung it plump in poor Cuzzoni's face,
Because the little Syren mis'd a grace :
Musicians, therefore, should beware ;
Or in the face of some unlucky chap,
Although she cannot fling a load of hair,
She probably may dart her cap.

Oft when a youth to some sweet blushing maid
Hath sily whisper'd amatory things,
And, more by passion than by music sway'd,
Broke on the tuneful dialogue of strings ;

Rous'd

Rous'd like a tygres from a fav'rite feast,
 Up hath the valiant Gentlewoman sprung,
 With lightning look, and thund'ring tongue,
 Ready with out-stretch'd neck to eat the beast
 That boldly dar'd,——so blasphemously rash,——
 Mix with the air divine his love-sick trash.

Reader, attend her——she will so enrich ye
 With music knowledges of every kind,
 From that poor nothing-monger, old *Quilici*,
 To Handel's lofty and capacious mind :

Run wild divisions on the various merit
 Of *this* and *that* composer's spirit——
 On *GLUCK*'s sublimities be all so chatty——
 Talk of the *serio-comic* of *Piccini*,
 Compare the elegance of sweet *Sacchini*,
 And iron melodies of old *Scarlatti* !

But not one word on British worth, I ween——
 Their very mention gives the Dame the spleen :
 'Twere e'en disgrace to tell their mawkish names :
 Mere cart-horses——poor uninventive fools,
 Who neither music make, nor know its rules——
 Whose works should only come to light in *flames*.

To depths of music doth this Dame pretend,
 Nought can her science well transcend,——
 If you the Lady's own opinion ask ;

And

And when she talks of musical enditers,
 She shows a *vast* acquaintance with all writers,
 And takes them critically all to task.

Dear Gentlewoman! who, so great, so chaste,
 So *foreign* in her *tweedle-dummiſh* taste,
 Faints at the name of that enchanting fellow,
 The melting *Amoroso*, Paisiello!

With notes on Tarchi, Sarti, will o'erwhelm ye;
 Giordani, sweeter than the Hybla honey;
 Anfoffi, Cimerosa, Bach, Bertoni,

Rauzzini, Abel, Pleyel, Guglielmi!
 Can tell you, that th' Italian school is airy,
 Expressive, elegant, light as a fairy;

The German, heavy, deep, scholastic;
 The French, most miserably whining, moaning,
 Oft like poor devils in the cholic groaning,
 Noisy and screaming, hideous, Hudibrastic.

The female visitors around her gaze,
 With wond'ring eyes, and mouths of wide amaze,
 To hear her pompously demand the key
 Of ev'ry piece musicians play.

Astonish'd see this Petticoat-Apollo,
 With stamping foot, and beck'ning hands
 And head, time-nodding, issue high commands,
 Beating the Tot'n'am-road Director * hollow.

* Joah Bate, Esquire.

Yes

Yes——they behold amaz'd, this tuneful whale,
And catch each crotchet of her rich discourse,
Utter'd with classic elegance and force,

On *Diatonic* and *Chromatic* scale :
Then stare to see the Lady wisely pore
On scientific zig-zag score.

Reader, at this great Lady's Sunday meeting,
'Midst tuning instruments, each other greeting,
Screaming as if they had not met for years,
So joyous, and so great their clatter!——say,
Didst ever see this Lady striking *A*

Upon her harpsichord, with bending ears?
With open mouth, and stare profound,
Attention nail'd, and head awry,

Watching each atom of the tuneful cry,
Till *Alamire* unison goes round?
Didst ever see her hands outstretch'd like wings,

Towards the *Band*, though led by CRAMER,
Wide swimming for *pianos* on the strings——

Now sudden rais'd, like Mr. Christie's hammer,
To bid the *forte* * roar in sudden thunder,
And fill the gaping multitude with wonder?
Thou never didst?——then, friend, without a hum,
I envy thee a happiness to come!

* Motions established by the *Cognoscenti* for showing the light and shadow of Music.

“He moldshisharp,” quoth Tom, “to manners mild;”
 To Kings, for babe-like manners *simple* styl’d,
 And grac’d with virtues that would fill a tun;
 To *him* the Poet humbly makes a leg,
 Who, goose like, brooding o’er the fav’rite egg
 Of Genius, gives the Phoenix to the fun.

To *him*, who for such eggs is always watching,
 And never more delighted than when hatching;
 Which makes the number offer’d to the sun,
 So vast!—why, verily as thick as peas,
 That people may collect, with equal ease,
 A *thousand* noble instances, as *one*.

What numbers, Wisdom to his care hath giv’n!
 All hatch’d—some living—others gone to Heav’n:
 Thus in the pinnick’s * nest the cuckow lays,
 Then, easy as a Frenchman, takes her flight:—
 Due homage to the eggs the pinnick pays,
 And brings the little lubbers into light.

The modern poet fings, quoth Tom again,
 Of M——chs, who, with œconomic fury,
 Force all the tuneful world to Tot’n’am Lane,
 And lock up all the doors of harmless Drury †.

Say,

* A bird so called in some counties, that attends the wife bird, and feeds him.

† The Oratorios were to have been performed at Drury Lane, this year, under the conduct of Mr. LINLEY and Dr.

ARNOLD.—

Say, why this curse on Drury's harmless door,
 That thus, in anger, M——y should lock it?
 Muse, are the Tot'n'am-street subscribers poor?

Will Drury keep some pence from Tot'n'am's
 pocket?

Doth threat'ning bankruptcy extend a gloom
 O'er the proud walls of Tot'n'am's regal room?

Perchance 'tis Mara's song that gives offence!

Hinc illæ lacrymæ!——I fear:

The song that once could charm the R——l sense,

Delights, alas! no more the Royal ear.

Gods! can a guinea deaden ev'ry note,
 And make the nightingale's a raven's throat?

But let me give his M——y a hint,

Fresh from my brain's prolific mint——

Suppose we *Amateurs* should, in a fury,

Just take it in our John Bull heads to say

(And lo! 'tis very probable we *may*)——

“We *will* have Oratorios at Drury?”

How must he look?—Blank—wonderfully blank;

And think such speech an insult on his rank:

ARNOLD.—MADAME MARA was to have exhibited her amazing powers. This would have been a death-stroke to the pigmy performance in Tottenham Court Road. How should the pigmy be saved? By killing the *Giant*;—and lo! his death-warrant hath been signed.—By what power of the constitution? None!—Can the *Grand Monarque* do more? *Quicquid delirant Reges, plectuntur Achivi.*

What

What could he do? — oppose with ire so hot?
I think his M——y had better *not* *!

Pity a King should with his subjects squabble
About an Oratorio or a play:
It puts him on a footing with the rabble,
And that's *unkingly*, let me say.

Suppose he comes off conqueror! — alas!
For such a victory he ought to *figh* —
But, Lord! suppose it so should come to pass,
That Majesty comes off with a black eye?
Whether he lose or win the day,
The world will christen it a *paltry* fray.

Kings should be never in the *wrong* † —
They never *are*, some wise-acres declare. —
Poh! such a speech may do for birth-day song;
But makes *us* philosophic people *stare*!

I know

* Indeed His M——y hath prudently taken the hint. —
DRURY, in spite of the Royal frown, hath had her Oratorios
performed, to the no small mortification of poor deserted
TOTTENHAM.

† Yet let us give an instance of wrong proceedings. — A
certain K — and Q —, instead of having concerts at their
palace, in the style of other Princes, such as the King of
France, the Emperor, the Empress of Russia, &c. have en-
tered into a private subscription for a concert in a pitiful
street. — They pay their six guineas a-piece; and, what is
more extraordinary, get in their children, as we are told,
gratis!

I know a certain owner of a C——n,
 Not quite a hundred miles from Windfor town,
 Who harbour'd of his neighbour horrid notions——
 A widow gentlewoman—who, he said,
 Popp'd from her window ev'ry day her head
 Impertinent, to watch his Royal motions.

“What? what?” quoth M——y, “I'll teach her
 “To take my motions by surprise—— [eyes
 “One cannot breakfast, dine, drink tea, nor sup,
 “But, whip! the woman's head at once is out,
 “To see and hear what we are all about:
 “I'll cure her of that trick——and block her up.”

Mad as his military GRACE*
 For fortifying ev'ry place,

gratis! What is still more extraordinary, they have entered into a bond for *borrowing* two thousand pounds for putting the house into a decent repair: Fit for the reception of the K—— of the first empire upon earth. Of whom has this money been borrowed?—Marvelling reader! of the poor musicians' fund!—which money might have been placed out to a much superior advantage. Let me add, that the subscribers order a formal rehearsal previous to every concert; so that, in fact, they get a double concert for their money; undoubtedly to the vast satisfaction of the fingers of the happy CRAMER, BORCHI, SHIELD, CERVETTO, &c. who, in this instance, earn their money not very unlike the patient and laborious animal called a *dray-horse*.

* Duke of Richmond.

From dockyards to a necessary house——
 The M——ch dreamt of nothing but the wall——
 The faucy spy in petticoats to maul,
 And make her eagle pride crawl like a louse.

Now workmen came, with fomidable stones,
 To block up the poor widow JONES——
 Who mark'd this dread blockade, and, with a frown——
 And to the cause of freedom true——
 One of the old hen's chicks so blue,
 Fast as the K—— built *up*, the dame pull'd *down*.

'Twas up——'twas down——'twas up again——'twas
 down,——

Much did the country with the battle ring,
 Between the valiant Widow and the K——,
 That admiration rais'd in Windsor town :
 The mighty batt'ling Broughtons and the Slacks,
 Ne'er knew more money betted on their backs.

Sing, Heav'nly Muse, how ended this affray :
 Just as it happens, faith, nine times in ten,
 When dames so spirited engage with men——
 That is——th' heroic Widow won the day :

The K —— could not the Woman maul ;
 But found himself most shamefully defeated ;
 Then, very wisely, he retreated,
 And, very prudently, gave up the wall.

Now

Now sing, O Muse, the warlike ammunition
Us'd by the Dame in her besieg'd condition,
That on the host of vile invaders flew;
Say, did no God nor Goddess cry out shame!
And nobly hasten to relieve the Dame
From such a resolute and hostile crew?

Yes——Neptune, like her guardian angel, kind,
Join'd the poor Widow Jones, and ran up stairs;
Then fiercely caught up certain earthen wares,
And, pleas'd his fav'rite element to find,
Bid, on their heads, the briny torrents flow,
And wash'd, like shags, the combatants below.

The Goddess Cloacina too, so hearty,
Rush'd to the Widow's house, and join'd the party:
But say, what ammunition fill'd her hand,
Fame for the Widow to acquire,
To bid the enemy retire,
And give to public scorn the daring band?

What that *strong* ammunition was, the Bard
Heard as a secret——therefore must not tell;
Nor would he for a thousand pounds reward,
To beaux reveal it, or the sweetest belle.
Yet Nature possibly hath made a snout
Blest with sagacity to smell it out.

Reader, don't stand so, staring like a calf——
Thy gaping attitude provokes my laugh——

Thou think'st that Monarchs never can act ill :
Get thy head shav'd, poor fool ! or think so still.

Whether thou dem'st my story false or true,
I value not a rush,
Wil't have another ?—" No."—Nay, prithee do.—
" I won't."—Thou shalt, by Heav'n's ! so prithee
hush !

But ere I give the tale, my tuneful bride,
My Lady Muse, shall talk of Kings and Pride.

Some Kings on thrones are children on the lap——
Children, that all of us see ev'ry day——
Brats that kick, squall, and quarrel with their pap,
Tearing, and swearing they will have their way :
And what, too, their great reputation rifles,
Kings quarrel, just like children, about *trifles*.

Moreover—'tis a terrible affair
For kingly worship to be kick'd by fellows
Who probably feed half their time on air,
Mending old kettles or old bellows.

My Lady Pride's a very lofty BEING,
Much pleas'd with people's scraping, bowing,
Fruitful in egotisms, and full of brags—— [kneeing,
Her Ladyship in nought can brook denial ;
And, as for insult, 'tis a killing trial ;
And more especially from men of rags.

For

For Pride, such is her stateliness, alas !
 Rather than feel the kickings of an *ass*,
 Would calmly put up with a leg of *horse* ;
 Though pelting her with fifty times the force ;
 Nay, though her brains came out upon the ground,
 Were brains within her head-piece to be found.

A
 KING
 AND A
 BRICKMAKER *.
 A TALE.

A KING, near Pimlico, with nose and slate,
 Did very much a neighbouring brick-kiln hate,
 Because the kiln did vomit nasty smoke ;
 Which smoke—I can't say very nicely bred,—
 Did very often take it in its head
 To blacken the Great House, and try the K—to choak.
 His sacred Majesty would, sputt'ring, say,
 Upon a windy day,
 " I'll make the rascal and his brick-kiln hop—
 " P-x take the smoke—the sulphur!—zounds!—
 " It forces down my throat by pounds—
 " My belly is a downright blacksmith's shop."

* A Mr. Scott.

One day,—he was so pester'd by a cloud—
He could not bear it, and thus bawl'd aloud :
“ Go,” roar'd His M——y unto a page,
Work'd, like a lion, to a dev'lish rage,
“ Go, tell the rascal who the brick-kiln owns,
“ That if he dares to burn another brick,
“ Black all my house like hell, and make me sick,
“ I'll tear his kiln to rags, and break his bones.”

Off Billy Ramus fat, his errand told :
On which the Brickmaker—a little bold,
Exclaim'd, “ *He* break my bones, good Master Page,
“ *He* say my kiln shan't burn another brick,
“ Because it blacks his house and makes him sick !
“ Billy, go, give my love to Master's rage,
“ And say, more bricks I am resolv'd to burn ;
“ And if the smoke his Worship's stomach turn,
“ Tell him to stop his mouth and snout—
“ Nay more, good Page—His M——y shall find
“ I'll always take th' advantage of the wind,
“ And, dam'me, try to smoke him *out*.”

This was a shameful message to a K——
From a poor ragged rogue that dealt in mud ;
Yet, though so impudent a thing,
The fellow's rhet'rick could not be withstood.

Stiff as against poor Hastings, Edmund Burke,
This Brick-maker went tooth and nail to work,

And

And form'd a true Vesuvius on the eye :

The smoke in pitchy volumes roll'd along,
Rush'd through the Royal dome with sulphur strong,
And, thick ascending, darken'd all the sky.

To give the smoke a nastier stink,
Indignant Reader, what dost think ?
The fellow scrap'd the filthiest stuff together,
Old wigs, old hats, old woollen caps, old rugs,
Replete with many a colony of bugs,
Old shoes and boots, and all the tribe of leather.

Thus did the cloud of stink and darkness shade
The building for the Lord's Anointed made,
And blacken'd it like palls that grace a burying :
Thus was this man of mud and straw employ'd,
And at the thought so wicked, overjoy'd,
Of smoking God's Vicegerent like a herring ;

Of serving him as we do parts of swine,
Thought, with green pease, a dish extremely fine ;
But lo ! this baneful rogue of brick
Fell, for his Sov'reign, fortunately sick,
And, ere the wretch could glut his spleen and pride,
By turning Monarchs into bacon——died.

THE modern bard (quoth Tom) sublimely sings
Of sharp and prudent æconomic Kings,

Who

Who rams, and ewes, and lambs, and bullocks feed,
And pigs of ev'ry sort of breed:——

Of Kings who pride themselves on fruitful fows;
Who sell skimm milk, and keep a guard so stout
To drive the geese, the theivish rascals, out,
That ev'ry morning us'd to suck the Cows*:——

Of Kings who cabbages † and carrots plant
For such as wholesome vegetables want;——
Who feed, too, poultry for the people's sake,
Then send it through the villages in carts,
To cheer (how wondrous kind!) the hungry hearts
Of such as *only pay* for what they take.

The poet now, quoth Tom's rare lucubration,
Singeth commercial treaties——commutation——
Taxes on paint, pomatum, milk of roses,
Olympian dew, glove, sticking-plaster, hats,
Quack Medicines for sick Christians, and found rats,
And all that charm our eyes, or mouths, or noses.

The modern bard, says Tom, sublimely sings
Of virtuous, gracious, good, uxorious Kings,

* Is it possible for this story to be true? We would rather give it as *apocryphal*.

† Mr. Wharton says in his Ode, "*Who plant the Civic Bay*;" but he assuredly meant cabbages and carrots:—the fact proves it.

Who

Who love their wives so constant from their heart ;—
Who down at Windsor daily go a shopping —
Their heads so lovely into houses popping,
And doing wonders in the hagling art.

And why, in God's name, should not Queens and Kings
Purchase a comb, or corkscrew, lace for cloaks,
Edging for caps, or tape for apron-strings,
Or pins, or bobbin, cheap as other folks ?

Reader ! to make thine eyes with wonder stare,
I tell thee *farthings* claim the Royal care !
Farthings are helpless children of a guinea :
If not well watch'd they travel to their cost !
For lo ! each copper-vifag'd little ninney
Is very apt to stray, and to be lost.
Extravagance I never dar'd defend——
The greatest Kings should save a candle end :

Since 'tis an axiom sure, the more folks *save*,
The more, indisputably, they must *have*.
Crown'd heads, of *savings* should appear examples ;
And Britain really boasts two pretty samples !

The modern poet sings, quoth Tom again,
Of sweet excisemen, an obliging train ;
Who, like our guardian angels, watch our houses,
And add another civil obligation
That addeth greatly to our reputation——
Hug, in our absences, our loving spouses.

Reader !

Reader ! when tir'd, I'm fond of taking breath :—
 Now, as thou dost admire the true sublime,
 And, consequently, my immortal rhyme,
 'Tis clear thou never canst desire my death.——

Swans, in their songs, most musically die ;
 If that 's the case then, Reader, so might *I*.
 Let me, then, join thy wishes—stay my rapture,
 And nurse my lungs to sing a second chapter.

IN CONTINUATION.

“GRANT me an honest fame, or grant me none,”
 Says Pope, (I don't know where,) a little liar ;
 Who, if he prais'd a man, 'twas in a tone
 That made his praise like bunches of sweet-briar,
 Which, while a pleasing fragrance it bestows,
 Pops out a pretty prickle on your nose.

Were *some folks* to exclaim, who fill a throne,
 “ Grant me an honest fame, or grant me none ;”
 Such princes were upon the forlorn hope,——
 Soon, very soon, to reputation dead ;
 Their idle laureats, faith, might shut up shop,
 And bid their lofty genius go to bed.

Muse,

Muse, this is all well said ; but, not t' offend ye,

I beg you will not cultivate digression——

Plead not the poet's *quidlibet audendi* ;

For surely there are limits to th' expression :

Then cease to wanton thus in episode,

And tell the world of Mr. WARTON's Ode.

The modern poet, Laureat THOMAS, says,

To Botany's grand island tunes his lays,

Fix'd for the swains and damsels of St. Giles,

Whose knowledge in the *hocus focus* art

Bids them from Britain somewhat sudden start,

To teach to southern climes their ministerial wiles :

Improve the wisdom of the commonweal,

And teach the simple natives how to steal :

The pick-lock sciences, so dark, explain ;

And to ingenious murder turn each brain.

Quoth Tom again—the modern poet sings

Of sweet, good-natur'd, inoffensive Kings ;

Who, by a miracle escap'd with life—

Escap'd a damsel's most tremendous knife ;

A knife that had been taught, by toil and art,

To pierce the bowels of a pye or tart.

Thus, having giv'n a full display

Of what our Laureat says, or meant to say,

I'll beg of THOMAS to instruct my ears,
 Why, in his verses, he should call
 The Knights who grac'd the high-arch'd hall,
 A set of bears * ?

Why the bold steel-clad Knights of elder days
 Are not entitl'd to a little praise,
 Who for God's cause did palace, house, and *but sell*;
 As well as Monarchs of the present date,
 Whose dear religion, of which poets prate,
 Might lodge, without much squeezing, in a nut-shell ?
 " What King hath small religion ?" thou repliest—
 " If G----- the Th--- thou meanest—Bard thou
 " liest."

Hold, THOMAS—not so furious—I know things
 That add not to the piety of -----
 I've seen a K. at chapel, I declare,
 Yawn, gape, laugh, in the middle of a pray'r——

When inward his sad optics ought to roll,
 To view the dark condition of his soul ;
 Catch up an opera-glass, with curious eye,
 Forgetting God, some stranger's phiz to spy,
 As though desirous to observe, if Heav'n
 Had Christian features to the visage giv'n ;
 Then turn, (for kind communication, keen,)
 And tell some new-found wonders to the Queen.

* *Vid.* The word *Savage*, in the Laureat's Ode for the
 New Year.

Thus

Thus have these eyes beheld a cock so stately,
(Indeed these lyric eyes beheld one lately,)

Lab'ring upon a dunghill with each knuckle :
When after many a peck, and scratch, and scrub,
This hunter did unkennel a poor grub,

On which the fellow did so strut and chuckle !
He peck'd and squinted—peck'd and kenn'd agen,
Hallowing lustily to *Madam Hen* ;
To whom, with airs of triumph, he look'd round,
And told what noble treasure he had found.

“ Ah ! Peter, Peter,” Laureat THOMAS cries,
“ Thou hast no fear of Kings before thy eyes ;
“ Great—little—all with thee are equal jokes,
“ And mighty Monarchs merely common folks.
“ Ah, wicked, wicked, wicked Peter, know——”
Know what?—“ That Monarchs are not merely *show* ;
“ *Souls* they possess, and on a glorious scale :”
To this I answer, THOMAS, with a *tale*.

A Duke of Burgundy (I know not *which*)
Thus on a certain time, address'd a poet :—
“ I'm much afraid of that same scribbling itch—
“ You've wit—but pray be cautious how you show it ;
“ Say nothing in your rhymes about a King——
“ If praise, 'tis lies—if blame, a dangerous thing.”
That is, the Duke believ'd the King, uncivil,
Might kick the saucy poet to the devil.

T. W.

PETER, there's odds 'twixt staring and stark mad—

P. P.

Who dares deny it?—so there is, egad!

T. W.

Thou think'st *no Prince* of common sense possess'd—

P. P.

THOMAS, thou art mistaken, I protest—

On Stanislaus the Muse could pour her strain,

Who, dying, sunk a fun upon Lorraine:

Too like the parted fun, with glory crown'd—

He fill'd with blushes deep th' horizon round.

Fred'rick the Great, who died the other day,

Had for himself, indeed, a deal to say:

We must not touch upon that King's *belief*—

Because I fear he seldom said his pray'rs—

Nor dare we say the hero was no thief,

Because he plunder'd ev'ry body's wares.

I'm told the Emperor is vastly wise—

And hope that Madam Fame hath told no lies:

Yet, in his disputations with the Dutch,

The Monarch's oratory was not much:

Full many a trope from bayonet and drum

He threaten'd—but, behold! 'twas all a hum.

Wife are our gracious Q — n's *superb* relations,

The pride and envy of the German nations—

People of fashion, worship, wealth, and state—

Lo! what demand for them, in heav'n, of late!

Lo!

Lo ! with his knapsack, ev'n just now departed,
As fine a foldier, faith, as ever started——
Whom Death did almost *dread* to lay his *claws* on—
Old Captain what's his name ?—Saxehilberghausen* :
For whom (with zeal, for *folks of worship*, burning,)
We once again are black'ned up by mourning ;
To shew by glove, cloth, ribband, crape, and fan,
A peck of trouble for th' old gentleman.

Ah me ! what dozens, dozens, dozens,
Our Q. hath got of uncles, aunts, and cousins !
Egad, if thus those folks continue dying,
Each Briton, doom'd to dismal black,
Must always wear a hearse-like back,
And, like Heraclitus, be always *crying*.

Great is the northern Empress I confess !
Much, in her humour, like our good Queen Bess ;
Who keeps her fair court dames from getting drunk † :
And all so temperate herself, folks say,
She scarcely drinks a dozen drams a-day ;
And, in *love-matters*, is a Queen of *spunk*.

* Great uncle to our most gracious Q. He died in the Emperor's service.

† At an assembly at Petersburg, some years since, which was honoured with the presence of the Empress, one of the rules was, That no lady should come *drunk* into the room.

Yet like I not such woman for a wife—
 Such heroines, in a matrimonial strife,
 Might hammer from one's *tender* head *hard* notes :
 I own my delicacy is so great,
 I cannot in dispute, with rapture, meet
 Women who look like men in petticoats.

Oft in a learn'd dispute upon a cap,
 By way of *answer* one might have a *slap*—
 P'rhaps on a simple petticoat or gown—
 Nay ! possibly on Madam's being *kiss'd* !
 And really I would rather be knock'd down
 By weight of argument, than weight of fist.

I like not dames whose conversation runs
 On battles, sieges, mortars and great guns—
 The *milder* beauties win *my* soften'd soul,
 Who look for fashions with desiring eyes:
 Pleas'd when on *têtes* the conversations roll,
 Cork-rumps, and merry-thoughts, and lovers'-sighs.

Love ! when I marry, give me not an ox—
 I hate a woman like a sentry-box ;
 Nor can I deem that dame a charming creature
 Whose hard face holds an *oath* in ev'ry feature.

In woman—angel sweetness let me see—
 No galloping horse-godmothers for *me*.
 I own I cannot brook such manly *belles*
 As Mademoiselle d'Eons, and Hannah Snells :

Yet

Yet men there are, (how strange are Love's decrees!)
Whose palates e'en Jack-gentlewomen please.

How diff'rent, Cynthia, from thy form so fair,
That triumphs in a love-inspiring air;
Superior beaming ev'n where thousands shine——
Thy form!—where all the tender graces play,
And, blushing, seem in ev'ry smile to say,
“ Behold we boast an origin divine!”

See too the Queen of France—a gem I wéen!
With rev'rence let me hail that charming Queen,
Bliss to her King, and lustre to her race;
Though Venus gave of beauty half her store,
And all the Graces bid a world adore——
Her smallest beauties are the charms of *face*.

T. W.

Heav'ns! why *abroad* for virtues must you roam?

P. P.

Because I cannot find them, Tom, *at home*.

I beg you pardon—yes—the Prince of Wales
(Whose actions smile contempt on Scandal's tales)
Ranks in the Muse's favour high ——
I wish *some folks*, that I could name with ease,
Blest with *his* head—*his* heart—*his* pow'rs to please—
Then Pity's soul would cease from many a sigh!

The crouching courtiers, that surround a throne,
 And learn to speak and grin from *one* alone,
 Who watch, like dancing dogs, their master's nod—
 Are ready now, if horse-whipp'd from their places,
 At Carlton-House to shew their supple faces,
 And call the Prince they vilify, a God.

T. W.

Think'st thou not Cæsar doth the arts possess?

P. P.

Arts in abundance!—Yes, Tom—yes, Tom—yes!

T. W.

Think'st thou not Cæsar would each joy forego,
 To make his children happy?

P. P.

No, Tom—no!

T. W.

What! not *one* bag, to bless a child, bestow?—

P. P.

Heav'n help thy folly!—no, Tom—no, Tom—no!
 'The fordid souls that Avarice enslaves,
 Would gladly grasp their guineas in their *graves*:
 Like that old Greek—a miserable cur,
 Who made himself his own executor.

A cat is with her kittens much delighted;

She licks so lovingly their mouths and chins:

At ev'ry danger, Lord! how puffs is frightened—

She curls her back, and swells her tail, and grins,
 Rolls

Rolls her wild eyes, and claws the backs of curs
Who smell too curious to her children's furs.

This happens whilst her cats are *young* indeed ;
But when *grown up*, alas ! how chang'd their luck !
No more she plays at bo-peep with her breed,
Lies down, and, mewling, bids them come and suck :

No more she sports and pats them, frisks and purs ;
Plays with their twinkling tails, and licks their furs ;
But when they beg her blessing and embraces,
Spits, like a dirty vixen, in their faces.

Nay, after making the poor lambkins fly,
She watches the dear babes with squinting eye ;
And if she spies them with a bit of meat,
Springs on their property, and steals their treat.——

No more a tender love she seems to feel ;—
The dev'l for HER may eat 'em at a meal—
With all HER soul ;—the jade, so wondrous saving,
Cries, “Off ! you now are at your own beard-shaving.”

So—to some K --- s this evil doth belong ;——
Th' intelligence is good, I make no doubt ;
Who really love their offspring when they're young,
But lose that fond affection when they're stout ;
Far off they send them—nor a six-pence give :—
I wonder, THOMAS, where such M ----- hs live !—

Should

Should such a M-----h, THOMAS, cross thy way,
 And for thy flatt'ry offer butts of sack ;
 Say plainly that he would disgrace thy lay ;
 And turning on him thy poetic back,
 Bid, like a porcupine, thine anger bristle ;
 Nor damn thy precious soul to wet thy whistle.

CONCLUSION.

THINK not, friend TOM, I envy thee thy rhyme,
 By numbers, I assure thee, deem'd sublime ;
 Or that thy Laureat's place my spleen provokes :
 The King (good man!) and I should never quarrel,
 E'en though his royal wisdom gave the laurel
 To Mr. TOM-A-STILES, or JOHN-A-NOKES.

Old-fashion'd, as if tutor'd in the ark,
 I never sigh'd for glory's high degrees :
 This very instant should our *Grand Monarque*
 Say, " PETER, be my Laureat, if you please ;"

" No, please your Majesty," should be my answer,
 With sweetest diffidence and modest grace :

" The office suits a more ingenious man, Sir !

" In God's name, therefore, let *him* have the place :

" Unlike

" Unlike the poets, 'tis my vast affliction

" To be a miserable hand at *fiction*.

" But, Sir, I'll find some lyric undertaker,

" Acrostic, rebus, or conundrum-maker,

" Who oft hath rode on Pegasus so fiery,

" And won the sweepstakes in the LADY'S DIARY;

" Such, SIRE, in poetry shall hitch your name,

" And do sufficient justice to your fame."

AN
 APOLOGETIC POSTSCRIPT
 TO
 ODE UPON ODE.

Principibus placuisse viris non ultima laus est.

HORACE.

'The BARD whose verse can charm the BEST OF KINGS,
 Performeth most extraordinary things!

PETER NOBLY ACKNOWLEDGETH ERROR, SUSPECTETH AN
 INTERFERING DEVIL, AND SUPPLICATETH HIS READER—
 HE BOASTETH, WITTILY PARODIETH, AND MOST LEARN-
 EDLY QUOTETH A LATIN POET—HE SHEWETH MUCH
 AFFECTION FOR KINGS, ILLUSTRATING IT BY A BEAU-
 TIFUL SIMILE—PETER AGAIN WAXETH WITTY—RESO-
 LUTION DECLARED FOR RHYME, IN CONSEQUENCE OF
 ENCOURAGEMENT FROM OUR TWO UNIVERSITIES—PETER
 WICKEDLY ACCUSED OF KING-ROASTING; REFUTETH THE
 MALEVOLENT CHARGE BY A MOST APT ILLUSTRATION—
 PETER CRITICISETH THE BLUNDERS OF THE STARS—PETER
 REPLYETH TO THE CHARGES BROUGHT AGAINST HIM BY
 THE WORLD—HE DISPLAYETH GREAT BIBLE KNOWLEDGE,
 AND

AND MAKETH A SHREWD OBSERVATION ON KING DAVID, URIAH, AND THE SHEEP, SUCH AS NO COMMENTATOR EVER MADE BEFORE—PETER CHALLENGETH COURTIER TO EQUAL HIS INTREPIDITY, AND PROVETH HIS SUPERIORITY OF COURAGE BY GIVING A DELECTABLE TALE OF DUMPLINGS—PETER ANSWERETH THE UNBELIEF OF A VOCIFEROUS WORLD—DECLARETH TOTIS VIRIBUS LOVE FOR KINGS—PETER PEEPETH INTO FUTURITY, AND TELLETH THE FORTUNE OF THE PRINCE OF WALES—HE DESCANTETH ON THE HIGH PROVINCE OF ANCIENT POETS, AND DISPLAYETH CLASSICAL ERUDITION—PETER HOLDETH CONFERENCE WITH A QUAKER—PETER, AS USUAL, TURNETH RANK EGOTIST—HE TELLETH STRANGE NEWS RELATING TO MAJESTY AND PEPPER ARDEN—PETER APOLOGISETH FOR IMPUDENCE BY A TALE OF A FRENCH KING—PETER, IMITATING OVID, WHO WAS TRANSPORTED FOR HIS IMPUDENT BALLADS, TALKETH TO HIS ODE—SUGGESTETH A ROYAL ANSWER TO ODE AND ODE-FACTORS—HAPPILY SELECTETH A STORY OF KING CANUTE, ILLUSTRATING THE DANGER OF STOPPING THE MOUTHS OF POETS WITH HALTERS, &c. INSTEAD OF MEAT—PETER CONCLUDETH WITH A WISE OBSERVATION.

READER, I solemnly protest

I thought that I had work'd up all my rhyme !
What stupid demon hath my brain possess'd ?

I prithee pardon me this time :

Afford thy patience through more Ode ;
'Tis not a vast extent of road :

Together

Together let us gallop then along :
 Most nimbly shall old Pegafus, my hack, stir,
 To drop the image—prithce hear more song,
 Some, ‘ *more last words of Mr. Baxter.*’

A wond’rous fav’rite with the tuneful throng,
 Sublimely great are PETER’s pow’rs of song :
 His nerve of satire, too, so very tough,
 Strong without weakness, without softness rough.

What HORACE said of streams in easy lay
 The marv’ling world of PETER’s tongue may say ;
 His tongue so copious, in a flux of metre,
 “ LABITUR ET LABETUR !”

O D E.

WORLD! stop thy mouth—I am resolv’d to rhyme—
 I cannot throw away a vein sublime :
 If I may take the liberty to brag,
 I cannot, like the fellow in the Bible,
 Venting upon his master a rank libel,
 Conceal my talent in a *rag*.
 Kings must continue still to be my theme—
 Eternally of Kings I dream :

As beggars ev'ry night, we must suppose,
 Dream of their vermin, in their beds ;
 Because, as ev'ry body knows,
 Such *things* are always *running* in their heads.

Besides—were I to write of *common* folks,
 No soul would buy my rhymes so strange, and jokes:
 Then what becomes of mutton, beef, and pork——
 How would my masticating muscles work?

Indeed, I dare not say they would be idle,
 But, like my Pegasus's chops so stout,
 Who plays and wantons with his bridle,
 And nobly flings the foam about :

So mine would work—"On what?" my reader cries,
 With a stretch'd pair of unbelieving eyes——
 Heav'n help thy most unpenetrating wit !
 On a *bard* morsel—HUNGER's iron bit.

By all the rhyming goddesses and gods,
 I will—I *must* persist in Odes——

And not a power on earth shall hinder——
 I hear both * Universities exclaim,
 "PETER, it is a glorious road to fame ;
 " *Eugè Poeta magnè*—well said, PINADR !"

* The violence of the Universities, on this occasion, may probably arise from the contempt thrown on them by his Majesty's sending the royal children to Gottengen for education. But have not their Majesties amply made it up to Oxford by a visit to that celebrated seminary—and is not Cambridge to receive the same honour?

Yet some approach with apostolic face,
 And cry, "O PETER, what a want of grace
 "Thus in thy rhyme to roast a King!"
 I *roast* a King! by heav'n's 'tis not a fact—
 I scorn such wicked and disloyal act—
 Who dares assert it, says a scandalous thing.

Hear what I have to say of Kings—
 If, unsublime, they deal in childish things,
 And yield not, of reform, a ray of hope;
 Each mighty Monarch straight appears to me
 A roaster of *himself*—*Felo de se*—
 I only act as cook, and *disb* him up.

Reader! another simile as rare—
 My verses form a sort of bill of fare,
 Informing guests what kind of flesh and fish
 Is to be found within each dish;
 That eating people may not be mistaken,
 And take, for ortolan, a lump of bacon.

Whenever I have heard of kings
 Who place in gossipings, and news, their pride,
 And knowing family concerns—mean things!
 Very judiciously, indeed, I've cry'd,

"I wonder

"How their blind stars could make so gross a blunder!"

"Instead of sitting on a throne

"In purple rich—of state so full,

"They should have had an apron on,

"And, seated on a three-legg'd stool,

"Com-

" Commanded of dead hair, the sprigs

" To do their duty upon wigs.

" By such mistakes, is Nature often foil'd :

" Such improprieties should never spring——

" Thus a fine chattering *barber* may be spoil'd,

" To make a most indiff'rent *King*."

" Sir, Sir, (I hear the world exclaim,)

" At too high game you impudently aim——

" How dare you, with your jokes and gibes,

" Tread, like a horse, on kingly kibes?"

Folks, who can't see their errors, can't *reform* :

No plainer axiom ever came from man ;

And 'tis a Christian's duty, in a storm,

To save his sinking neighbour, if he can :

Thus *I* to Kings my Ode of Wisdom pen,

Because your Kings have souls like *common men*.

The Bible warrants me to speak the truth——

Nor mealy-mouth'd my tongue in silence keep :

Did not good NATHAN tell that buckish youth,

DAVID the KING, that he stole sheep ?

Stole poor URIAH's little fav'rite lamb——

An ewe it chanc'd to be, and not a ram——

For had it been a ram, the royal glutton

Had never meddled with URIAH's mutton.

What *modern* Courtier, pray, hath got the face

To say to Majesty, " O King !

“ At *such* a time, in *such* a place,
“ You did a very foolish thing !”
What Courtier, not a foe to his own glory,
Would publish of his King this simple story?—

THE
APPLE DUMPLINGS
AND
A KING.

ONCE on a time, a Monarch, tir'd with hooping,
Whipping and spurring,
Happy in worrying
A poor defenceless, harmless buck ;
(The horse and rider wet as muck,)
From his high consequence and wisdom stooping,
Enter'd, through curiosity, a cot,
Where sat a poor old woman and her pot.
The wrinkled, blear-ey'd, good, old granny,
In this same cot, illum'd by many a cranny,
Had finish'd apple dumplings for her pot :
In tempting row the naked dumplings lay,
When, lo ! the Monarch, in his usual way,
Like lightning spoke, “ What's this ? what's this ?
“ what ? what ?”

Then

Then taking up a dumpling in his hand,
His eyes with admiration did expand——

And oft did Majesty the dumpling grapple :

“ ’Tis monstrous, monstrous hard indeed,” he cry’d :

“ What makes it, pray, so hard :”—The Dame reply’d,
Low curtsying, “ Please Your Majesty, the apple.”

“ Very astonishing indeed !—strange thing !”

(Turning the dumpling round, rejoin’d the King.)

“ ’Tis most extraordinary then, all this is——

“ It beats Pinetti’s conjuring all to pieces——

“ Strange I should never of a dumpling dream——

“ But, Goody, tell me where, where, where’s the seam ?”

“ Sir, there’s no seam (quoth she) ; I never knew

“ That folks did apple dumplings *sew*.”——

“ No ! cry’d the staring Monarch with a grin)

“ How, how the devil got the apple in ?”

On which the Dame the curious scheme reveal’d

By which the apple lay so sly conceal’d,

Which made the Solomon of Britain start !

Who to the Palace with full speed repair’d,

And Queen, and Princesses so beauteous, scar’d,

All with the wonders of the Dumpling art !

There did he labour one whole week, to show

The wisdom of APPLE-DUMPLING MAKER ;

And lo ! so deep was Majesty in dough,

The Palace seem’d the lodging of a BAKER.

READER, thou likest not my tale—look’st *blue*—

Thou art a Courtier—roarest “Lies, Lies, Lies!”

Do, for a moment, stop thy cries—

I tell thee, roaring infidel, ’tis *true*.

Why should it not be true?—The *greatest men*

May ask a foolish question now and then—

’This is the language of all ages :

Folly lays many a trap—we can’t escape it :

Nemo (says some one) *omnibus horis sapit* :

Then why not Kings, like *me* and *other* fages?

Far from despising Kings, I like the breed,

Provided *King-like* they behave :

Kings are not an instrument we need,

Just as we razors want—to shave ;

To keep the State’s face smooth—give it an air—

Like my Lord North’s, so jolly, round, and fair.

My sense of Kings though freely I impart—

I hate not royalty, Heav’n knows my heart.

Princes and Princesses I like, so loyal—

Great GEORGE’S children are my great delight ;

The sweet Augusta, and sweet Princess Royal,

Obtain my love by day, and pray’rs by night.

Yes ! I like Kings—and oft look back with pride

Upon the Edwards, Harrys of our isle—

Great souls ! in virtue as in valour try’d,

Whose actions bid the cheek of Britons smile.

Muse !

Muse ! let us also *forward* look,
And take a peep into Fate's book.

Behold ! the sceptre young AUGUSTUS sways ;
I hear the mingled praise of million rise ;
I see uprais'd to Heav'n their ardent eyes ;
That for their Monarch ask a length of days.

Bright in the *brightest* annals of renown,
Behold fair Fame his youthful temples crown
With laurels of unfading bloom ;
Behold DOMINION swell beneath his care,
And GENIUS, rising from a dark despair,
His long-extinguish'd fires relume.

Such are the Kings that suit my taste, I own——
Not *those* where all the *littlenesses* join——
Whose souls should start to find their lot a *throne*,
And blush to show their noses on a coin.

Reader, for fear of wicked applications,
I now allude to Kings of *foreign nations*.
Poets (so unimpeach'd tradition says)
The sole historians were of ancient days,
Who help'd their heroes Fame's high hill to clamber ;
Penning their glorious acts in language strong,
And thus preserving, by immortal song,
Their names amidst their tuneful amber.

What am *I* doing ? Lord ! the very same——
Preserving many a deed deserving Fame,
Which

Which that old lean, devouring shark call'd Time
 Would, without ceremony, eat ;
 In my opinion, far too rich a treat ——
 I therefore merit statues for my rhyme.

“ All this is laudable, (a Quaker cries,)

“ But let grave Wifdon, Friend, thy verses rule ;

“ Put out thine IRONY'S two squinting eyes ——

“ Despise thy grinning monkey, RIDICULE.”

What ! slight my sportive monkey RIDICULE,
 Who acts like birch on boys at school,
 Neglecting lessons—truant, perhaps, whole weeks !
 My RIDICULE, with humour fraught, and wit,
 Is that satiric friend, a gouty fit,
 Which bites men into health and rosy cheeks :

A moral Mercury that cleanseth souls
 Of ills that with them play the devil ——
 Like mercury that much the pow'r controls
 Of presents gain'd from ladies *over civil*.

Reader, I'll brag a little, if you please ;
 The ancients did so, therefore why not I ?
 Lo ! for my good advice I ask no fees,
 Whilst other Doctors let their patients die ;

That is, such patients as can't pay for cure ——
 A very selfish, wicked thing, I'm sure.

Now though I'm soul physician to the King,
 I never begg'd of him the smallest thing

For

For all the threshing of my virtuous brains ;
Nay, were I my poor pocket's state t' impart,
So well I know my royal patient's heart,
He would net give me two-pence for my pains.

But hark ! folks say the King is very mad——
The news, if true, indeed, were very sad,
And far too serious an affair to mock it——
Yet how can this agree with what I've heard,
That so much by him are my rhymes rever'd——
He goes a hunting with them in his pocket :

And when *thrown out*—which often is the case,
(In bacón hunting, or of bucks the race)
My verse so much His Majesty bewitches,
That out he pulls my honour'd Odes,
And reads them on the turnpike roads——
Now under trees and hedges—now in ditches.

Hark ! with astonishment, a sound I hear,
That strikes tremendous on my ear ;
It says, Great Arden, commonly call'd Pepper,
Of mighty George's thunderbolts the keeper,
Just like of Jupiter the famous eagle,
Is order'd out to hunt me like a beagle.

But, eagle Pepper, give my love
Unto thy lofty master, Mr. JOVE,
And ask how it can square with his religion,
To bid thee, without mercy, fall on,

With

With thy short sturdy beak, and iron talon,
A pretty, little, harmless, cooing pigeon:

By heav'ns, I disbelieve the fact——
A Monarch cannot so unwisely act!

Suppose that Kings, so rich, are always *mumping*,
Praying and pressing Ministers for money;
Bidding them on our hive (poor bees!) be thumping,
Trying to shake out all our honey;

A thing that oft hath happen'd in our isle!——
Pray, shan't we be allow'd to smile?
To cut a joke, or epigram contrive,
By way of solace for our plunder'd hive?

A King of France, (I've lost the Monarch's name)
Who avaricious got himself bad fame,
By most unmannerly and thievish plunges
Into his subjects purses,

A *deep manœuvre* that obtain'd their curses,
Because it treated gentlefolks like *sponges*.

To show how much they relish'd not such squeezing,
Such goods and chattel-seizing,

They publish'd libels to display their hate,
To comfort, in some sort, their souls,
For such a number of large holes
Eat by this Royal Rat in each estate.

The PREMIER op'd his gullet like a shark,
To hear such satires on the Grand Monarque,

And

And roar'd—"Messieurs, you soon shall feel
 " My criticism upon your ballads,
 " Not to your taste so sweet as frogs and fallads,
 " A stricture critical yclep'd BASTILE."

But first he told the tidings to the King,
 Then swore *par Dieu* that he would quickly bring
 Unto the grinding stone their noses down—
 No, not a soul of 'em should ever thrive;
 He'd slay them, like St. BARTLEMEW, alive—
 Villains! for daring to insult the Crown.

The Monarch heard Monsieur le PREMIER out,
 And, smiling on his loyalty so stout,
 Replied, "Monsieur le PREMIER, you are wrong—
 " Don't of the pleasure let them be debarr'd—
 " You know how we have serv'd 'em—faith 'tis hard
 " They should not for their money have a *song*."

OVID, sweet story-teller of old times,
 Unluckily transported for his rhymes,
 Address'd his book before he bade it walk;
 Therefore my Worship, and my Ode,
 In imitation of such classic mode,
 May, like two Indian nations, have a *Talk*.

" Dear Ode! whose verse the true sublime affords,
 " Go, visit Kings, Queens, Parasites, and Lords;
 " And if thy modest beauties they adore,
 " Inform them, they shall speedily have more."

But

But possibly a mighty King may say,
 "Ode! Ode!—What? What? I hate your rhyme
 "I'd rather hear a jackass bray: [haranguing;
 "I never knew a poet worth the hanging.
 "I hate, abhor them—but I'll clip their wings;
 "I'll teach the saucy knaves to laugh at Kings:
 "Yes, yes, the rhyming rogues, their songs shall rue,
 "A ragged, bold-fac'd, ballad-singing crew,
 "Yes, yes, the poets shall my pow'r confess;
 "I'll maul that spawning devil call'd the Press."

If furious thus exclaim a King of glory,
 Tell him, O gentle Muse, this pithy story:

KING CANUTE

AND

HIS NOBLES.

A TALE.

CANUTE was by his nobles taught to fancy,
 That by a kind of royal necromancy,

He had the pow'r Old Ocean to control—
 Down rush'd the Royal Dane upon the strand.
 And issued, like a Solomon, command——

Poor soul!

"Go

“Go back, ye waves, you blust’ring rogues,” quoth he,

“Touch not your Lord and Master, SEA,

“For by my pow’r almighty, if you do”——

Then staring vengeance——out he held a stick,

Vowing to drive Old Ocean to Old Nick,

Should he ev’n wet the latchet of his shoe.

The Sea retir’d——the Monarch fierce rush’d on,

And look’d as if he’d drive him from the land——

But SEA not caring to be put upon,

Made for a moment a bold stand:

Not only make a *stand* did Mr. OCEAN,

But to his honest waves he made a motion,

And bid them give the King a hearty trimming:

The orders seem’d a deal the waves to tickle,

For soon they put His Majesty in pickle;

And sat his Royalties, like geese, a swimming.

All hands aloft, with one tremendous roar,

Soon did they make him wish himself on shore;

His head and ears most handsomely they dous’d——

Just like a porpoise, with one general shout,

The waves so tumbled the poor King about——

No Anabaptist e’er was half so fous’d.

At length to land he crawl’d, a half-drown’d thing,

Indeed more like a crab than like a King,

And found his Courtiers making rueful faces:

But what said Canute to the Lords and Gentry,

Who hail’d him from the water, on his entry,

All trembling for their lives or places?

- “ My Lords and Gentlemen, by your advice,
 “ I’ve had with Mr. SEA a pretty buffle ;
 “ My treatment from my foe not over nice,
 “ Just made a jest for ev’ry shrimp and muscle :
 “ A pretty trick for one of my dominion !
 “ My Lords, I thank you for your great opinion.
 “ You’ll tell me, p’rhaps, I’ve only lost *one* game,
 “ And bid me try another—for the rubber—
 “ Permit me to inform you all, with shame,
 “ That you’re a set of knaves, and I’m a lubber.”

Such is the story, my dear Ode,
Which thou wilt bear—a sacred load !

Yet, much I fear, ’twill be of no great use :
 Kings are in general obstinate as mules ;
 Those who surround them, mostly rogues and fools,
 And therefore can no benefit produce.

Yet stories, sentences, and golden rules,
 Undoubtedly were made for rogues and fools ;
 But this unluckily the simple fact is ;
 Those rogues and fools do nothing but *admire*,
 And all so devilish modest, don’t desire
 The glory of reducing them to *practice*.

Instructions to a Celebrated Laureat ;

ALIAS

THE PROGRESS OF CURIOSITY;

ALIAS

A BIRTH-DAY ODE;

ALIAS

Mr. WHITBREAD's BREWHOUSE.

*Sic transit Gloria Mundi ! — OLD SUN-DIALS.
From House of Buckingham, in Grand Parade,
To Whitbread's Brewhouse mov'd the Cavalcade!*

ARGUMENT.

PETER'S LOYALTY—HE SUSPECTETH MR. WARTON OF
JOKING—COMPLIMENTETH THE POET LAUREAT—PETER
DIFFERETH IN OPINION FROM MR. WARTON—TAKETH UP
THE CUDGELS FOR KING EDWARD, KING HARRY V. AND
QUEEN BESS—FEATS ON BLACKHEATH AND WIMBLETON
PERFORMED BY OUR MOST GRACIOUS SOVEREIGN—KING
CHARLES THE SECOND HALF DAMNED BY PETER, YET
PRAISED FOR KEEPING COMPANY WITH GENTLEMEN—PE-
TER PRAISETH HIMSELF—PETER REPROVED BY MR. WAR-
TON—DESIRETH MR. WARTON'S PRAYERS—A FINE SIMILE
—PETER STILL SUSPECTETH THE LAUREAT OF IRONICAL
DEALINGS—PETER EXPOSTULATETH WITH MR. WARTON—
MR. WARTON REPLIETH—PETER ADMINISTERETH BOLD

ADVICE—WITTILY CALLETH DEATH AND PHYSICIANS
POACHERS—PRAISETH THE KING FOR PARENTAL TENDER-
NESS—PETER MAKETH A NATURAL SIMILE—PETER FUR-
THERMORE TELLETH THOMAS WARTON WHAT TO SAY—
PETER GIVETH A BEAUTIFUL EXAMPLE OF ODE-WRITING.

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OF BREWING BEER—BILLY RAMUS SENT AMBASSADOR
TO CHISWELL STREET—INTERVIEW BETWEEN MESSRS.
RAMUS AND WHITBREAD—MR. WHITBREAD'S BOW AND
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TETH—EVEN INSULTETH THE LAUREAT—PETER PRO-
CLAIMETH HIS PEACEABLE DISPOSITION—PRAISETH MA-
JESTY, AND CONCLUDETH WITH A PRAYER FOR CURIOUS
KINGS.

INSTRUCTIONS, &c.

TOM, soon as e'er thou strik'st thy golden lyre,
Thy brother Peter's Muse is all on fire,
To sing of Kings and Queens, and such rare folk;
Yet, 'midst thy heap of compliments so fine,
Say, may we venture to believe a line?
You Oxford wits most dearly love a joke.

Son of the NINE, thou writest well on nought—
Thy thund'ring stanza, and its pompous thought,
I think, must put a dog into a laugh :

EDWARD and HARRY were much braver men
Than this new christen'd hero of thy pen ;

Yes, laurell'd ODEMAN, braver far by half ;
Tho' on Blackheath and Wimbledon's wide plain,
GEORGE keeps his hat off in a show'r of rain ;
Sees swords and bayonets without a dread,
Nor at a volley winks, nor ducks his head :

Although at grand reviews he seems so blest,
And leaves at six o'clock his downy nest,
Dead to the charms of blanket, wife, and bolster ;
Unlike his officers, who, fond of cramming,
And at reviews afraid of thirst and famine,
With bread and cheese and brandy fill their holsters.

Sure, Tom, we should do justice to Queen Bess :
His present Majesty, whom Heav'n long bless
With wisdom, wit, and arts of choicest quality,
Will never get, I fear, so fine a niche
As that old queen, tho' often call'd old b—ch,
In Fame's colossal house of immortality.

As for John Dryden's Charles—that King
Indeed was never any mighty thing—
He merited few honours from the pen—

And yet he was a dev'lish hearty fellow,
Enjoy'd his girl and bottle, and got mellow,
And mind—kept company with GENTLEMEN :

For,

For, like some kings, in hobby grooms,
Knights of the manger, curry-combs, and brooms,
Lost to all glory, Charles did not delight —
Nor jok'd by day with pages, servant maids,
Large, red-poll'd, blouzy, hard two-handed jades :
Indeed I know not what Charles did by *night*.

Thomas, I am of candour a great lover ;
In short I'm candour's self all over ;
Sweet as a candied cake from top to toe ;
Make it a rule that Virtue shall be prais'd,
And humble Merit from her bum be rais'd :
What thinkest thou of Peter now ?

Thou criest, " Oh ! how false ! behold thy King,
Of whom thou scarcely say'st a handsome thing ;
" *That King has virtues that should make thee stare.*"
Is it so ?—Then the sin's in *me*—
'Tis my vile optics that can't see—
Then pray for them, when next thou say'st a pray'r.

But, p'rhaps, aloft on his imperial throne,
So distant, O ye gods ! from ev'ry one ;
The royal virtues are, like many a star*,
From this our pigmy system rather far ;
Whose light, tho' flying ever since creation,
Has not yet pitch'd upon our nation.

* Such was the sublime opinion of the Dutch astronomer
Huygens.

Then

Then may the royal ray be soon explor'd——

And, Thomas, if thou'lt swear thou art humming,
I'll take my spying-glass, and bring thee word

The instant I behold it coming.

But, Thomas Warton, without joking,
Art thou, or art thou *not*, thy Sov'reign smoking?

How can'st thou seriously declare,

That George the Third

With Cressy's Edward can compare,

Or Harry?——'Tis too bad upon my word:

George is a clever King, I needs must own,
And cuts a jolly figure on the throne.

Now thou exclaim'st, "G—d rot it! Peter, pray,
What to the devil shall I sing or say?"

I'll tell thee what to say, O tuneful Tom——

Sing how a monarch, when his son was dying,

His gracious eyes and ears was edifying

By Abbey company and kettle drum:

Leaving that son to death and the physician,

Between two fires——a forlorn hope condition;

Two poachers, who make man their game,

And, special marksmen! seldom miss their aim.

Say, tho' the Monarch did not see his son,

He kept aloof through fatherly affection——

Determin'd nothing should be done

To bring on useless tears and dismal recollection.

For

For what can tears avail and piteous sighs?
Death heeds not howls nor dripping eyes:
And what are sighs and tears but wind and water,
That show the leakyness of feeble nature!

Tom, with my *simile* thou wilt not quarrel:
Like air and any sort of drink,
Whizzing and oozing through each chink,
That proves the weakness of the barrel.

Say—for the PRINCE, when wet was ev'ry eye,
And thousands pour'd to Heav'n the pitying sigh
Devout;

Say how a KING, unable to dissemble,
Order'd Dame SIDDONS to his house, and KEMBLE,
To spout:

Gave them ice creams and wines, so dear!
Denied till then a thimblefull of beer——
For which they've thank'd the author of this metre,
Videlicet, the moral-mender, Peter,
Who, in his ODE ON ODE, did dare exclaim,
And call such royal avarice, a shame.

Say—but I'll teach thee how to make an ode;
Thus shall thy labours visit Fame's abode,
In company with my immortal lay——
And look, Tom—thus I fire away——

BIRTH

BIRTH-DAY ODE.

THIS day, this very day, gave birth
 Not to the brightest monarch upon earth,
 Because there are some brighter and as big——
 Who loves the arts that man exalt to heav'n——
 George loves them also when they're giv'n
 To four-legg'd gentry, christen'd dog and pig*,
 Whose deeds in this our wonder-hunting nation
 Prove what a charming thing is education.

Full of the art of brewing beer,
 The Monarch heard of Mr. Whitbread's fame :
 Quoth he unto the Queen, " My dear, my dear,
 " Whitbread hath got a marvellous great name ;
 " CHARLY, we must, must, must see Whitbread brew—
 " Rich as us, Charly, richer than a Jew :
 " Shame, shame, we have not yet his brewhouse seen."
 Thus sweetly said the King unto the Queen !

Red hot with novelty's delightful rage,
 To Mr. Whitbread forth he sent a page,
 To say that Majesty propos'd to view,
 With thirst of knowledge deep inflam'd,
 His vats, and tubs, and hops, and hogsheds fam'd,
 And learn the noble secret how to brew.

* The dancing dogs and wise pig have formed a considerable
 part of the royal amusement.

Of

Of such undreamt-of honour proud,
 Most rev'rently the Brewer bow'd ;
 So humbly (so the humble story goes)
 He touch'd e'en *terra firma* with his nose ;
 Then said unto the page, *hight* Billy Ramus,
 " Happy are we that our great King should name us,
 " As worthy unto Majesty to shew,
 " How we poor Chiswell people brew."

Away sprung Billy Ramus quick as thought :
 To Majesty the welcome tidings brought :

How Whitbread staring stood like any stake,
 And trembled——then the civil things he said ——
 On which the King did smile and nod his head ;
 For Monarchs like to see their subjects quake :

Such horrors unto Kings most pleasant are,
 Proclaiming rev'rence and humility——
 High thoughts too all those shaking fits declare
 Of kingly grandeur and great capability !

People of worship, wealth, and birth,
 Look on the humbler sons of earth,
 Indeed in a most humble light, God knows !
 High stations are like Dover's tow'ring cliffs,
 Where ships below appear like little skiffs,
 The people walking on the strand, like crows.

Muse, sing the stir that Mr. Whitbread made ;
 Poor gentleman ! most terribly afraid

He

He should not charm enough his guests divine :
He gave his maids new aprons, gowns, and smocks ;
And lo ! two hundred pounds were spent in frocks,
To make th' apprentices and draymen fine :

Busy as horses in a field of clover,
Dogs, cats, and chairs, and stools were tumbled over,
Amidst the Whitbread rout of preparation
To treat the lofty Ruler of the nation.
Now mov'd King, Queen, and Princesses so grand,
To visit the first brewer in the land—
Who sometimes swills his beer and grinds his meat
In a snug corner christen'd Chiswell-Street ;
But oft'ner, charm'd with fashionable air,
Amidst the gaudy Great of Portman-Square.

Lord Aylesbury, and Denbigh's Lord *also*,
His Grace the Duke of Montague *likewise*,
With Lady Harcourt, join'd the raree show,
And fix'd all Smithfield's marv'ling eyes——
For, lo ! a greater show ne'er grac'd those quarters,
Since Mary roasted, just like crabs, the martyrs.

Arriv'd, the King broad grin'd, and gave a nod
To Mr. Whitbread, who, had God
Come with his angels to behold his beer,
With more respect he never could have met——
Indeed the man was in a sweat,
So much the Brewer did the King revere.

Her Majesty contriv'd to make a dip——
Light as a feather then the King did skip,
And ask'd a thousand questions, with a laugh,
Before poor Whitbread comprehended half.

Reader! my Ode should have a *simile*——
Well! in Jamaica, on a tam'rind tree,
Five hundred parrots, gabbling just like Jews,
I've seen—such noise the feather'd imps did make
As made my *pericranium* ake——

Asking and telling parrot news:

Thus was the brewhouse fill'd with gabbling noise,
Whilst draymen, and the brewer's boys,
Devour'd the questions that the King did ask:
In different parties were they staring seen,
Wond'ring to think they saw a King and Queen:
Behind a tub were some, and some behind a cask.

Some draymen forc'd themselves (a pretty luncheon)
Into the mouth of many a gaping puncheon;
And through the bung-hole wink'd, with curious eye,
To view, and be assur'd what sort of things
Were Princesses, and Queens, and Kings;
For whose most lofty station thousands sigh!
And! of all the gaping puncheon clan,
Few were the mouths that had not got a man!

Now Majesty into a pump so deep
Did with an opera glass of Dolland peep,

Examining with care each wond'rous matter
That brought up water——

Thus have I seen a magpie in the street,
A chatt'ring bird we often meet,
A bird for curiosity well known,
With head awry,
And cunning eye,
Peep knowingly into a marrow-bone.

And now his curious M——y did stoop
To count the nails on ev'ry hoop :
And lo ! no single thing came in his way,
That full of deep research, he did not say,
“ What's this ? hæ hæ ? what's that ? what's this ?
what's that ?

So quick the words too, when he deign'd to speak,
As if each syllable would break its neck.

Thus, to the world of *great* whilst others crawl,
Our sovereign peeps into the world of *small* :
Thus microscopic geniuses explore
Things that too oft provoke the public scorn ;
Yet swell of useful knowledges the store,
By finding systems in a pepper-corn.

Now Mr. Whitbread, serious did declare,
'To make the Majesty of England stare,
That he had butts enough, he knew,
Plac'd fide by fide, to reach along to Kew :

On

On which the King with wonder swiftly cry'd,
" What if they reach to Kew then, side by side,
" What would they do, what, what, plac'd end
" to end?"

To whom, with knitted calculating brow,
The Man of Beer most solemnly did vow,
Almost to Windsor that they would extend;
On which the King, with wond'ring mien,
Repeated it unto the wond'ring Queen:
On which, quick turning round his halter'd head,
The Brewer's horse with face astonish'd neigh'd;
The Brewer's dog too pour'd a note of thunder,
Rattled his chain, and wagg'd his tail for wonder.

Now did the King for other beers enquire,
For Calvert's, Jordan's, Thrale's entire——
And, after talking of these diff'rent beers,
Ask'd Whitbread if his porter equall'd theirs?

This was a puzzling disagreeing question,
Grating like arsenic on his host's digestion;
A kind of question to the Man of Cask
That not ev'n Solomon himself would ask.

Now Majesty alive to knowledge, took
A very pretty memorandum book,
With gilded leave of asses' skin so white,
And in it legibly began to write——

Memorandum.

A charming place beneath the grates
For roasting chesnuts or potatoes.

Mem.

'Tis hops that give a bitterness to beer——
Hops grow in Kent, says Whitbread, and elsewhere.

Quere.

Is there no cheaper stuff? where doth it dwell?
Would not horse aloes bitter it as well?

Mem.

To try it soon on our small beer——
'Twill save us sev'ral pounds a year.

Mem.—To remember to forget to ask
Old Whitbread to my house one day——

Mem.

Not to forget to take of beer the cask,
The Brewer offer'd me, away.

Now having pencill'd his remarks so shrew'd;
Sharp as the point indeed of a new pin;
His Majesty his watch most sagely view'd,
And then put up his asses' skin,

To Whitbread now deign'd Majesty to say,
“Whitbread, are all your horses fond of hay?”

“Yes, please your Majesty,” in humble notes,
The Brewer answer'd—“also, Sir, of oats:

“Another

“ Another thing my horses too maintains—
“ And that, an’t please your Majesty, are grains.” |
“ Grains, grains,” said Majesty, “ to fill their crops?
“ Grains, grains?—that comes from hops—yes,
“ hops, hops, hops.”

Here was the King, like hounds, sometimes at fault—

“ Sire,” cry’d the humble Brewer, “ give me leave
“ Your sacred Majesty to undeceive :
“ Grains, Sire, are never made from hops, but malt.”

“ True, said the cautious Monarch, with a smile :
“ From malt, malt, malt—I mean malt all the while.”
“ Yes,” with the sweetest bow, rejoin’d the Brewer,
“ An’t please your Majesty, you did, I’m sure.”
“ Yes,” answer’d Majesty, with quick reply,
“ I did, I did, I did, I, I, I, I.”

Reader, whene’er thou dost espy a nose
That bright with many a ruby glows ;
That nose thou may’st pronounce, nay safely swear,
Is nurs’d on something better than small beer :

Thus when thou findest Kings in brewing wise—
Or Natural History holding lofty station :
Thou may’st conclude with marv’ling eyes,
Such Kings have had a goodly education.

Now did the King admire the bell so fine,
That daily asks the draymen all to dine :

On which the bell rung out (how very proper!)
To show it was a bell, and had a clapper.

And now before their Sovereign's curious eye,
Parents and children, fine, fat, hopeful sprigs,
All snuffling, squinting, grunting in their sty,
Appear'd the Brewer's tribe of handsome pigs:
On which th' observant Man, who fills a Throne,
Declar'd the pigs were vastly like his own.

On which the Brewer, swallow'd up in joys,
Tears and astonishment in both his eyes,
His soul brimful of sentiments so loyal,
Exclaim'd—"O heav'ns! and can *my* swine
"Be deem'd by Majesty so fine? [royal?]"
"Heav'ns! can my pigs compare, Sire, with pigs
To which the King assented with a nod:
On which the Brewer bow'd, and said, "Good God!"
Then wink'd significant on Miss;
Significant of wonder and of bliss—
Who bridling in her chin divine,
Cross'd her fair hands, (a dear old maid,)
And then her lowest curt'sy made
For such high honour done her Father's swine.

Now did his Majesty, so gracious, say
To Mr. Whitbread, in his flying way,
"Whitbread, d'ye nick th' exciseman now and then?"
"Hæ, Whitbread, when d'ye think to leave off trade?"
"Hæ? what? Miss Whitbread still a maid, a maid?"
"What, what's the matter with the men?"
"Dye

" D'ye hunt?—hæ hunt? No, no, you are too *old*—

" You'll be Lord May'r—Lord May'r one day—

" Yes, yes, I've heard so—yes, yes, so I'm told :

" Don't, don't the fine for Sheriff pay——

" I'll prick you ev'ry year man, I declare :

" Yes, Whitbread—yes, yes—you shall be Lord

" May'r.

" Whitbread, d'ye keep a coach, or job one, pray?

" Job, job, that's cheapest—yes, that's best, that's

" best——

" You put your liv'ries on your draymen—hæ?

" Hæ, Whitbread?—You have feather'd well your

" nest.

" What, what's the price now, hæ, of all your stock?

" But, Whitbread, what's o'clock, pray, what's
o'clock?"

Now Whitbread inward said, " May I be curs'd

" If I know what to answer first ;"

Then search'd his brains with ruminating eye——

But e'er the Man of Malt an answer found,

Quick on his heel, lo! Majesty turn'd round,

Skipp'd off, and baulk'd the pleasure of reply.

Kings in inquisitiveness should be strong——

From curiosity doth wisdom flow :

For 'tis a maxim I've adopted long,

The more a man enquires, the more he'll know.

Reader,

Reader, did'st ever see a water-spout ?

'Tis possible that thou wilt answer "No."

Well, then, he makes a most infernal rout ;

Sucks, like an elephant the waves below,

With huge proboscis reaching from the sky,

As if he meant to drink the ocean dry :

At length, so full, he can't hold one drop more——

He bursts—down rush the waters, with a roar,

On some poot boat, or sloop, or brig, or ship,

And almost sinks the wand'rer of the deep :

Thus have I seen a Monarch at reviews

Suck from the tribe of officers the news,

Then bear in triumph off each wond'rous matter,

And fouse it on the Queen with such a clatter !

I always would advise folks to ask questions——

For truly, questions are the keys of knowledge :

Soldiers—who forage for the mind's digestions——

Cut figures at th' Old Bailey, and at College ;

Make Chancellors, Chief Justices, and Judges,

E'en of the lowest green-bag drudges.

The fages say, Dame Truth delights to dwell,

Strange mansion ! in the bottom of a well——

Questions are then the windlafs and the rope

That pull the grave old gentlewoman up :

* D—mn jokes, then, and unmannerly suggestions,

Reflecting upon kings for asking questions.

* This alludes to the late Dr. Johnson's laugh on a Great Personage, for a laudable curiosity in the Queen's library some years since.

Now

Now having well employ'd his royal lungs
On nails, hoops, flaves, pumps, barrels, and their bungs,
The King and Co. sat down to a collation
Of flesh, and fish, and fowl of every nation.

Dire was the clang of plates, of knife and fork,
That merc'less fell like tomahawks to work,
And fearless scalp'd the fowl, and fish, and cattle,
Whilst Whitbread, in the rear, beheld the battle.

The conqu'ring Monarch stopping to take breath
Amidst the regiments of death,

Now turn'd to Whitbread, with complacence, round,
And merry thus address'd the Man of Beer :

“ Whitbread, is't true ? I hear, I hear,

“ You're of an antient family—renown'd—

“ What ? what ? I'm told that you're a limb

“ Of Pym, * the famous fellow Pym :

“ What, Whitbread, is it true what people say ?

“ Son of a Round-head are you ? hæ ? hæ ? hæ ?

“ I'm told that you send Bibles to your votes—

“ A snuffing round-headed society—

“ Pray'r books instead of cash to buy them coats—

“ Bunyans, and Practices of Piety :

“ Your Bedford votes would wish to change their fare

“ Rather see cash—yes, yes—than books of pray'r :

“ Thirtieth of January don't you feed ?

“ Yes, yes, you eat calf's head, you eat calf's head.”

* His Majesty here made a mistake—Pym was his wife's relation.

Now

Now having wonders done on flesh, fowl, fish,
 Whole hosts o'erturn'd—and seiz'd on all supplies;
 The royal visitors express'd a wish
 To turn to House of Buckingham their eyes:

But first the Monarch so polite,
 Ask'd Mr. Whitbread if he'd be a *Knight*——
 Unwilling in the list to be enroll'd,
 Whitbread contemplated the Knights of Peg,
 Then to his generous Sov'reign made a leg,
 And said "He was afraid he was *too old*.
 "He thank'd, however, his most gracious King,
 "For offering to make him *such a THING*."

But ah! a diff'rent reason 'twas I fear!
 It was not age that bade the Man of Beer
 The proffer'd honour of the Monarch shun:
 The tale of Margaret's knife, and royal fright,
 Had almost made him damn the *name* of Knight:
 A tale that farrow'd such a world of fun.

He mock'd the pray'r* too by the King appointed,
 Ev'n by himself the Lord's Anointed——
 A foe to *fast* too, is he let me tell ye;
 And, tho' a Presbyterian, cannot think
 Heav'n (quarrelling with meat and drink)
 Joys in the grumble of a hungry belly!

* For the miraculous escape from a poor innocent insane woman, who only held out a knife in a piece of white paper, for her Sovereign to view.

Now

Now from the table with Cæfarean air

Up rose the Monarch with his laurell'd brow,
When Mr. Whitbread waiting on his chair,
Express'd much thanks, much joy, and made a bow,

Miss Whitbread now so thick her curt'sies drops,
Thick as her honour'd father's Kentish hops;
Which hoplike curt'sies were return'd by dips
That never hurt the royal knees and hips;

For hips of knees and Queens are sacred things
That only bend on gala days

Before the best of Kings,
When odes of triumph sound his praise. —

Now thro' a thund'ring peal of kind huzzas,
Proceeding some from * hir'd and unhir'd jaws,

* When his MAJESTY goes to a playhouse, or brewhouse, or parliament, the LORD CHAMBERLAIN provides some poundsworth of MOB to huzza their beloved Monarch. At the Playhouse about forty wide-mouthed fellows are hired on the night of their Majesties' appearance, at two shillings and six-pence *per* head, with the liberty of seeing the play *gratis*. These STENTORS are placed in different parts of the Theatre, who immediately on the Royal entry into the Stage Box, set up their howl of Loyalty; to whom their Majesties, with the sweetest smiles, acknowledge the obligation by a genteel bow, and an elegant curt'sy—This congratulatory noise of the STENTORS is looked on by many, particularly Country Ladies and Gentlemen, as an infallible Thermometer, that ascertains the warmth of the National Regard.

The

The raree-show thought proper to retire ;
 Whilst Whitbread and his daughter fair
 Survey'd all Chifwell Street with lofty air,
 For lo! they felt themselves some six feet higher !

Such, Thomas, is the way to write!
 Thus should'st thou Birth-day Songs indite :
 Then stick to earth and leave the lofty sky,
 No more of ti tum tum, and ti tum ti.

Thus should an honest Laureat write of Kings—
 Not praise them for *imaginary things* :
 I own I cannot make my stubborn rhyme
 Call ev'ry King a character sublime ;
 For Conscience will not suffer me to wander
 So very widely from the paths of Candour.

I know full well *some* Kings * are to be seen,
 To whom my verse so bold would give the spleen,
 Should that bold verse declare they wanted *brains*—
 I won't say that they *never* brain possess'd—
 They *may* have been with such a present blest'd,
 And therefore fancy that some *still* remains :

For ev'ry well-experienc'd surgeon knows
 That men who with their legs have parted,
 Swear that they've felt a pain in all their *toes*,
 And often at the twinges started ;

* Foreign Kings,

Then stared upon their oaken stumps, in vain!
Fancying the toes were all come back again.

If men then, who their absent toes have mourn'd,
Can fancy those same toes at times return'd;
So Kings, in matters of intelligences,
May fancy they have stumbled on their senses.

Yes, Tom—mine is the way of writing Ode—
Why listest thou thy pious eyes to God?
Strange disappointment in thy looks I read;

And now I hear thee in proud triumph cry,
“Is this an action, Peter? this a deed
“To raise a Monarch to the sky?
“Tubs, porter, pumps, vats, all the Whitbread throng.
“Rare things to figure in the Muse's song!”

Thomas, I here protest I want no quarrels
On Kings and Brewers, porter, pumps, and barrels—
Far from the dove-like Peter be such strife!
But this I tell thee, Thomas, for a fact—
Thy Cæsar never did an act
More wise, more, glorious, in his life.

Now God preserve all wonder-hunting KINGS,
Whether at Windsor, Buckingham or Kew-house;
And may they never do more foolish things
Than visiting Sam Whitbread and his brewhouse.

BROTHER PETER
TO
BROTHER TOM.
AN
EXPOSTULATORY EPISTLE.

PETER STARINGLY EXPOSTULATETH WITH THOMAS ON HIS UNPRECEDENTED SILENCE ON THE ROYAL PERFECTIONS IN HIS LAST NEW YEAR'S ODE—GIVETH THOMAS A JOBATION—INSTRUCTETH THOMAS IN HIS TRADE—TALKETH OF HERALDS, MOLES, FIELD-MICE, AND GENERAL CARPENTER—TELLETH A STRANGE STORY OF THE GENERAL—COMMENDETH MAJESTY, AND LAUDETH HIS LOVE OF MCNEY, WITH DELICIOUS SIMILES—PETER INFORMETH THOMAS HOW HE MIGHT HAVE PRAISED MAJESTY FOR PIETY AND ECONOMY—PETER'S GREAT KNOWLEDGE OF NATURE—HE TALKETH OF HER DIFFERENT MANUFACTURES—PETER PRAISETH THE ROYAL PROCLAMATION FOR LEAVING OFF SIN, AND REFORMING FIDLING COURTIER'S AND OTHERS—MISTRESS WALSINGHAM NOT ABLE TO SIN ON A SUNDAY—NOR MY LADY YOUNG—NOR MY LORD OF EXETER—NOR MY LORD BRUDENELL—WHOSE EXCELLENCE IN ATTENDING ON THE RUMP ROYAL, PETER HIGHLY EXTOLLETH—NOR THE WELSH KING WATKYN—WHOSE POOR VIOLONCELLO PETER PITIETH—NOR MY LORD OF SALISBURY—PETER INTIMATETH AN INTENDED REFORM AMONG CATS AND DOGS, PIGEONS, WRENS, SPARROWS, AND POULTRY—LOVE BETWEEN THE AFORESAID ANIMALS TO BE SEVERELY PUNISHED IF MADE

ON

ON THE LORD'S DAY—MONDAY THE MOST DECENT DAY—
SIR JOHN DICK GIVETH UP SUNDAY CONCERTS FOR GOD-
LINESS—SIR JOHN'S STAR HIS GREAT HOBBY HORSE—
LORDS HAMPDEN AND CHOLMONDELEY REPROVED FOR
PROFANING THE SABBATH BY A FULL ORCHESTRA, WHILE
THE KING ENJOYETH ONLY WIND INSTRUMENTS—PETER
RELATETH A SAD TALE OF GERMAN MUSICIANS, AND
CONCLUDETH WITH A PATHETIC SIMILE OF A WOODCOCK—
PETER RETURNETH FROM DIGRESSION TO THOMAS—PE-
TER ASKETH SHREWD QUESTIONS OF THOMAS—TEL-
LETH A DELECTABLE LITTLE STORY OF THE KING
AND SCRATCH WIGS—DECLARETH LOVE FOR MAJESTY—
PRAISTER THE PARTNERSHIP—PETER DENIETH ALL ODI-
UM TOWARDS HIS SOVEREIGN, FOR A JEALOUSY OF THE
PRINCE OF WALES, FOR HIS RAGE FOR HANDEL, AND EN-
THUSIASM FOR MR. WEST—PETER GIVETH TWO SIMILES
—PETER TELLETH A TALE—PETER STILL INSISTETH
ON LOVE FOR MAJESTY—INSTANCETH ROYAL MAGNANI-
MITY—ENDING WITH CURIOSITY AND NATIONAL AD-
VANTAGE—PETER SHOWETH THE KING'S SUPERIORITY TO
THE PRINCE IN THE ARTICLE OF BOOKS—THE ROYAL
WARDROBE'S SUPERIORITY TO THE SHOPS IN MONMOUTH
STREET—PETER EXPRESSETH MORE LOVE FOR MAJESTY
—A TALE—PETER MAKETH A MARVELLOUS DISCOVERY
OF THE CAUSE OF THOMAS'S SILENCE IN THE ARTICLE
OF ROYAL FLATTERY—HIS MAJESTY TOO MUCH BEDAUB-
ED—THE KING SHUTTETH UP THOMAS'S MOUTH—PETER
TELLETH THOMAS HOW HE SHOULD HAVE MANAGED—PETER
DESCRIBETH A DEVIL—ENQUIRETH FOR MODESTY—FIND-
ETH HER—GIVETH A LOVELY PICTURE OF MISS MORN-
NG—AND HER LOYAL SPEECH TO PETER—PETER CAN-
NOT EXIST NOR SUBSIST WITHOUT KINGS—PETER CITETH
THE WORLD'S OPINION OF HIM—PETER FINELY AN-

SWERETH IT—PETER SEEMETH GLAD—HE ASKETH A
 SLY QUESTION ABOUT CARTOONS—PETER TELLETH AN
 UNCOMMON STORY—PETER CONTINUETH TALKING A-
 BOUT CARTOONS—FEARETH THAT THEY ARE IN JEOP-
 ARDY—PETER CONCLUDETH WITH SUBLIME SIMILES OF
 TROUT, EELS, WHALES, GOATS, SHEEP, AND GOOD ADVICE
 TO THOMAS.

SLIFE! Thomas, what hath swallow'd all the
 Of royal virtues not the slightest mention! [praise!
 Strung, like mock pearl, so lately on thy lays!

Tell me, a bankrupt, TOM, is thy invention?

How cou'dst thou so thy PATRON's fame forget,
 As not to pay of praise, the annual debt?

WHITEHEAD and CIBBER, all the Laureat Throng,
 To FAME's fair Temple, twice a year, presented
 Some royal virtues, real or invented,

In all the grave sublimity of song.

Heralds so kind for many a chance-born wight,
 Creeping from cellars, just like snails from earth;
 Or moles, or field-mice, stealing into light,

Forge Arms to prove a loftiness of birth;
 Tracing of each ambitious *Sir* and *Madam*
 The branches to the very trunk of ADAM.

Then why not thou, the herald, TOM, of rhyme,
 Still bid thy Royal Master soar sublime?

Bards shine in fiction; then how slight a thing
 To make a coat of merit for a King!

Know,

Know, General CARPENTER had been a theme
For furnishing a pretty lyric dream ;
Once a monopolist of nod and smile :
Of broken sentences and questions rare,
Of snipsnap whispers sweet, and grin, and stare,
For which thy Muse would travel many a mile.

But lo ! the General, for a crying sin,
Lost broken sentences, and nod, and grin,
And stare and snipsnap of the best of Kings ;
The sin, the crying sin, of rambling,
Where Osnaburgh's good Bishop, gambling,
Lost some few golden feathers from his wings ;

Which made th' unlucky General run and drown ;
Such were the horrors of the royal frown !
For lo ! His M——y most roundly swore
He'd nod to General CARPENTER no more.

Oh ! glorious love of all-commanding money !
Dear to *some* Monarchs, as to Bruin, honey ;
Dear as to gamblers, pigeons fit to pluck ;
Or show'rs to hackney coachmen or a duck !

Thomas, thy lyrics might have prais'd the King
For making finners mind the Sabbath day,
Bidding the idle sons of pipe and string,
Instead of scraping jigs, sing psalms and pray ;
Thus piously (against their inclination)
Dragooning souls unto salvation.

The MONARCH gave up Mr. JOAH BATE,
With that sweet nightingale his lovely mate ;
Who with the organ and one fiddle
Made up a concert every Sunday night :
Thus yielding MAJESTIES supreme delight,
Who relish cheapness e'en in tweedle tweedle.

For NATURE formeth oft a kind
Of money-loving, scraping, save-all mind,
That happy glorieth in the nat'ral thought
Of getting every thing for nought :

From Delhi's diamonds to a Bristol stone ;
From royal eagles to a squalling parrot ;
From bulls of Basan to a marrow bone ;
From rich ananas to a mawkish carrot :
And getting things for nought, I needs must say,
If not the *noblest*, is the *cheapest* way.

And often nature manufactures stuff
That thinks it never hath enough ;
Hoarding up treasure——never once enjoying——
Such is the composition of *some* souls !
Like jackdaws all their cunning art employing,
In hiding knives, and forks, and spoons, in holes.

Lo! by the pious Monarch's proclamation,
The courtier *Amateurs* of this fair nation

On Sunday con their Bibles——make no riot——
 The stubborn UXBRIDGE, music-loving Lord,
 Pays dumb obedience to the royal word,
 And bids the instruments lie quiet.

Sweet MISTRESS WALSINGHAM is forc'd to pray,
 And turn her eyes up, much against her will;
 SANDWICH sing psalms too, in his pious way;
 And Lady YOUNG forbears the tuneful trill:
 And very politic is Lady Young:
 A husband must not suffer for a song.

The gentle EXETER his treat gave up,
 So us'd upon the sweet repast to sup;
 As eager for his Sunday's quaver dish,
 As cats and rav'nous Aldermen for fish.

Lord BRUDENELL, too, a Lord with lofty nose,
 Bringing to mind a verse the world well knows;
 Against sublimity that rather wars;
 Which in an almanack all eyes may see:
 "God gave to man an upright form, that he
 "Might view the Stars."

I say this watchful LORD, who boasts the *knack*,
 Behind His Sacred Majesty's *great* back,
 Of placing for his *latter end* a chair
 Better than any Lord (so says Fame's trump)
 That ever waited on the royal rump,
 So swift his motions, and so sweet his air;

Who,

Who, if His Majesty but cough or hiccup,
Trembles for fear the King should *kick up*;
Drops, with concern, his jaw—with horror freezes—
Or smiles “God blefs you, SIRE,” whene’er he sneezes;
This LORD, I fay, uprais’d his convert chin,
And curs’d the concert for a crying fin.

King WATKIN, from the land of leeks and cheefe,
With sighs, forbore his bafs to feize;
With huge concern he dropp’d his Sunday airs,
And grumbled out in Welch his thankless pray’rs.
The bafs, indeed, *Te Deum* fung,
Glad on the willows to be hung.

And really ’twas a very nat’ral cafe——
Poor, inoffensive bafs!
For when King Watkin scrubbeth him—alack!
The instrument, like one upon the rack,
Sends forth fuch horrid, Inquifition groans!
Enough to pierce the hearts of ftones!

Thus though in *concert* politics the Knight
Battled with Miftrefs WALSINGHAM *outright*;
Yet both agreed to lift their palms,
Not in hoftilities, but finging pfalms.

SAL’S BURY was alfo order’d to *reform*,
Who, with my Lady, thought it vafly odd,
Thus to be forc’d, like failors in a ftorm,
Againft their wills to pray to God.

Thus

Thus did the royal mandate through the town,
Knock nearly all the Sunday concerts down!
Great act! ere long 'twill be a sin and shame
For cats to warble out an am'rons flame!——
Dogs shall be whipp'd for making love on Sunday,
Who very well may put it off to Monday.

Nay, more the royal piety to prove,
And aid the purest of all pure religions,
To Bridewell shall be sent all cooing pigeons,
And cocks and hens be lash'd for making love:
Sparrows and wrens be shot from barns and houses,
For being barely civil to their spouses.

Poor Sir JOHN DICK was, lamb-like, heard to bleat

At losing such a Sunday's treat——

Sir JOHN, the happy owner of a *star*——

Which radiant honour on furtoutes he flitches;

Lamenting fashion doth not stretch so far
As sewing them on waistcoats and on breeches;

Which thus would pour a blaze of silver day,

And make the Knight a perfect milky-way.

Yet HAMPDEN, CHOLMOND'LY, those sinful shavers,

Rebellious, riot in their Sabbath quavers;

Thus flying in the face of our GREAT KING,

Prophane God's *resting* day with wind and string;

Whilst on the Terrace, 'midst his German band,

On Sunday evenings GEORGE is pleas'd to stand;

Contented

Contented with a *simple* tune alone, [Joan ;"
" God save great George our King," or " Bobbing

Whilst CHERUBS, leaning from their starry height,
Wink at each other, and enjoy the sight :

And SATAN, from a lurking hole,
Fond of a seeming-godly soul,
His eyes and ears scarce able to believe,
Laughs in his sleeve.

Stay, Muse—the mention of the German band
Bringeth a tale oppressive to my hand,
Relating to a tribe of German boys,
Whose horrid fortune made some *little* noise ;
Sent for to take of Englishmen the places,
Who, gall'd by such hard treatment, made wry faces.

Sent for they were, to feed in *fields of clover*,
To feast upon the Coldstream regiment's fat :
Swift with their empty stomachs they flew over,
And wider than a Kavenhuller hat.

But ah ! their knives no veal nor mutton carv'd !
To feasts they went indeed, but went and *starv'd* !
Their masters, raptur'd with the tuneful treat,
Forgot musicians like themselves cou'd *eat*.
Thus the poor woodcock leaves his frozen shores,
When tyrant Winter 'midst his tempests roars :
Invited by our milder sky, he roves ;
Views the pure streams with joy, and shelt'ring groves,
And

And in *one* hour, oh! sad reverse of fate!
Is shot, and smokes upon a poacher's plate!
Thus ending a sweet episodic strain,
I turn, dear Thomas, to thy Ode again.

What! make a dish to baulk thy Master's gums!

A pudding, and forget the plums!

Mercy upon us! what a cook art thou!

Dry e'en already!—what a sad milch cow!—

Who gav'st at first, of fame such flowing pails!—

Say, Thomas, what thy lyric udder ails?

Since truth belongs not to the laureat trade,

'Tis strange, 'tis passing strange, thou didst not flatter:

Speak—in light money were thy wages paid?

Or was thy pipe of sack half fill'd with water?

Or hast thou, Tom, been cheated of thy dues?

Or hath a qualm of conscience touch'd thy Muse?

Thou might'st have prais'¹ for *dignity* of pride

Display'd not long among the COOKS:

Searching the kitchen with sagacious looks;

Wigs, christ'ned *scratches*, on their heads, he spied.

To find a wig on a cook's head

Just like the wig that grac'd his own,

Was verily a sight too dread!—

Enough to turn a King to stone!

On which, in language of his *very best*,

His Majesty his royal ire express'd.

“How,

"How, how! what! Cooks wear *scratches* just
"like me!—

"Strange! strange! yes, yes, I see, I see, I see—

"Fine fellows to wear scratches! yes, no doubt—

"I'll have no more—no more when mine's worn
"out—

"Hæ? pretty! pretty! pretty too it looks

"To see *my scratches* upon *Cooks*!"

And lo! as he had threatened all so big,
As soon as ever he *wore out* the wig,
He with a *pig-tail* deign'd his head to match!—
Nor more profan'd his temples with a SCRATCH!

Thomas, I see my song thy feelings grate.—
Thou think'st I'm joking; that the King's my hate.

The world may call me lyar, but sincerely
I love him—for a partner, love him *dearly*;
Whilst his great name is on the *ferme*, I'm sure
My credit with the Public is secure.

Yes, beef shall grace my spit, and ale shall flow,
As long as it continues George and Co.;
That is to say, in plainer metre,
George and Peter.

Yet, as some little money I have made,
I've thoughts of turning 'Squire, and quitting trade:
This,

This in my mind I've frequently revolv'd ;

And in six months, or so,

For all I know,

The partnership may be dissolv'd.

Whate'er thou think'st—howe'er the world may
carp,—

Thomas, I'm far from hating our *good* King ;

Yes, yes, or may I thrum no more my harp,

As DAVID swore, who touch'd so well the string—

No, Tom ;—the idol of thy sweet devotion

Excites not HATE, *whatever else* th' emotion.

To write a book on the Sublime, I own,

Were I a bookseller, I would not hire him ;

Yet, should I *hate* the man who fills a throne,

Because, forsooth, I can't admire him ?

Hate him, because, ambitious of a name,

He thinks to rival e'en the PRINCE in fame ?

A Prince of Science—in the arts so chaste !—

A giant to him in the world of taste ;

Who from an envious cloud one day shall spring,

And prove that dignity may clothe a King.

Who when by Fortune fix'd on Britain's throne,

Wherever merit, humble plant, is shown,

Will shed around that plant a fost'ring ray ;

Whose hand shall stretch through poverty's pale gloom

For drooping GENIUS, sinking to the tomb,

And lead the blushing stranger into day.

Who scorns (like *some*) to chronicle a shilling,
 Once in a twelvemonth to a beggar giv'n;
 By such mean charity (Lord help 'em) willing
 To go as cheap as possible to Heav'n!

Hate him, because, untir'd, the Monarch pores
 On HANDEL's manuscript old scores,
 And schemes successful daily hatches,
 For saving notes o'erwhelm'd with scratches;
 Recovering from the blotted leaves
 Huge cart-horse *minims*, dromedary *breves*;
 Thus saving damned bars from just damnation,
 By way of *bright'ning* Handel's reputation?
 Who, charm'd with ev'ry crotchet Handel wrote,
 Heav'd into TOT NAM STREET each heavy note;
 And forcing on the house the tuneless lumber,
 Drove half to doors, the other half to slumber?

Hate him, because the works of Mr. WEST,
 His eye (in wonder lost) unfated views?
 Because his walls, with tasteless trumpery drest,
 Robs a poor sign-post of its dues?

Hate him, because he cannot rest,
 But in the company of West?
 Because of modern works he makes a jest,
 Except the works of Mr. West?

Who by the public, fain would have carest
 The works alone of Mr. West:

Who

Who thinks, of painting, truth and taste, the test,
None but the wondrous works of Mr. West!

Who, as for REYNOLDS, cannot bear him;
And never suffers WILSON's landscapes near him.

Nor, GAINSB'ROUGH, thy delightful Girls and Boys,
In rural scenes so sweet, amidst their joys,
With such simplicity as makes us *start*,
Forgetting 'tis the work of art.

Which wonder and which care of Mr. West
May in a simile be well exprest:

A SIMILE.

THUS have I seen a child with smiling face,
A little daisie in the garden place,

And strut in triumph round its fav'rite flow'r;
Gaze on the leaves with infant admiration,
Thinking the flow'r the finest in the nation,

Then pay a visit to it ev'ry hour:

Lugging the wat'ring pot about,

Which JOHN the gard'ner was oblig'd to fill;

The child, so pleas'd, would pour the water out,

To show its marvellous gard'ning skill;

Then staring round, all wild for praises panting,

Tell all the world it was its own sweet planting;

And boast away, too happy elf,
How that it found the daifey all, itself!

ANOTHER SIMILE.

IN *simile* if I may shine agen,——
Thus have I seen a fond old hen
With one poor miserable chick ;
Bustling about a farmer's yard ;
Now on the dunghill labouring hard,
Scraping away through thin and thick :
Flutt'ring her feathers——making such a noise !
Cackling aloud such quantities of joys,
As if this chick, to which her egg gave birth,
Was born to deal prodigious knocks,
To shine the *Broughton* of game cocks,
And kill the fowls of all the earth !

E'EN with his painter let the King be *blest* ;
Egad ! eat, drink, and sleep, with Mr. WEST :
Only let *me*, excus'd from such a guest,
Not eat, and drink, and sleep with Mr. West ;
And as he will not please my taste——no never——
Let *me* not give him to the world as *clever*——
A better conscience in my bosom lies
Than imitate the fellow and his flies.

THE

THE TOPER AND THE FLIES.

A GROUP of topers at a table sat,

With punch that much regales the thirsty soul :

Flies soon the party join'd, and join'd the chat,

Humming, and pitching round the mantling bowl.

At length those flies got drunk, and for their sin,

Some hundreds lost their legs and tumbled in ;

And sprawling 'midst the gulph profound,

Like Pharaoh and his daring host, were drown'd !

Wanting to drink—one of the men

Dipp'd from the bowl the drunken host,

And drank—then taking care that none were lost,

He put in ev'ry mother's son agen.

Up jump'd the bacchanalian crew on this,

Taking it very much amiss—

Swearing, and in the attitude to *smite* :—

“ Lord ! ” cried the man, with gravely-lifted eyes,

“ Though I don't like to swallow flies,

“ I did not know but *others might*. ”

WHO says I hate the King, proclaims a lie !

E'en now a royal virtue strikes my eye !

To prove th' assertion, let me just relate
The King's submission to the will of FATE.

Whene'er in hunts the Monarch is thrown out,
As in his politics—a common thing!
With searching eyes he stares at first about,
Then faces the misfortune like a *King*!

Hearing no news of nimble Mr. STAG,
He sits like PATIENCE grinning on his nag!

Now, wisdom-fraught, his curious eye-balls ken
The little hovels that around him rise:
To these he trots—of hogs surveys the styes,
And nicely numbers every cock and hen.

Then asks the farmer's wife or farmer's maid,
How many eggs the fowls have laid!
What's in the oven—in the pot—the crock——
Whether 'twill rain or no, and what's o'clock——
Thus from poor hovels gleaning information,
To serve as future treasure for the nation!

There terrier like, till pages find him out,
He pokes his most sagacious nose about,
And seems in Paradise—like *that* so-fam'd;
Looking like ADAM too, and EVE so fair;
Sweet simpletons! who, though so very *bare*,
“Were (says the Bible) not *asham'd*.”

No

No man binds books so well as GEORGE the Third.
By thirst of leather glory spurr'd——
At book-binders he oft is seen to laugh——
And wond'rous is the King in sheep or calf!

But see! the PRINCE upon such labour looks
Fastidious down, and only *readeth* books!——
Here by the Sire the Son is much surpass'd;
Which fame should publish on her loudest *blast*!

The King beats Monmouth Street is cast-off riches——
That is, in coats, and waistcoats, and in breeches——
Which, draughted once a year for foreign stations,
Make fine recruits to serve some *near* relations.

But lo! the PRINCE, shame on him; never dreams
Of pretty Jewish æconomic schemes!
So very proud, (I'm griev'd, O Tom, to tell it)
He'd rather *give* a coat away than *sell* it!

Fair justice to the Monarch must allow
Prodigious science in a calf or cow;
And wisdom in the article of swine!
What most *unusual* knowledge for a King!
Because pig-wisdom is a *thing*

In which no Sov'reigns e'er were known to *shine*.

Yet who will think I am not telling fibs?

The PRINCE, who Britain's throne in time shall grace,
Ne'er finger'd at a fair a bullock's ribs,
Nor ever ogled a pig's face!

O dire

O dire disgrace! O let it not be known
That *thus* a father hath excell'd a son!

Truth bids me own that I can bring
A *dozen* who *admire* the King;
And should he dream of setting off for HANOVER,
As once he said he wou'd, to spite CHARLES FOX;
Draw all his *little* money from the stocks,
Shut shop, and carry ev'ry pot and pan over;

I think——indeed I'm *sure* I know,
That *dozen* would not set him go;
But in the struggle spend their vital breath,
And hug their idol, probably to death;
As happen'd to Romish Priest——a tale
That, whilst I tell it, almost turns me pale.

THE ROMISH PRIEST.

A T A L E.

A PARSON in the neighbourhood of ROME,
Some years ago——how many, I don't say——
Handled so well his heav'nly broom,
He brush'd, like cobwebs, sins away.
Bright'ned the black horizon of his parish;
Gave to the PRINCE OF DARKNESS such hard blows,
That SATAN was afraid to show his nose,
(Except in hell) before this priest so warrish!

To teach folks how to shun the paths of evil,
And prove a match for Mr. DEVIL,
Was constantly this pious man's endeavour,
And, as I've said before, the man was *clever*.

Red-hot was all his zeal—and Fame declares,
He gallop'd like a hunter o'er his pray'rs;
For ever lifting to the clouds his forehead—

Petitions on petitions he let fly,

Which nothing but BARBARIANS could deny—
In short, the *Saints* were to compliance *worried*.

With shoulders, arms, and hands, this Priest devout,

So well his evolutions did perform;

His pray'rs, thy holy small-shot, flew about

So thick!—it seem'd like taking Heav'n by *storm*!

Without one atom of reflection,

No candidate at an election

Did ever labour more, and fume, and sweat

To make a fellow change his coat,

And blest him with the casting vote,

Than this dear man to get in Heav'n a seat

For souls of children, women, and of men:

No matter which the species—cock or hen!

Thus did he not like that vile Jesuit think,

Who makes us all with horror shrink,

A knave high meriting Hell's hottest coals;

Who wrote a dreadful book, to prove

That women, charming women, form'd for love,

Have got no souls!

Monster!

Monster! to think that WOMAN had no soul!

Ha! hast *thou* not a soul, thou peerless MAID,
Who bid'st my rural hours with rapture roll?

Whose beauties charm the shepherds and the shade!

Yes, CYNTHIA, and for souls like thine,

Fate into being drew yon starry sphere;
Then kindly sent thy form divine,

To show what wondrous bliss inhabits there!

In short, no dray-horse ever work'd so hard,

From vaults, to drag up hoghead, tun, or pipe,
At this good Priest, to drag, for *small* reward,
The souls of sinners from the Devil's gripe.

Pleas'd were the *biggest* angels to express

Their wonder at his fine address;

And pow'r against the FIEND whomakes such strife—
Nay, e'en St. PETER said, to whom are giv'n
The keys for letting people into Heav'n,
He never got more half-pence in his life.

'Twas added, that my *name-sake* did declare,

(Peter the porter of Heav'n gate, so trusty;)
That till this Priest appear'd, souls were so rare
His bunch of keys was absolutely rusty!

Did GENTLEMEN of fortune die,

And leave the CHURCH a good round sum;
Lo! in the twinkling of an eye,

The Parson frank'd their souls to kingdom-come!

A letter

A letter to the PORTER, or a word,
Insur'd admittance to the *Lord*.

Nor stopp'd those souls an instant on the road
To take a *roast* before they enter'd in ;
For had they got the *plague*, 'twas said that GOD
Had let them enter without *quarantine*.

Well then ; this parson was so much admir'd,
So sought, so courted, so desir'd,
Thousands with putrid souls, like putrid meat,
Came for his holy pickle, to be sweet :

Just as we see old hags with jaws of carrion,
Enter the shop of MR. WARREN ;
Who disappoints that highwayman call'd TIME,
(Noted for robbing Ladies of their prime,)
By giving SIXTY-FIVE's pale, wither'd mien,
The blooming roses of SIXTEEN.

Such vast impressions did his sermons make,
He always kept his flock awake——
In summer too,—hear, parsons, this strange news,
Ye who so often preach to nodding pews !

A neighb'ring town, into whose people's souls
SIN, like a rat, had eat large holes,
Begg'd him to be their tinker—their hole-stopper—
For, gentle reader, sin of such a sort is,
It souls corrodeth just as *aqua fortis*
Corrodeth iron, brass, or copper.

They

They told him they would give him better pay,
 If he'd agree to change his quarters;
 Protesting, when his soul should leave its clay,
 To rank his bones with those of SAINTS and
 MARTYRS.

This was a handsome bribe all Papists know!
 But stop—his parish would not let him go—
 Then furly did the other parish look,
 And swore to have the man by *Hook* or *Crook*.

So seiz'd him, like a graceless throng—
 The Priest's parishioners, who lov'd him *well*;
 Rather than to another church belong,
 Swore they would sooner see him lodg'd in Hell—
 So violent was their objection!
 So very strong, too, their affection!

The LADIES, too, united in the strife;
 Protesting that they "lov'd him as their life,
 " So sweetly he would *look* when *down* to pray'r!
 " So happy in a sermon choice;
 " And then he had of nightingales the voice—
 " And holy water gave with *such* an air!
 " Lord! lose so fine a man!—so great a treasure!
 " Yielding such quantities of heavenly pleasure!
 " Forgiving sins so free, too, at confession,
 " However carnal the transgression,

" In

“ In such a charming, love-condemning strain !——
“ He really seem’d to say, ‘ Go sin again ;’
“ HELL shall not throw, my angels, on your souls
“ So sweet, a single shovelful of coals.”

Now in the fire was all the fat :
Just as two bull-dogs pull a cat,
Both parishes with furious zeal contended——
So heartily the holy man was hugg’d,
So much from place to place his limbs were lugg’d,
That very fatally the battle ended !
In short, by hugging, lugging, and kind squeezes,
The man of God was pull’d in fifty pieces !

This work perform’d, the bones were fought for stoutly ;
And so the fray continued most devoutly——
Lo with an arm, away one rascal fled ;
This with a leg, and that the head——
Off with the foot another goes——
Another seizes him and gets the toes.

Nay, some, a relic so intent to crib,
Fought just like mastiffs for a rib ;
Nay more, (for truth, to tell the whole, obliges)
A dozen battled for his *Os Coccygis* * !

Heav’n, that sees all things, saw the dire dispute,
In which each parish acted like a brute ;

* The tip of the rump.

Then badè the dead man as a *Saint* be fought ;
 Still, to reward him more, his bones enriches
 With pow'r o'er evils, rheumatisms, and itches,
 However dreadful, and wherever caught :
 Thus, by the grace of HIM who governs thunder,
 His very toe-nail could perform a *wonder*.

THUS might our Monarch, by this dozen men,
 Be hugg'd!—and then! and then! and then! and then!
 Then what? why, then, this direful ill must spring:
 I a good *subject* lose, and thou a KING!

No, Tom; no more to strike us with amaze,
 Thy courtly tropes of adulation blaze:

A setting sun art thou, so mild thy beam!
 Thou (like old OCEAN's heaving wave no more,
 That lifts a ship and fly with equal roar)

Pour'st from thy lyric pipe a *sober* stream.

No more we hear the gale of Fame
 Wild blust'ring with thy MASTER's name:
 No more ideal virtues rise sublime,
 (Like feathers) on the surge of rhyme.

But lo the cause! it was the ROYAL WILL
 To bid the tempest of his praise be still:
 No more to let his virtues make a rout,
 Blown by thy blasts like paper kites about——

Indeed

Indeed thy Sov'reign in thy verse so fine,
Might justly have exclaim'd at many a line,
" In peacock's feather, lo, this knave arrays me."
And like a King of France of whom I've read,
Our gracious Sov'reign also might have said,
" What have I done that he should *praise* me?"

With pity have I seen thee, SON OF SONG,
Trundling thy lyric wheel-barrow along,
Amidst ST. JAMES's gapers to unload
The motley mass of pompous ode ;

And wish'd the sack, for verse the annual prize,
To poets of a less renown——
To poor WILL MASON, who in secret sighs
To strut beneath the LAUREAT's leaden crown.

Warm in the praise thou might'st have been,
Of *thy* great King and his *great* Queen ;
But not so diabolically *hot*——
A downright devil, or a pepper-pot.

By *dev'l*, (without thy being born a wizard)
Thou ought'st to know I mean a turkey's gizzard ;
So christen'd for its quality, by man,
Because so oft 'tis loaded with *kian*——
This dev'l is such a red-hot bit of meat
As nothing but the Dev'l himself should eat.

A *spoon* was large enough, the world well knows !
 Why give the pap of praise then with a *ladle* ?
 Gently thou shou'dst have rock'd him to repose——
 Not like a drunken nurse o'erturn'd the cradle.

I do not marvel that the King was wrath,
 (Knowing himself no bigger than a lath,)
 'To find himself a tall, gigantic oak——
 'Twas too much of a magic-lantern stroke.

Ah ! where was MODESTY, the charming maid ?
 Where was the rural vagrant straying,
 Not to admonish thee, an idle jade,
 When thou thy tuneful compliments wert paying ?

Yet why this question put I, Tom, to thee ?
 Lord ! how we wits forget—she was with me.

Dear Modesty, (by very few carest,)
 Oft condescends to be my guest :
 From time to time the maid my rhyme reviews,
 And dictates sweet instructions to the Muse.

Yes, frequent deigns my cottage to adorn,
 Just like that blushing damsel call'd Miss MORN——

Who smiling from the dreary caves of night,
 Moves from her east with silent pace and slow
 O'er yonder shadowy mount's gigantic brow,
 And to my window steals with dewy light,
 Then peeping through the panes with cherub mien,
 Seems to ask liberty to enter in.

Now

Now vent'ring on the fables of my room,
She sweeps the darkness with her star-clad broom:
Now pleas'd a stronger splendor to diffuse,
Smiles on the plated buckles in my shoes;
Smiles on my breeches, too, of handsome plush,
Where George's head *once* made no gingling sound,
But where amidst the pockets all was hush;
Such awful silence reign'd around!
Whose fob, which thieves so often pick,
Was quite a stranger to a watch's click.

Now casting on my pen and ink a ray,
Seeming with sweet reproof to say:

"The lark to Heav'n her grateful mattins sings:
"Then, Peter, also ope thy tuneful throat,
"And, happy in a fascinating note,
"Rise and bewitch the best of Kings."

Howe'er the world t' abuse me may be giv'n,
I cannot do without CROWN'D HEADS, by Heav'n!
Bards must have subjects that their genius suit——
And if I've not Crown'd Heads, I must be mute.

My verse is somewhat like a game at Whist;
Which game, though play'd by people e'er so keen,
Cannot with much success, alas! exist,
Except their hands possess a King and Queen.

I own, my Muse delights in royal folk :

Lead-mines, producing many pretty pounds !

JOE MILLARS, furnishing a fund of joke !

Lo, with a fund of joke a court abounds !

At royal follies, Lord ! a lucky hit

Saves our poor brains th' expence of wit :

At Princes let but Satire lift his gun,

The more their feathers fly, the more the fun.

E'en the whole world, blockheads and men of letters,

Enjoy a cannonade upon their betters.

And, *vice versâ*, Kings and Queens

Know pretty well what scandal means,

And love it too—yes, Majesty's a grinner :

Scandal that really would disgrace a stable

Hath oft been beckoned to a royal table,

And pleas'd a princely palate more than dinner.

I know the world exclaimeth in this guise :—

“ Suppose a King not over wise,

“ (A vice in Kings not very oft suspected)

“ Suppose he does *this* childish thing, and *this*,

“ If folly constitutes a Monarch's bliss,

“ Shall such by saucy poets stand corrected ?

“ Bold is the man,” old Parson Calchas * cries,

“ Who tells a Monarch where his error lies.”——

* Vide Homer.

" Grant that a King in converse cannot shine,
 " And sharp with shrewd remark a world alarm ;
 " What business, Peter Pindar, is't of thine ?
 " Grant puerilities—pray where's the harm ?"—

To this I answer, " I don't think a King
 " Will go to hell for ev'ry childish thing —
 " Yet mind, I think that one in his great station
 " Should show sublime example to a nation :

" And when an eagle he should spring
 " To drink the solar blaze on tow'ring wing ;
 " With daring and undazzled eyes ;
 " Not be a sparrow upon chimneys hopping,
 " His head in holes and corners popping
 " For flies."

Tom, I'm not griev'd that thou hast chang'd thy note,
 And op'd on Windsor wall thy tuneful throat ;

For verily it is a rare old mas!

Nor angry that to WEST thou dost descend ;

The King's great painting oracle and friend,

Who teacheth JERVAS how to spoil good glafs..

But, son of ISIS, since amidst this ode,

Thou talk'ft of painting, like an ardent lover,

Of panes of glafs now daubing over,

Dimming delightfully the great abode ;

Speak—know'ft thou aught of RAPHAEL's rare Car-

I have not seen them, Tom, for many moons! [*toons?*

Why

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I have not seen them, Tom, for many moons! [*toons?*]

Why

Why did'st thou not, amidst thy rhyming fit,
Of those most heav'nly pictures talk a bit——

For which the NATION paid down ev'ry *souse*?
Rare pictures, brought long since from HAMPTON
And by a *self-taught* CARPENTER cut short, [Court,
To suit the pannels of the QUEEN's old house.

So says report—I hope it is not true—
And yet I very believe it too;
It is so like *some people* I could name,
Whose *pericraniums* walk a little lame.

Beshrew me, but it brings to mind—
A cutting story, much of the same kind!

It happ'd at PLYMOUTH town so fair and sweet,
Where wandering gutlers, wandering gutlers meet,
Making in show'rs of rain a monstrous pother;
Bart'ring, like RAG-FAIR JEWS, with one the other,
With carrots, cabbage-leaves, and breathless cats,
Potatoes, turnip-tops, old rags, and hats:

A town that brings to mind SWIFT's City Show'r—
Where clouds to wash its face for ever pour——
A town where Beau-traps under water grin,
Inviting gentle strangers to walk in;
Where dwell the Lady Naiads of the flood,
Prepar'd to crown their visitors with mud.

A town where parsons for the *living* fight,
On every vacancy, with godly might,

Like

Like wrestlers for lac'd hats and buckskin breeches;
Where oft the priest who best his lungs employs
To make the rarest diabolic noise,
With surest chance of vict'ry preaches:
Whose empty sounds alone his labours bless;
Like cannon fir'd by vessels in distress.

A town where, exil'd by the Higher Pow'rs,
The ROYAL TAR with indignation lours;
Kept by his SIRE from London, and from sin,
To say his Catechism to Mistress WYNN.

THE PLYMOUTH CARPENTER AND THE COFFINS.

IN the last war French pris'ners often died
Of fevers, colds and more good things beside:
Presents for valour, from damp walls and chinks,
And nakedness, that seldom sees a shirt;
And vermin, and all sorts of dirt;
And multitudes of motley stinks,
That might with smells of any clime compare
That ever sought the nose or fields of air.

As coffins are deem'd necessary things,
Forming a pretty sort of wooden wings
For wafting men to graves, for t'other world;
Where anchor'd, (doom'd to make no voyages more,
The rudders of our souls are put ashore,
And all the sails for ever furl'd.

A car-

A carpenter, first cousin to the MAY'R,
Hight master SCREW, a man of reputation,
Got leave, through borough int'rest, to prepare
Good wooden lodgings for the Gallic nation:
I mean, for luckless Frenchmen that were dead;
And very well indeed SCREW's contract sped.

His good friend Death made wonderful demands,
As if they play'd into each other's hands;
As if the Carpenter and Death went snacks—
Wishing to make as much as e'er they could
By this same contract coffin wood,
For such as Death had thrown upon their backs.

This carpenter, like men of other trades
Whom conscience very easily persuades
To take from neighbours useless superfluity;
Resolv'd upon an œconomic plan,
Which shows that in the character of man
Æconomy is not an incongruity.

I know some Monarchs say the same—whose pulses
Beat high for iv'ry chairs and beds and bulses.

Fo lo, this man of œconomic fort
Made all his coffins much too short,
Yet snugly he accommodates the dead—
Cuts off, with much *sang froid*, the head,
And then to keep it safe as well as warm,
He gravely puts it underneath the arm;

Making

Making his dead man quite a PARIS beau!—
Hugging his jowl *en chapeau bras*.

BUT, Thomas, now to those Cartoons of fame—
Do ask thy Sov'reign in my name

What's to be done with those rare pictures next;
Some months ago, by night, they travell'd down
To the Queen's House in Windsor town,
At which the London folks were vastly vex'd.

For if those fine Cartoons, as hist'ry says,
Were (much to this great nation's praise)

Bought for the nation's sole inspection;
Unask'd, to suffer any man to feel 'em,
Or suffer any forward dame to steal 'em,
Would be a national reflection.

Tom, ask, to STRELITZ if they're doom'd to go,
Because the walls are naked there I know—

Strelitz a mouse-hole is, all dark and drear;
And shou'd the pictures be inclin'd to stray,
Not liking Strelitz, they may lose their way,
And ramble to some Hebrew auctioneer:

Where, like poor captur'd negroes in a knot,
The holy wand'ers may be made a lot—
And, like the goods at Garraway's we handle,
Christ and the Saints be sold by *inch of candle*!

Dearlly

Dearly beloved Thomas, to conclude!

(I see thee ready to bawl out "*Amen* :")

Joking apart, don't think me rude

For wishing to instruct thy lyric pen.

Whether like trout and eels in humble pride,
Along the simple stream of prose we glide;
Or stirring from below a cloud of mud,
Like whales we flounder through the lyric flood;

Or, if a past'ral image charms thee more;
Whether the vales of prose our feet explore,
Or rais'd sublime on ODE's ærial steep,
We bound from rock to rock like goats and sheep;

Whether we dine with Dukes on fifty dishes,
Or, poet-like, against our wishes,
On beef or pork, an œconomic crumb,
(Perchance not bigger than our thumb,
Turn'd by a bit of packthread at the fire,)
To satisfy our hunger's keen desire;
A good old proverb let us keep in view——
Viz. Thomas, "Give the Dev'l his due."

Whether a Monarch, issuing high command,
Smiles us to court, and shakes us by the hand;
Or rude bumbailiffs touch us on the shoulder,
And bid our tuneful harps in prison moulder;
Sell not (to meanness sunk) one golden line——
The MUSE's incense for a gill of wine.

This

This were a poor excuse of thine, my friend——

“ Few are the people that my Ode attend :

“ I’m like a country clock, poor, lonely thing,

“ That on the stair-case, or behind the door,

“ Cries ‘ Cuckow, Cuckow,’ just at twelve and four,

“ And chimes that vulgar tune, “ God save the
“ King.”

Oh ! if deserting WINDSOR’s lofty tow’rs,
To save a fix-pence in his barrack bow’rs,
A Monarch shuffles from the world away,
And gives to FOLLY’s whims the bustling day ;
From *such* low themes thy promis’d praise recall,
And sing more wonders of the old MUD WALL.

PETER'S PROPHECY :
 OR,
 THE PRESIDENT AND POET ;
 OR,
 AN IMPORTANT EPISTLE TO SIR J. BANKS,
 ON THE APPROACHING ELECTION
 OF A
 PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Tros, Rutilúſve fuat, nullo diſcrimine habebo.

VIRGIL.

Rank is a farce—if people fools will be,
 A ſcavenger and King 's the ſame to *me*.

La Société Royale de Londres fût formée en 1660, ſix Ans avant notre Académie des Sciences. Elle n'a point de recompences comme la notre ; mais auffi elle eſt libre. Point de ces Diſtinctions déſagréables, inventées par l' ABBE BIGNON, qui diſtribua l' Académie des Sciences en *ſavans* qu'on payait, et en honoraries qui n'étoient pas *ſavans*. La Société de Londres independante, et n'étant encouragée que par elle même, a été compoſée de Sujets qui on trouvé le Calcul de l'Infini, les Lois de la Lumière, celles de Peſanteur, l'Aberration des Etoiles, le Teſſeope de Reflexion, la Pompe a feu, le Microſcope ſolaire, et beaucoup d' autres Iventions auffi utiles qu' admirables. Qu' auroient fait de plus ces GRANDS HOMMES s'ils avoient été Penſionnaires ou Honoraries ?

VOLTAIRE, ſur la Société Royale.

A SUR-

A SUBLIME AND POETICAL EXORDIUM, IN WHICH THE BARD
 APPLAUDETH HIMSELF, CONDEMNETH HIS SOVEREIGN,
 AND CONDESCENDETH TO INSTRUCT SIR JOSEPH BANKS,
 F. R. S.—ANECDOTE OF JULIUS CÆSAR AND A CONJUROR
 —PETER DWELLETH WITH MUCH SOLEMNITY ON THE
 GLOOMY MONTH OF NOVEMBER, AND COMPARETH SIR
 JOSEPH BANKS TO JUPITER AND MR. SQUIB—ASKETH
 SHREWD QUESTIONS—SIR JOSEPH COMPREHENDETH THEIR
 SAGE MEANING, AND FLIETH INTO A PASSION, AND
 BOASTETH HOW HE REVENGETH HIMSELF ON THE FUN
 THE WORLD ENJOYETH AT HIS EXPENCE—SIR JOSEPH
 ANIMADVERTETH WISELY ON A FALL FROM THE PRE-
 SIDENCY TO THE STATE OF A SIMPLE FELLOW, OBLIQUELY
 AND NOBLY HINTING AT A FEW TRAITS OF HIS OWN
 CHARACTER—PETER REPLIETH WITH GOOD ADVICE, EX-
 HIBITING AT THE SAME TIME ACUTE KNOWLEDGE OF
 THE SEXUAL SYSTEM IN BOTANICAL AFFAIRS—SIR JO-
 SEPH REFUSETH PETER'S COUNCIL—PETER MENTIONETH
 MEN OF SCIENCE, WHOM SIR JOSEPH SCORNETH—SIR
 JOSEPH LETTETH THE CAT OUT OF THE BAG, AND
 SHEWETH PRINCIPLES INIMICAL TO THE CAUSE OF TRUE
 PHILOSOPHY, BY WISHING TO MAKE GREAT MEN FEL-
 LOWS, INSTEAD OF WISE MEN—PETER MORALISETH
 WITH PROFUNDITY, AND FLAPPETH THE BUGS OF FOR-
 TUNE FOR DARING, ON ACCOUNT OF THEIR MAMMON,
 TO PLACE THEMSELVES ON A LEVEL WITH GENIUS—SIR
 JOSEPH MAKETH MORE DISCOVERY OF HIS DISPOSITION,
 BY ABUSING PAINTING, POETRY, AND MUSIC, AND WISH-
 ETH TO TREAD IN THE STEPS OF HIS SOVEREIGN—PE-
 TER ILLUSTRATETH THE PRESIDENT'S MODE OF CATCH-
 ING AT AN ARGUMENT, BY A BEAUTIFUL SPIDER SIMILE
 —SIR JOSEPH BOASTETH OF HIS TEA AND TOAST WEA-
 PONS—PETER ANIMADVERTETH, WITH HIS USUAL WIS-

DOM, ON THE MIRACULOUS POWERS OF MEAT WHEN APPLIED TO AN HUNGRY STOMACH—SIR JOSEPH FINDETH OUT A NEW ROAD TO THE HEART—BOASTETH OF ROYAL FAVOUR—PETER SMILETH AT IT, AND FRIGHTEENETH SIR JOSEPH—SIR JOSEPH ENQUIRETH THE WORLD'S OPINION OF HIMSELF—PETER GIVETH IT WITHOUT CEREMONY—SIR JOSEPH CURSETH—PETER PRAYETH HIM TO BE QUIET, PROCEEDETH, AND TELLETH TERRIBLE THINGS—SIR JOSEPH SWEARETH—PRAISETH HIMSELF—PETER ANSWERETH—SIR JOSEPH PRAISETH HIMSELF AGAIN FOR BEING ABLE TO LEAD GREAT FOLKS BY THE NOSE, AND BRAGGETH OF ROYAL WHISPERS—PETER GUESSETH AT THE ROYAL WHISPERS, AND EXPRESSETH PLEASURE THEREAT—AGAIN BOASTETH THE PRESIDENT OF WHAT HE CAN DO—PETER SOLEMNLY SMILETH IN A SUPERB SIMILE TAKEN FROM WILD BEASTS—SIR JOSEPH VAUNTETH ON HIS GREAT ACQUAINTANCE WITH VEGETABLES AND MONKEYS—PETER ACQUIESCETH IN HIS MONKEY WISDOM, BUT DENIETH ITS IMPORTANCE, AND TURNETH BUTTERFLY AND EGG KNOWLEDGES OVER TO IDLE OLD MAIDS—PETER ACKNOWLEDGETH THE MERITS OF INDIAN, BOOBY, AND NODDY KILLING; LIZARD, BAT, SCURVY-GRASS, AND LADY-SMOCK HUNTING, YET DIFFERETH WITH SIR JOSEPH AS TO THE IDEA OF ITS IMPORTANCE—THE PRESIDENT AGAIN BOASTETH—PETER SOLEMNLY REPLYETH, AND TELLETH STRANGE MATTERS OF SIR WILLIAM HAMILTON—SIR JOSEPH BREAKETH OUT VIOLENTLY, AND WITH AN AIR OF DEFIANCE, ON THE SUBJECT OF MR. HERSCHEL—PETER ACQUIESCETH, IN SOME MEASURE, ON THE MERITS OF MR. HERSCHEL, AND PROPHESIETH MORE DISCOVERIES BY THIS ASTRONOMER THAN STRUCK THE IMAGINATION OF SIR JOSEPH—PETER PROPHECIETH OF THE FUTURE GRANDEUR OF CHELTENHAM,

TENHAM, BY MEANS OF MILLS TO SUPPLY THE GREAT FLUX
OF THE PEOPLE WITH PAPER—PETER GIVETH MORE GLORY
TO MR. HERSCHEL'S GLASS, THAN TO MR. HERSCHEL'S HEAD—
SIR JOSEPH GROWETH ABUSIVE—PETER PROPERLY RE-
PLIETH—SIR JOSEPH AGAIN TRIUMPHETH—PETER CUT-
TETH HIM DOWN FOR HIS LAUD ON HIS GRACE OF MARL-
BOROUGH'S SPY-GLASS DISCOVERIES, AND JOHN HUNTER'S
SOWS AND PARTRIDGES—SIR JOSEPH PLUMETH HIMSELF
ON DR. BLAGDEN—PETER PRAISETH DR. BLAGDEN—SIR
JOSEPH PRAISETH SIR BENJAMIN THOMPSON, LORD MUL-
GRAVE, AND THE UNASSUMING QUAKER DR. LETTSOME;
MOREOVER PRAISETH THE DOCTOR'S HOBBY-HORSE, MAN-
GEL WORSAL, ALIAS WURTZEL—SIR JOSEPH ENQUIRETH
THE MERITS OF MR. AUBERT, THE SILKMAN—PETER
SMILETH AND ANSWERETH WITTILY—SIR JOSEPH EN-
QUIRETH ABOUT MR. DAINES BARRINGTON—PETER AN-
SWERETH IN LIKE MANNER—SIR JOSEPH'S IRE BOILETH
OVER—PETER LAUGHETH—PETER COMETH TO THE
POINT, AND TELLETH THE PRESIDENT IN PLAIN TERMS,
THAT HE MUST DEPEND ON THE MANY, MORE THAN
ONE, MEANING OUR MOST GRACIOUS KING—SIR JOSEPH
EXCLAIMETH WITH HIS USUAL VULGARITY, AND TAX-
ETH THE REVOLTING MEMBERS WITH INGRATITUDE, AND
ELIETH TO MEAT AND DRINK FOR HIS FUTURE SUPPORT-
ERS—PETER PRAISETH MEAT AND DRINK, YET INSIST-
ETH ON THE TRUTH OF AN INTENDED REBELLION—
SIR JOSEPH, IN A STRAIN OF DESPONDENCY, LOOKETH TO
THE LORD FOR SUPPORT—PETER GIVETH HIM NO HOPES
FROM THAT QUARTER—SIR JOSEPH, IN A TYGER-LIKE
MANNER, BREAKETH OUT INTO A RAGE AND BOAST-
ING—PETER ACKNOWLEDGETH HIS MERITS, BUT IN-
FORMETH THE PRESIDENT OF THEIR INSUFFICIENCY—
SIR JOSEPH VOWETH TO PLAY THE DEVIL—PETER EX-

ALTETH SIR JOSEPH'S INTENDED MANŒUVRE BY A COMPARISON OF A MIRACLE FREQUENTLY WORKED IN POPISH COUNTRIES ON RATS AND GRASSHOPPERS—PETER STILL HARPEETH ON THE OLD STRINO OF SOMETHING MORE—SIR JOSEPH ADDUCETH MORE INSTANCES OF MERIT, SUCH AS EATING MATTERS THAT WOULD MAKE A HOTTENTOT VOMIT—PETER ACKNOWLEDGETH SIR JOSEPH'S UNCOMMON STOMACH-POWERS, AND TRIUMPHS OVER REPTILES; BUT WITH OBSTINACY INSISTETH UPON IT, THAT SOMETHING MORE MUST BE ATCHIEVED—THE PRESIDENT UPON THIS, MOST WICKEDLY, YET MOST HEROICALLY DECLARETH, THAT HE WILL THEN SWALLOW AN ALIGATOR—PETER DISSUADETH SIR JOSEPH, LIKE A FRIEND, FROM HIS BOLD INTENTION, AND RECOMMENDETH A MEAL OF A Milder QUALITY.

THE BARD, who fill'd with Friendship's purest fire,
 Tun'd to a mighty King the moral lyre;
 With all the magic of the Muse's art,
 Smil'd at his foibles, and enlarg'd * his heart——
 Ungrateful Prince! like most of modern times,
 Who never thank'd the poet for his rhymes:
 The BARD with Wisdom's voice sublimely strong,
 Who scar'd the maids of honour with his song,

* Verily the LYRIC BARD hath cause of triumph—by means of a few *hints*, the close fist of *Royal economy* hath been a little unclenched. By God's grace and the Poet's good health, *greater* things are likely to be accomplished—such is the power of *song*!

Turn'd

Turn'd courtiers pale, and turn'd to silent wonder
 Ambassador's, at TRUTH's deep tone of thunder ;
 Who in *their* country, (such a timid thing !)
 Was never known to *whisper* to a King :
 The BARD who dar'd undaunted thus to tow'r,
 And boldly oracles to princes pour,
 Stoops from the zenith of his eagle flight
 To give instruction to a *simple* Knight.

To CÆSAR, who th' advice with scorn repaid,
 " Beware the *Ides of March*," a Conj'ror said.
 More rev'renc'd let a conj'ror say,
 " Beware, Sir JOSEPH BANKS, *St. Andrew's day*."
 Near is the gloomy month, and gloomy hour,
 When of your plumage strip'd, and fav'rite pow'r,
 You quit that mace and pompous chair of state,
 And cease Lord Paramount of Moth debate,
 That awe-inspiring hammer'd fist to rear,
 Like scepter'd JOVE, and SQUIB the AUCTIONEER !

SIR JOSEPH.

Well ! what's November's* gloomy month or hour ?
 The day which ravishes, restores my pow'r.

PETER.

Perchance Ambition may be doom'd to mourn !
 Perchance your honours may no more return !

* On the thirtieth of November the President is annually
 elected.

Think.

Think what a host of enemies you make !
 What feeling mind would be a BULL at stake ?
 Pinch'd by this mongrel, by that mastiff torn :
 Who'd make a feast to treat the public scorn ?
 Who'd be a BEAR that grasps his club with pride
 With which his *Dancing Master* drubs his hide ?
 None, dear Sir JOSEPH, but the arrant't fool
 Turns butt to catch the shafts of ridicule.

SIR JOSEPH.

Your meaning, friend, I easily divine !

PETER.

Yes, quit for life the chair——resign, resign.

SIR JOSEPH.

No ! with contempt the grinning world I see,
 And always laugh at *those* who laugh at *me*.

PETER.

To steal a point, then, may I never thrive,
 But you must be the *merriest* man alive.

SIR JOSEPH.

Good !——but, my friend, 'twould be a black No-
 vember,

To lose the chair, and sneak a vulgar member ;
 Sit on a bench, *mumchance*, without my hat *,
 Sunk from a Lion to a tame Tom Cat :

* The President always wears his hat.

Just

Just like a school-boy trembling o'er his book,
Afraid to move, or speak, or think, or look,
When Mr. President, with mastiff air,
Vouchsafes to grumble "Silence" from the chair.

PETER.

All this is mortifying to be sure,
And more than flesh and blood can well endure !
Then to your turnip-fields in peace retire :
Return like CINCINNATUS, country 'squire :
Go with your wisdom, and amaze the Boors
With apple-tree, and shrub, and flow'r amours ;
And tell them all, with wide-mouth'd wonder big,
How gnats * can make a cuckold of a fig.
Form fly clubs, shell clubs, weed clubs, if you please,
And proudly reign the PRESIDENT of *these* :
Go, and with periwinkle wisdom charm ;
With loves of lobsters, oysters, crabs, alarm ;
And tell them how, like *ours*, the females woo'd,
By kissing, people all the realms of mud :
Thus, though proud LONDON dares refuse you fame,
The towns of LINCOLNSHIRE shall raise your name,
Knock down the bear, and bull, and calf, and king,
And bid SIR JOSEPH on their sign-posts swing.

SIR JOSEPH.

No ! since I've fairly mounted Fortune's mast,
Till Fate shall chop my hands off, I'll hold fast.

* See the Natural History of the Fig.

PETER.

PETER.

And yet, Sir Joseph, fame reports you stole
 To Fortune's top-mast through the *lubber-hole* *.
 Think of the men whom Science so reveres!
 HORSLEY and WILSON, MASKEYLYNE, MASERES,
 LANDEN and HORNSBY, ATWOOD, GLENIE, HUT-
 TON,——

SIR JOSEPH.

Blockheads! for whom I do not care a button!
 Fools, who to *mathematics* would confine us,
 And *bother* all our ears with *plus* and *minus*.

PETER.

No more they search the philosophic mine.
 To bid the Journals with their labours shine,
 And yeild a glorious splendour to the page,
 Such as when NEWTON, HALLEY grac'd the age!
 Retir'd, those members now behold with sighs
 The dome, like Egypt, swarm with frogs and flies;
 And *you*, the PHARAOH too without remorse,
 The stubborn parent of the reptile curse;
 See Wisdom yield to Folly's rude controul;
 Jove's eagle murder'd by a mousing owl †.

SIR JOSEPH.

Poh! poh! my friend, I've star-gazers enough;
 I now look round for different kind of stuff:

* A part of a ship well known to seamen.

† Vide Shakspeare.

Besides—*untitled* members are mere swine ;
I wish for *princes* on my list to shine ;
I'll have a company of stars and strings ;
I'll have a proud society of *kings* !
I'll have no miserable squeal tom-tit,
Whilst Fortune offers pheasants to my spit !
For me, the Dev'l may take a nameless fry——
No sprats, no sprats, whilst whales can feast my eye.

PETER.

Thus on a stall, amidst a country fair,
Old Women shew of gingerbread their ware !
King DAVID and Queen BATHSHEBA behold,
Strut from their dough majestic, grac'd with gold !
King SOLOMON so great in all his glory,
The Queen of SHEBA too, renown'd in story !
The Grannies these display with doting eyes ;
Delighted see them all the louts surprise ;
Whilst no poor bak'd plebeian, great or small,
Dares show his sneaking nose upon the stall !

Sir Joseph, do not fancy, that by fate
Great wisdom goes with titles and estate !
I grant that pride and insolence appear
Where purblind FORTUNE thousands gives a-year.
Too many of Fortune's insects have I seen,
Proud of some little name, with scornful mien,
High o'er the head of modest Genius rise,
Pert, foppish, whiffing, flutt'ring butterflies !

Weak

Weak imps ! on whom the planets all so kind,
 In pity to their poverty of mind,
 Around them treasure bountifully shed,
 Convinc'd the fools would want a bit of bread.

SIR JOSEPH.

Since truth must out, then know, my biting friend,
 Philosophers my soul with horror rend ;
 Whene'er their mouths are open'd, I am mum——
 Plague take 'em, should a *President* be dumb ?
 I loathe the arts—the universe may know it——
 I hate a painter, and I hate a poet——
 To these two ears a bear MARCHESI growls,
 MARA and BILLINGTON a brace of owls.
 To circles of pure ignorance conduct me ;
 I hate the company that can *instruct* me ;
 I wish to imitate my King, so *nice*,
 Great Prince, who ne'er was known to take advice !
 Who keeps no company (delightful plan !)
 That dares be wiser than himself, good man !

PETER.

In troth, Sir Joseph, I have often seen ye
 Look in debate a *little* like a ninny,
 Struggling to grasp the sense with mouth, hands, eyes,
 And with the philosophic Speaker rise ;
 Just like a spider brush'd by SUSAN's broom.
 That tries to claw its thread, and mount the room,

Poor

Poor sprawling reptile, but with humble air
 Condemn'd to sneak away behind a chair.

SIR JOSEPH.

Still to the point—a rout let *fellows* make ;
 My pow'r is too well fix'd for *such* to shake ;
 My sure artillery hath o'ercome a *host*.

PETER.

I own the great, past pow'rs of tea and toast !
 Ven'son 's a CÆSAR in the fiercest fray ;
 Turtle an ALEXANDER in its way :
 And then, in quarrels of a slighter nature,
 Mutton 's a most successful Mediator !
 So much superior is the stomach's smart
 To all the vaunted horrors of the heart ;
 E'en LOVE, who often triumphs in his grief,
 Hath ceas'd to feed on sighs to feed on beef.

SIR JOSEPH.

Yes, yes, my friend, my tea and butter'd rolls
 Have found an easy pass to people's souls :
 My well-tim'd dinners (*certain folks* revere)
 Have left this easy bosom nought to fear.
 The turnpike road to people's hearts, I find,
 Lies through their guts, or I mistake mankind ;
 Besides, whilst thus I boast my Sov'reign's smile,
 Let raggamuffins rage, and rogues revile.

PETER.

Alas! Sir Joseph! grant the KING you please,
 Which ev'ry Courtier's eye with envy sees;
 A glorious thing too, no man can deny it;
 Though no man ever got a six-pence by it;
 Yet of our lucky island, *certain* KINGS,
 Far from *all*-mighty, are not *mighty* things;
 And though with many a wren you make him blest,
 And many tomtit's egg and tomtit's nest;
 And many a monkey stuff'd to mak him grin,
 And many a flea and beetle on a pin;
 And promise (to cajole the royal mind)
 To make his butcher member, and his hind;
 It is not *he*, with Polyphemus stare,
 And stern command, perpetuates the Chair!
 I know that disaffection taints the throng,
 And know the world is lavish in its tongue.

SIR JOSEPH.

Ah! tell me fairly without more delay,
 What 'tis the blackguard world hath dar'd to say;
 Perhaps a pretty devil I'm pourtray'd;
 The world's free brush deals d——y in shade.

PETER.

Thus, then, “How dares that man his carcase squat,
 “Bold in the sacred chair where Newton sat;
 “Whose eye could NATURE's darkest veil pervade,
 “And, fun-like, view the solitary MAID;

“Pursue

" Pursue the Wand'rer through each secret maze,
 " And on her labours dart a noon-tide blaze?
 " When to the chair BANKS forc'd his bold ascent,
 " He crawl'd a *bug* upon the *monument*."

SIR JOSEPH.

Curse them!——

PETER.

Have patience, dear Sir Joseph, pray!
 I have not mention'd half the people say:——
 Thus then again, " He beats the bears, so rude,
 " With bull-dog aspect, and with brains of mud:
 " His words, like stones for pavements, make us start;
 " Rude, roughly rumbling, tumbling from the cart;
 " Who for importance all his lungs employs,
 " And thinks that words, like drums, were made for
 " A fellow so unqualified to shine! [noise.
 " Who never to the Journals gave a line;
 " But into SWEDEN cast a fox-like look,
 " And caught Goose DRYANDER to write his book*.
 " Such is the *mania* for the claps of Fame,
 " So sought by many a 'Squire and gentle Dame,
 " Resembling Beggars that on alms grow fat;
 " Who, if too weak *themselves* to make a brat,

* A most pompous birth in the botanical way is to make its appearance soon; Sir Joseph the reputed father, though Jonas Dryander, the Swede, his secretary, begets it.

“ *Buy* children up to melt the trav’ler’s eye,
 “ And from his pocket call the charity.

“ Through *him* each trifle-hunter that can bring
 “ A grub, a weed, a moth, a beetle’s wing,
 “ Shall to a FELLOW’s dignity succeed ;
 “ Witness Lord CHATHAM and his *piss-a-bed* * !
 “ How had he pow’rs to muster up the face
 “ To ask a PRESIDENT’s important place ?
 “ How with a matchless insolence to dare
 “ Abuse and jostle PRINGLE † from the chair :

“ A moth-

* *Vulgarly called Dandelion.* Something of this kind, (a most wonderful species!) was presented by the eldest born of the great PITT, for which he was created F. R. S.

† About the year 1779, conductors were ordered to be placed near all our magazines to secure them from the effects of lightning. A question then arose, *which* would best succeed, *blunt* or *pointed* conductors. Sir John Pringle, with the sensible part of the Society, were of opinion, as, indeed, was Dr. Franklin, that points were preferable—Sir Joseph Banks, and his party, roared loudly for the blunts—The dispute ran so high, that His Majesty took a part in it; and being rather *partial* to *blunt conductors*, thought to put an end to the matter by giving his own peremptory decision, and announcing to the world the superiority of *NOBS*. To confirm his *great* and *wise* opinion, *NOBS* were actually fixed on iron rods at the end of Buckingham-House. This, however, was not all; on the birth-day, His Majesty desired Sir John to give it to the world as the opinion of the Royal Society, that Dr. Franklin was *wrong*. The President replied, like a man, that it was not in

his

" A moth-hunter, a crab-catcher, a bat,
 " That owes its sole existence to a gnat!
 " A hunter of the meanest reptile breed,
 " A f—I that crosses oceans for a weed!

" Once tow'ring SCIENCE made Crane Court*
 " her home,

" And heav'n-born WISDOM patroniz'd the dome;
 " With awful aspect at the portal shone,
 " And to her mansion woo'd the wise alone;
 " Now at the door see moon-eyed FOLLY grin,
 " Inviting birds-nest hunters to come in:
 " Idiots who specks on eggs devoutly ken,
 " And furbish up a folio on a wren."
 You see the world, Sir Joseph, scorns to flatter—

SIR JOSEPH.

By G—d! I think it hath not minc'd the matter.
 Yet, by the Pow'r who made me, PETER, know,
 I'm honour'd, star'd at wherefoe'er I go!

his power to reverse the order of Nature. The Sovereign could not easily see that, and therefore repeated his commands.—Teized by the King, from time to time, to oppose the decided opinion of the rebellious Franklin, and the laws of Nature; and constantly barked at by Sir Joseph and his moth-hunting phalanx; he resigned the chair and returned to Scotland.—The honour was instantaneously snapped at and caught by the present possessor, such as he is!

* The Royal Society's rooms are removed from Crane-Court to Somerset-Place.

Soon as a room I enter, lo, all ranks
Get up to compliment Sir JOSEPH BANKS!—

PETER.

And then sit down again, I do suppose;
And then around the room a whisper goes,
“ Lord, that’s Sir JOSEPH BANKS!—how grand
his look!
“ Who sail’d all round the world with CAPTAIN
Cook !”

SIR JOSEPH.

Zounds ! what the devil’s fame if this be not ?

PETER.

Sir Joseph, prithee don’t be such a sot—
Those wonderful admirers, man, were dozens
Of fresh imported, staring country Cousins;
To London come, the wax-work to devour,
And see their brother beasts within the Tow’r:
True fame is praise by men of *wisdom* giv’n,
Whose souls display some workmanship of Heav’n;
Not by the wooden million—Nature’s chips,
Whose twilight souls are ever in eclipse;
Puppies! who, though on idiotism’s dark brink,
Because they’ve *heads*, dare fancy they can *think*..

SIR

SIR JOSEPH.

What though unletter'd *, I can lead the herd,
 And laugh at half the members to their beard,
 Frequent to Court I go, and 'midst the ring,
 I catch most gracious whispers from the KING——

PETER.

And well (I think) I hear each precious speech,
 In sentiment sublime, and language rich;
 "What's new, Sir JOSEPH? what, what's new
 "found out?
 "What's the society, what, what, about?
 "Any more monsters, lizard, monkey, rat,
 "Egg, weed, mouse, butterfly, pig, what, what, what?
 "Toad, spider, grasshopper, Sir JOSEPH BANKS?
 "Any more thanks, more thanks, more thanks,
 more thanks?
 "You still eat raw flesh, beetle, viper bat,
 "Toad, tadpole, frog, Sir Joseph, what, what what?"

Such is language of the first of Kings,
 That many a fighting heart with envy stings!
 And much I'm pleas'd to fancy that I hear
 Such wise and gracious whispers greet your ear:

* In spite of our objection to Sir Joseph as a President, we must allow his candour in acknowledging himself *unlettered*, as he really was refused his degree at CAMBRIDGE, though every interest was implored to make him pass muster.

Yet,

Yet, if the greater part of members growl,
Though owls themselves, and curse *you* for an owl;
And bent the great Sir JOSEPH BANKS to humble,
Behold the GIANT PRESIDENT must tumble.

SIR JOSEPH.

Zounds! Sir, the GREAT-ONES to my whistle come;
I have 'em ev'ry one beneath my thumb.
ELECTORS, MARGRAVES, PRINCES, grace my list,
And shall a few poor ragged rogues resist,
Because a flock of astronomic gulls,
The cobweb mathematics cloud their sculls?
The GREAT, when beckon'd to, my cause shall aid,
And happy think themselves with *thanks* o'erpaid:
These shall arise, and with a single frown,
Beat the bold front of opposition down.

PETER.

Thus by a word, the SHOWMAN at the Tow'N
Exerts on brother savages his pow'r;
Bids NERO, CÆSAR, POMPEY, spread their paws,
And show the dangers of their gaping jaws!

SIR JOSEPH.

By heav'ns! I've merit, say whate'er you please!
Can name the vegetable tribes with ease——
What monkey walks the woods or climbs a tree
Whole genealogy's unknown to *me*?

PETER.

PETER.

I grant you, Sir, in monkey knowledge great ;
Yet say, should monkeys give you Newton's seat ?
Such merit scarcely is enough to dub
A man a member of a country club,

With novel specks on eggs to feast the eye,
Or gaudy colours of a butterfly,
Or new-found fibre of some grassy blade,
Well suits the idle hours of some old maid,
(Whose sighs each lover's vanish'd sighs deplore)
To murder time when Cupids kill no more ;
Not men, who, lab'ring with a Titan mind,
Should scale the skies to benefit mankind.
I grant you full of anecdote, my friend——
Bons mots, and wond'rous stories without end ;
Yet if a tale can claim, or jest so rare,
Ten thousand gossips might demand the chair.

To shoot at boobies *, noddies, with such luck,
And pepper a poor Indian like a duck ;
To hunt for days a lizard or a gnat,
And run a dozen miles to catch a bat ;

* " Great and manifold were Sir Joseph's triumphs over these defenceless animals," says Dr. Hawkesworth's most miserable account ; which might more properly be christened " The history of Sir Joseph Banks," so much, indeed, is Sir Joseph the *hero* of the tale.

To

To plunge in marshes, and to scale the rocks,
 Sublime, for scurvy-grafs and lady-smocks*,
 Are matters of proud triumph, to be sure,
 And such as FAME's fair volume should secure:
 Yet to my mind, it is not such a feat,
 As gives a man a claim to NEWTON's feat.

SIR JOSEPH.

Yet are there men of genius who support me!
 Proud of my friendship, see Sir WILLIAM court me!

PETER.

Great in the eating knowledge all allow;
 Who sent you once the *Sumen* of a sow †;
 Far richer food than pigs that lose their breath,
 Whipp'd, like poor soldiers on parades, to death.
 Sir WILLIAM, hand and glove with NAPLES' KING!
 Who made with rare antiques the nation ring;
 Who when VESUVIUS foam'd with melted matter,
 March'd up and clapp'd his nose into the *crater*;
 Just with the same *sang froid* that JOAN the cook
 Casts on her dumplings in the crock a look.

* See Hawkefworth's account of Captain Cook's Voyage.

† Sir W. HAMILTON, who sent Sir Joseph from Italy this precious present—The mode of making it properly is, by tying the teats of a sow, soon after she hath littered, continuing the ligature till the poor creature is nearly exhausted with torture, and then cutting her throat. The effects of the milk diffused through this belly part are so delicious, as to be thought to make ample atonement for the barbarity.

But

But more the world reports (I hope untrue)
 That half SIR WILLIAM's Mugs and Gods are *new*;
Himself the Baker of th' Etrurian ware,
 That made our British Antiquarians stare;
 Nay, that he means ere long to cross the main,
 And at his Naples' oven sweat again;
 And by his late successes render'd bolder,
 To bake *new* mugs, and gods some ages *older*!

SIR JOSEPH.

God blefs us! what to Herschel dare you say,
 The astronomic genius of the day,
 Who soon will find more wonders in the skies,
 And with more *Georgium Siduses* surprise?

PETER.

More Ætnas in the Moon——*more* cinder loads!
 Perhaps mail coaches on her turnpike roads,
 By some great LUNAR PALMER taught to fly,
 To gain the gracious glances of the eye
 Of some penurious Prince of high degree,
 And charm the monarch with a *postage free*;
 Such as to CHELT'NAM waters urg'd their way,
 Where CLOACINA holds her *easy* sway;
 Where paper-mills shall load with wealth the town,
 And ev'ry shop shall deal in *whitish-brown*;
 Where for the coach the KING was wont to watch,
 Loaded with fish fowl, bacon, and dispatch*;
 Eggs

MR. PALMER very *generously* offered His SOVEREIGN a
 mail-

Eggs and small-beer, potatoes, too, a store,
 That cost in CHEL'TNAM market two-pence more;
 Converting thus a coach of matchless art,
 With two rare geldings, to a *Sutler's cart*.——
 But, voluble Sir Joseph—not so fast——
 The fame of HERSCHEL is a dying blast:
 When on the moon he first began to peep,
 The wond'ring world pronounc'd the gazer deep:
 But wiser now th' *un-wond'ring* world, alas!
 Gives all poor HERSCHEL's glory to his *glass*;
 Convinc'd his boasted astronomic strength,
 Lies in his *tube's* *, not *head's* prodigious length.

SIR JOSEPH.

What, niggard, not on HERSCHEL fame bestow,
 So curious a discov'rer?——

mail-coach to carry letters and dispatches to and from Cheltenham—the offer was *too great* to be refused—a splendid carriage was built for the occasion: His most æconomic Majesty, however, wisely knowing that something more than a few letters might be contained in Mr. Palmer's vehicle, converted it, as the Poet hath observed, into a cart, and saved many a six-pence.

* We would not detract from Mr. HERSCHEL's *real* merit—By a true German cart-horse labour, he made a little improvement on Dr. MUDGE's method of constructing mirrors; such are this gentleman's pretensions to a niche in the temple of FAME.—As for his mathematical abilities, they can scarcely be called the *shadows* of Science.

PETER

PETER.

No! man, no!

Give it to MUDGE *, whose head contains more *vs*;
Than (trust me) ever lodg'd in HERSCHEL's House.

SIR JOSEPH.

Lo, at my call, the noble MARLB'ROUGH's vote,
Whose observations much our fame promote.

PETER.

Who from his Blenheim chimnies wonders spies—
The *daily advertiser* of the skies;
Who equals his great Ancestor in head;
A Hero † who could neither write nor read:
Thus equal form'd, to all the world's surprise;
As one *swept* earth, the other *sweeps* the skies.

SIR JOSEPH.

HUNTER ‡ with fish intrigues our House regales—

* Dr. MUDGE of Plymouth.

† The famous Duke of Marlborough was reported to have been a very illiterate man; which shows that a head-piece for the arts and sciences, and a head-piece for facing cannon balls, are wisely formed of different materials.

‡ John Hunter actually received the Society's gold medal for three papers, viz, on sow-gelding; on the wolf, jackall, and dog; *proving incontestibly*, what the world knew before, that the aforesaid animals were *bonâ fide* of the same species: And on the loves of whales.

PETER.

The tender history of cooing whales * !

SIR JOSEPH.

Great in the noble art of gelding fows! —

PETER.

And giving to the boar a barren spouse !
 Who proves, what many unbelievers shocks,
 That age converts hen partridges to cocks !
 And why not, since it is deny'd by no man
 That age hath made JOHN HUNTER an OLD WO-
 MAN ?

Believe me, full as well might papists bring
 Quills from a SERAPH's tail, or CHERUB's wing ;
 SAINT DUNSTAN's crab-stick, which the SAINT, un-
 Broke on the back of our great foe, the DEVIL ; [civil,
 SAINT ANDREW's toe, SAINT AGATHA's old smock,
 And stones that rattle round SAINT STEPHEN's block ;
 SAINT JOSEPH's sighs so deep, preserv'd in bottles,
 Amounting, legends say, to many pottles ;
 Caught as the SAINT, with all his might and main,
 Was cleaving billets for his fire in twain ;

* See Article 30, 1780, in the Philosophical Transactions, where Mr. John Hunter gives a wonderful account of a partridge with three legs, that by age changed from a *female* to a *male*.

Or bones * from Catacombs to form new fairs,
 To cure, like all quack med'cines, all complaints!
 Such might the journals of the house record,
 As well as HUNTER's wond'rous *cock-hen bird*.

SIR JOSEPH.

Like BLAGDEN who can write and deeply think?

PETER.

Who write like *him* on iron-moulds and ink †?—
 See shirts and shifts by iron-moulds that rot,
 By BLAGDEN's wisdom lose each yellow spot!
 For this shall landry virgins lift their voice;
 Napkins and damask table-cloths rejoice;
 Robins and caps, and sheets, and pillow-cases,
 Lose their sad stains, and smile with lily faces.
 Lo! to improve of man the soaring mind,
 For sacred science, to his skin unkind,
 Did Doctor Blagden in an oven ‡ bake,
 Brown as burnt coffee or a barley cake,

* In 1672, four hundred fairs were recruited. Such was the extraordinary harvest of baptized and canonized bones from the Catacombs at Rome. *Vid.* Religious Rites and Ceremonies.

† *Vid.* Article 39, 1787, of the *Philos. Transf.*

‡ The Doctor's body in the hot oven, with his nose projecting from the hole for air, would be no bad subject for the graver.

Whilst down his nose projecting, sweat in rills
Unfav'ry flow'd like hart-shorn streams from stills.

SIR JOSEPH.

Great Duck-weed THOMPSON *, all my soul reveres !
And MULGRAVE charms me with his arctic bears.
My eyes with shells, lo ! limpet DAVIES greets !
And Doctor LETTSOME with his rare horse-beets !
Beets, that with shame our parsnips shall o'erwhelm,
And fairly drive potatoes from the realm !
Beets ! in whose just applauses we are hoarse all ;
Such are the wondrous pow'rs of *Mangel Worsal* †.

PETER.

Beets that shall keep gaunt FAMINE to his East,
And make him on Gentoos, as usual, feast ;
Whilst ev'ry lucky BRITON that one meets,
Shall strut a FALSTAFF, such the pow'r of Beets !
Beets, that must bring the Quaker wealth and fame,
And give his cheek the virgin glow of shame ;
Who ne'er, meek man, was known a face to push,
Nor hear his own applause without a blush !
Beets, that shall form an *epoch* in our times,
And thus, by PETER prais'd, embalm his rhymes !

* Sir Benjamin, a second Linnæus.

† The more pompous name of the Beet;

SIR JOSEPH.

Then, what of AUBERT * think you, that great man,
Whose broad eye deems creation scarce a span ?

PETER.

Who weekly with his watch is seen to run,
The little pupil of a Greenwich sun,
To learn the motions of old Time, and mock
The *fatal* errors of each London clock.

Thus LUBIN from his solitary down,
Leads *little* LUBIN to a neighb'ring town :
The lad with ecstasy surveys the scene,
Then home returning, with triumphant mien,
Corrects his mother's, sister's conversations,
And wonders at his ignorant relations.

AUBERT who meriteth indeed applause !
Full of high-sounding phrases, and wise *saws* ;
Who from his cradle learn'd the stars to list,
And to a meteor † turn'd a will-o-wisp !

* A Silk Merchant, and F. R. S. who every Sunday, wet or dry, cloudy or sunshine, calm or windy, visits Greenwich, to catch the sun on the meridian ;—such is this gentleman's rage for the art, that he now has at LOAMPIT-HILL, near Greenwich, two thousand pounds worth of astronomical instruments.

† One fortunate evening, as he was returning from his beloved observatory, a Jack-a-lantern sprung up and played some tricks before the philosophical silk-man, whose optics being apt to magnify objects, converted into an amazing meteor, with which the royal journals soon after *blazed*.

SIR JOSEPH.

Pray, then, what think ye of our famous DAINES?

PETER.

Think of a man deny'd by Nature brains!
Whose trash so oft the royal leaves disgraces!
Who knows not jordan's brown, from Roman vases!
About old pots his head for ever puzzling,
And boring earth, like pigs for troufles * muzling;
Who likewise from old urns to crotchets leaps,
Delights in music, and at concerts sleeps †.

SIR JOSEPH.

Zounds! 'tis in vain, I see, to utter praise!—

PETER.

Then mention some one who deserves my lays.

SIR JOSEPH.

Know then, I've sent to distant parts to find
Beings the most uncommon of their kind:
The greatest monsters of the land and water—

* There are pigs kept expressly for hunting troufles in some parts of England.

† Such are the powers of somnolency over Mr. DAINES BARRINGTON,—at several of the Hanover-Square concerts hath the LYRIC PETER seen the ANTIQUARIAN in *seeming* musical speculation, but verily employed in a most comfortable nap.

PETER.

PETER.

The beautiful deformities of nature !
Birds without heads, and tails, and wings, and legs,
Tremendous Cyclop pigs, and speckled eggs,
Snails from Japan, and wasps, and Indian jays,
Command attention, and excite our praise :
Chop-sticks and back-scrapers are curious things ;
Scalps and tobacco-pipes, and Indian strings,
Such, as to charm the wond'ring cits we see,
Where DON SALTERO * gives his Sunday's tea ;
Great DON SALTERO, name of high renown,
Who treats too, with immortal rolls, the town !

Rare at the buttons of a Roman's breeches,
In antiquarian eyes surpassing riches :
Rare is each crack'd, black, rotten, earthen dish,
That held of ancient Rome the flesh and fish :
Rare are the talismans that drove the Devil,
And rare the bottles that contain'd old snivel.
Owls' heads, and snoring frogs, preserv'd in spirits,
Most certainly are not without their merits ;
Yet these to gain, and give to public view,
Lo! PARKINSON knows full as well as you ;
As did Sir ASHTON fam'd, whose mental pow'r
Just reach'd to tell us by the clock the hour.

* At Chelsea.

SIR

SIR JOSEPH.

Poh! p-x don't laugh—such things are rich and
scarce——

Be something sacred—let not all be farce.

PETER.

Sir Joseph, I *must* laugh when things like these
Beyond sublimities have pow'r to please :
To croud with such-like *littleness* your walls,
Is putting Master PUNCH into St. PAUL'S.
Yet, to the point—the place on which you doat
Hath been for ever carried by the vote——
Know then, your *parasites* begin to bellow,
And call you openly a shallow fellow :
In vain to fav'ring Majesty you fly,
'Tis on the *many* that you must rely :
E'en *blockheads* blush, so much are they ashamed—

SIR JOSEPH.

They and modest blushes may be d——n'd.
Ungrateful scoundrels! eat my rolls and butter,
And daring thus their insolences mutter!
Swallow my turtle and my beef by pounds,
And tear my ven'son like a pack of hounds;
Yet have the impudence, the brazen face,
To say I am not fitted for the place!
In God's name let my wine in torrents flow!
E'en be my house a *tavern* in SOHO!
Of daily ven'son let me try the force,
And keep an open house for man and horse.

Oh!

Oh! let me hold by any means the chair!——
To keep *that* honour *every* thing I dare!

PETER.

I own that nothing like good cheer succeeds——
A man's a *god* whose hog'shead freely bleeds;
Champagne can consecrate the d—mned'st evil:
A hungry Parasite adores a *Devil*;
In radiant virtues his poor host arrays,
And smooths him with the gossamer of praise;
Stuff'd to the throat till repetition tires,
And GLUTTONY's huge greasy wish expires;
Apostate then, the knave denies his church,
And leaves his Saint, with laughter, in the lurch.

In short, your Gormandizers and your Drinkers
Quit their old faith, and turn out rank Freethinkers.
Dead is the novelty of fine fat haunches,
And truth no longer sacrific'd to paunches:
Asham'd at length the sad repentant SINNERS
All blush to barter flatt'ry for good dinners:
No charms surround the knocker of your door,
That beam'd with honour, but now beams no more!

SIR JOSEPH.

Betray'd by those on whom my all depends!——

PETER.

Betray'd, like CÆSAR, by his bosom-friends!

SIR

SIR JOSEPH.

Though man, ungrateful man, his aid deny;
 The Pow'r whose wisdom rules you lofty sky,
 May grant his gracious and protecting pow'r,
 And aid my efforts in the trying hour!

PETER.

Left by your earthly friends, I fear your pray'rs,
 Most *pious* PRESIDENT, won't mend affairs:
 The Pow'r you mention, with all-seeing eyes,
 Well knows your little rev'rence for the skies*
 Thus may your pray'rs be vain, however hearty;—
 Besides, HEAV'N often joins the strongest party.

SIR JOSEPH.

'Sblood! have I practis'd ev'ry art in vain?
 Undaunted fac'd the dangers of the main?—

PETER.

And fac'd QUEEN OBOREA in the boat,
And lost your shoes and stockings, and your coat;
 A circumstance that much the tale enriches,
 But providentially preserv'd your breeches!
 For unknown weeds, dar'd unknown paths explore,
 And frighten'd Canibals from shore to shore;
 On each new island clap'd King George's seal,
 A sharp impression too of *hardest* steel;

* The Poet here most facetiously and beautifully alludes to the secession of the astronomical geniuses from the Society.

Whilst

Whilst Witness Pistol, and his Brother Gun
Look'd with a *pointed* approbation on.
A decent method of appropriation,
And adding glory to the British nation !
True, you have tried to be as great as HE,
The vent'rous TROJAN, sport of wind and sea,
Who left old Troy, his parish, far from home,
To find a lodging for imperial Rome :—
Yet are those feats what vulgars term a bore :
Stale stuff—the members look for something more.
I grant you naked with your servants pranc'd,
To show how folks at Otaheité danc'd ;
And much the smiling audience you amus'd,
Though DECENCY, indeed, the dance abus'd :
SHE, blushing damsel, turn'd her head aside,
And wish'd a whip to ev'ry hopping hide.
Grant that you sent, to charm the public eye,
Egyptian stones *, that form'd for hogs a sty ;
With seeming hieroglyphics on their faces,
That prov'd unfortunately pig's-feet traces :
Yet lo ! like bullocks in a fair, they roar,
Or vacate bid you, or do something more.

* Sir Joseph sent some *curious* Egyptian stones to the British Museum ; such was his zeal for the honour of hieroglyphics ; but as that building possesses already as much of the *antique* as it can *well authenticate*, they were returned in a cart upon his hands.

SIR JOSEPH.

'Sdeath, then, I'll spit in every blockhead's face ;
Kick them, and purge the dwelling from disgrace.

PETER.

Thus when an host of grass-hoppers and rats,
By men undaunted, unabash'd by cats,
In hopping, and in running legions pours,
Affrights the Papists, and their grass devours ;
Lo, arm'd with pray'rs to thunder in their ears,
A BISHOP boldly meets the buccaneers ;
Sprinkles his holy water on the sod,
And drives, and d—ns them in the name of God * !
You purge the tainted dwelling from disgrace,
By boldly spitting in each member's face !
Where, *sweet* Sir Joseph, will you find the spittle,
Since what would float the ALBION † were too little ?
With solemn, sentimental step, so slow,
I see you through the streets of London go,
With poring, studious, staring, earth-nail'd eye,
As heedless of the mob that buffles by ;

* This is actually done in Roman Catholic countries by order of the church. In some places two attorneys are employed in the affair of the grass-hoppers ; one for the grass-hoppers, the other for the people : But it is the fate of the grass-hoppers to have the worst of it, as they are always *anathematized*, and ordered to be excommunicated, if they do not quit the place within a certain number of days.

† One of our first rates.

This

This was a scheme of wisdom, let me say,
But lo, this trap for fame hath had its day;
And, let me tell you, what I've urg'd before,
The restless Members look for something more.

SIR JOSEPH.

Zounds! ha'nt I swallow'd raw flesh like an hound?
On vilest reptiles rung the changes round?
Eat ev'ry filthy insect you can mention;
Tarts made of grasshoppers, my own invention?
Frogs; tad-poles by the spoonful, long-tail'd imps;
And munch'd cock-chaffers just like prawns or shimps?

PETER.

In troth I've seen you many a reptile eat,
And heard you call the dirty dish a treat;
Oft have I seen you meals on monkeys make;
Nay, Hercules surpass—*devour* your SNAKE;
And make as little of a toad or viper,
As pelicans of mackrel or a piper;
And wriggling round your mouth its little claws,
Have heard a bat cry "Murder!" in your jaws:
Yet hear, Sir Joseph, what I said before,
The blushing Members look for something more.

SIR JOSEPH.

Hell seize the Pack!—unconscionable dogs!—
Snakes, spiders, beetles, chaffers, tad-poles, frogs,
All swallow'd to display what *man* can *do*,
And must the villains still have something new?—

Tell, then, each pretty PRESIDENT CREATOR,
G—d d—mn him, that I'll eat an ALLIGATOR!

PETER.

Sir Joseph, pray don't eat an Alligator——
Go swallow something of a *softer* nature ;
Feast on the Arts and Sciences, and learn
Sublimity from trifle to discern :
With shells, and flies, and daisies, cover'd o'er,
Let pert QUEEN FIDDLEFADDLE rule no more :
Thus shall PHILOSOPHY her suffrage yield,
Sir Joseph wear his hat *, and hammer wield ;
No more shall WISDOM on the Journals stare,
Nor NEWTON'S † image blush behind the CHAIR.

* The President has the inestimable and sole privilege of sitting covered at the Royal Society's meeting.—The hammer forms a part of the *regalia*, to command silence, and rouse the Members from their happy slumbers, whilst their Secretary, Dr. Blagden, proclaims *rare news* from the moth, bat, butterfly, and spider countries.

† The picture of this great man is immediately behind the chair of the PRESIDENT.

SIR

SIR JOSEPH BANKS
AND THE
EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

A TALE.

Non omnia possumus omnes.

One intellect not all things comprehends :
The Genius form'd for weeds, and grubs, and flies,
Can't have for ever at his finger's ends
What's doing every moment in the skies.

PETER THE GREAT FIGHTETH THE PRESIDENT'S BATTLE
—PROCLAIMETH SOME OF THE PRESIDENT'S POWERS—
VIZ. HIS PRESERVING TOOTH-AND-NAIL POWERS—HIS
STOMACH POWERS—HIS FACE POWERS—HIS HAMMER POW-
ERS, TRIUMPHING OVER THE POWERS OF MORPHEUS, AND
LIKE HIS COURAGEOUS POWERS.

PETER BEGINNETH THE TALE—SIR JOSEPH PROCEEDETH
TO HUNT—BUT FIRST EJACULATETH—THE VIRTUOSO'S
PRAYER—SIR JOSEPH'S INSECT ENTHUSIASM INDUCETH
HIM, CONTRARY TO HIS GENERAL PIETY, TO PRAY
WICKEDLY, BY SELFISHLY WISHING TO GRATIFY HIS OWN

Q 2.

DESIRE

DESIRES AT THE EXPENCE OF THE FARMERS—SIR JOSEPH PRAYETH FOR PHARAOH'S FLIES—CONDEMNEETH PHARAOH'S TASTE—MAKETH INTEREST FOR SHOWERS OF FLIES, INSTEAD OF QUAILS—PRAYETH FOR MONSTERS, AND PROMISETH THEM THE HONOUR OF HIS NAME.

SIR JOSEPH, IN A POINTER-LIKE MANNER, AMBULATETH—HE ESPIETH THE EMPEROR OF MOROCCO—PETER CONJECTURETH AS TO SIR JOSEPH'S JOY ON THE OCCASION—COMPARETH SIR JOSEPH'S JOY WITH THAT EXPERIENCED ARCHIMEDES, HARE-HUNTERS, OUTRAGIOUSLY-VIRTUOUS OLD MAIDS, THE LITTLE DUKE OF PICCADILLY, A PIMP, MOTHER WINDSOR'S VIRGINS, AND MOTHER WINDSOR HERSELF—SIR JOSEPH'S PURSUIT—THE PRESIDENT TUMBLETH, IN IMITATION OF MR. EDEN—A BEAUTIFUL COMPARISON BETWEEN SIR JOSEPH AND TAMERLANE, A BUTTERFLY, AND BAJAZET—SIR JOSEPH AGAIN TUMBLETH—SIR JOSEPH'S HAT TUMBLETH WITH HIM—SIR JOSEPH RISETH AND BLOWETH—HE IS GAZED AT BY A COUNTRYMAN—HE DARTETH THROUGH A HEDGE IN PURSUIT OF THE EMPEROR, AND TUMBLETH INTO A LANE—HE GETTETH UP SPEEDILY, AND PUTTETH A QUESTION TO HOB—HOB ANSWERETH NOT, BUT PITIETH HIM—SIR JOSEPH OBTAINETH A SECOND VIEW OF THE EMPEROR—PURSUETH HIS MAJESTY INTO A GARDEN—OVERSETTETH THE GARDENER—TRAMPLETH ON RARE FLOWERS—BREAKETH MANY BELL-GLASSES—OVERTURNETH THE SCARE-CROW—PETER PRAISETH THE SCARE-CROW—SIR JOSEPH OVERSETTETH A HIVE OF BEES—THE BEES SURPRISED—THEY ATTEMPT A REVENGE, BUT SUCCEED NOT, ON ACCOUNT OF THE HARD AND TOUGH MATERIALS OF SIR JOSEPH'S HEAD-PIECE—THE GARDENER, QUITTING HIS HORIZONTAL POSITION, PURSUETH SIR JOSEPH—SIR JOSEPH PURSUETH

SUETH THE EMPEROR, AND THE EMPEROR FLIETH AWAY
 —THE GARDENER COLLARETH SIR JOSEPH, AND EXPOS-
 TULATETH—SIR JOSEPH HEEDETH NOT THE GARDENER'S
 COMPLAINT, BEING IN DEEP SORROW FOR THE LOSS OF
 THE EMPEROR—THE GARDENER QUITTETH HIS GRIPE IN
 SIR JOSEPH, AND PUTTETH HIM DOWN FOR A LUNATIC—
 THE GARDENER EXECRATETH SIR JOSEPH'S KEEPER, AND
 FALLETH INTO A PANIC—FLIETH OFF UNCEREMONI-
 OUSLY, AND LEAVETH THE PRESIDENT IN THE SITU-
 ATION OF A CELEBRATED PROPHET.

PROËMIUM.

PETRUS LOQUITUR.

SINCE members lost to manners, growl ;

Call poor Sir Joseph afs, and owl ;

Nay, oft with coarser epithets revile ;

Though pitying much his pigmy merit,

Let me display a Christian spirit,

And try to lift a lame dog o'er a stile.

Though not like Erskine, in the law a giant,

I must take up the cudgels for my client.

Know by these presents, then, ye noisy crew,

Who at his blushing honours* look so blue,

* *Blushing honours*—the author undoubtedly means the epithet *blushing* to be understood as synonymous with *blooming*, and not in a satirical sense : God forbid that the friend of Sir Joseph should mean *otherwise* !

That though Sir Joseph is not deep-discerning,
And though, as all the world well knows,
A nut-shell might with perfect ease inclose

Three quarters of his sense, and all his learning ;
Whose modest wisdom, therefore, never aims
To find the longitude, or burn the Thames ;

Yet, as to things he sets himself about,
With tooth and nail, like Hercules so stout,

He labours for his wish, no matter what ;——
I can't say, that Sir Joseph lions kills ;
Hugs giants, or the blood of hydras spills ;

But then most manfully he eats a bat,
Eats toads, or tough, or tender, old, or young,
As in the sweetest strains the Muse hath sung *.
Fit with the hugest Hottentot to cope,
Who dines on raw flesh at the Cape of Hope.
Blest with a phiz, he bids the Members tremble !

To death-like silence turns the direst din ;
And where so many savages assemble,
Like hounds they want a proper whipper-in.

Dare Members sleep †, a set of snoring Goths,
Whilst Blagden reads a chapter upon moths ?

* See Peter's Prophecy.

† Frequently, indeed, are the Members sent to the land of shadows by the Society's somniferous papers ; assisted in a great measure in their voyage by the Doctor's drowsy manner of communicating the contents.

Down

Down goes the hammer, cloth'd with thunder !
Up spring the snorers, half without their wigs ;
Old Greybeards grave, and smock-fac'd Prigs,
With ell-wide jaws displaying signs of wonder.

Lo ! perfeverance is the foul of action !
And courage proper to oppofe a faction ;
Therefore he fits with wonderful propriety,
The MONRO of a mad Society :
And that he is both brave and perfevering,
Witness the following ftory, well worth hearing :

SIR JOSEPH BANKS

AND THE

EMPEROR OF MOROCCO.

A PRESIDENT, in butterflies profound,
Of whom all Insectmongers fing the praises,
Went on a day to catch this game renown'd,
On vi'lets, dunghills, nettle-tops, and daisies !
But first (fo pious is Sir Joseph's nature)
He thus address'd the butterfly's Creator :

THE

THE
VIRTUOSO'S PRAYER.

O THOU whose wisdom plann'd the skies,
And form'd the wings of butterflies,
Attend my humble pray'r!
Like Egypt, as in days of yore,
Let earth with flies be cover'd o'er,
And darken'd all the air.

This, Lord, would be the best of news —
Then might thy servant pick and chuse
From such a glorious heap:
Forth to the world I'd boldly rush,
Put all Musæums to the blush,
And hold them all dog-cheap.

Pharaoh had not one grain of taste —
The flies on *him* were thrown to waste,
Nay, met with strong objection;
But had thy servant, Lord, been there,
I should have made, or much I err,
A wonderful collection!

O Lord, if not my mem'ry fails,
Thou once did'st rain on people quails —
Again the world surprise;
And 'stead of such a trifling bird,
Rain on thy servant Joseph, Lord,
Show'rs of rare butterflies!

Since

Since monsters are my great delight,
With monsters charm thy servant's fight,
Turn feathers into hair :
Make legs where legs were never seen,
And eyes no bigger than a pin,
As broad as faucers stare.

The reptiles that are born with claws,
O ! let thy pow'r supply with paws,
Adorn'd with human nails ;
In value more to make them rise,
Transplant from all their heads, their eyes,
And place them in their tails.

And if thou wisely would'st contrive
To make me butterflies alive,
To fly without a head ;
To skim the hedges and the fields,
Nay, eat the meat thy bounty yields ;
Such wonders were indeed !

Blagden should puff them at our Meeting ;
Members would press around me greeting ;
The Journals swell with thanks ;
And more to magnify their fame,
Those headless flies should have a name——
My name——“ Sir Joseph Banks !”

THUS

THUS having finish'd, forth Sir Joseph hies,
Hope in his heart, and eagles in his eyes!
Just like a pointer quart'ring well his ground,
He nimbly trots the field around!
At length to bless his hunting ambulation,
Up rose a native of the flutt'ring nation.
Broad star'd Sir Joseph as if struck with thunder;
(For much, indeed, are eyes enlarg'd by wonder,)
When from a dab of dung, or *some such thing*,
An Emp'ror of Morocco rear'd his wing!

Not Archimedes, 'tis my firm belief,
More blest, cry'd "*Eureka*, I've nabb'd the thief;"
Nor hunters, when a hare, to shun foul play,
Steals from his feat so fly, cry "Stole away;"
Nor stale old nymphs, by raging virtue sway'd,
Roar on a frail one, "Kill the wicked jade;"
Than roar'd Sir Joseph on the verdant sod,
"Morocco's Emp'ror, by the living God!"

Not with more joy, nor rapture-speaking look,
The little gamesome PICCADILLY DUKE
Eyes a nice TIT, fresh launch'd upon the town;
Nor with more pleasure Cupid's trusty crimp,
By mouths of vulgar people nam'd a pimp,
Stares on his virtuous fee, a crown;

Nor

Nor King's-Place nymphs, on Green-horns in their
pow'r ;

Who, (shameless rascals, wanting not a wife,)
Hire love, like hackney-coaches, by the hour,

Damning the love so true that lasts for life :
Nor whither'd WINDSOR on the simple Maid,
From scenes of rural innocence betray'd ;

Forc'd to dispose of Nature's sweetest charms ;
Doom'd for a meal to sink a beauteous wreck ;
To lend to man she loathes, her lip, her neck,

And, weeping, act the wanton in his arms ;
Than did the Hero of my song
Survey the Emp'r as he mov'd along.

Not with more glee a hen-peck'd husband spies
Death shutting up his wife's too cat-like eyes,

Accustom'd on him oft and fierce to roll ;
Just like a galley-slave, poor fellow, treated ;
Or those poor English at Calcutta sweated ;
Stuff'd in the old Black-Hole :

And yet, a neater simile to use,
Not with more true delight a lover views

The blushing orient leading on the day
That gives a blooming partner to his arms,
In virtues rich, and rich in youthful charms,
To bid the hours with rapture glide away :

Sad

Sad anxious swain, who now in bed, now out,
 Toss'd like the sea with thundering thoughts about;
 Curfing with hearty pray'rs the lingering night;
 Now trying hard to sleep away the time;
 Now staring on the dark, like bards for rhyme,
 To catch the smallest glimpse of light.
 Afraid that Phœbus means foul play,
 And, bent to spite him, lie a-bed all day:

And *bonâ fide*, not of rapture fuller,
 Thurlow, the Seal and Royal Conscience-keeper,
 Sees his prime fav'rite, Mr. Justice Buller,
 Highthron'd in Chancery, grieve the poor Sir Pepper,
 Than did the President so keen espy
 The butterfly!

Lightly with winnowing wing amid the land,
 His Moorish Majesty in circles flew!—
 With sturdy striding legs and outstretch'd hand,
 The Virtuoso did his prey pursue.
 He strikes—he misses—strikes again—he grins,
 And sees in thought the Monarch fix'd with pins;
 Sees him on paper giving up the ghost,
 Nail'd like a hawk or martyr to a post.

Oft fell Sir Joseph on the slipp'ry plain,
 Like *patriot* EDEN—fell to rise again;

The

The Emp'ror smiling, sported on before :
Like Phœbus coursing Daphne was the chace,
But not so was the meaning of the race,
Sir Joseph ran to kill, not kiss the Moor ;

To hold him pris'ner in a glass for show,
Like Tamerlane, (redoubtable his rage,) .
Who kept poor Bajazet, his vanquish'd foe,
Just like an owl or magpye in a cage.

Again to earth Sir Joseph fell so flat,
Flat as the flattest of the flounder race !
Down with Sir Joseph dropp'd his three-cock'd hat,
Most nobly sharing in his friend's disgrace.
Again he springs, with hope and ardour pale,
And blowing like the fish baptiz'd a whale ;
Darting his arms now here, now there, so wild,
With all the eager raptures of a child,
Who with broad anxious eye a bauble views,
And, capering legs and hands, the toy pursues.

A country-man, who, from a lane,
Had mark'd Sir Joseph running, tumbling, sweating,
Stretching his hands and arms, like one insane,
And with those arms the air around him beating,
To no particular opinion leaning,
Of such manœuvring could not guess the meaning.

At length the President, all foam and muck,
Quite out of breath, and out of luck,

Pursu'd the flying monarch to the place,
Where stood this country-man, with marv'ling face.

Now through the hedge, exactly like a horse,
Wild plung'd the President with all his force,
His brow in sweat, his soul in perturbation;
Mindless of trees, and bushes, and the brambles,
Head over heels into the lane he scrambles,
Where Hob stood lost in wide mouth'd speculation!

"Speak," roar'd the President, "this instant—say,
"Hast seen, hast seen, my lad, this way
"The Emp'ror of Morocco pass?"——
Hob to the insect-hunter nought replied,
But shook his head, and sympathizing sigh'd,
"Alas!

"Poor gentleman, I'm sorry for ye;
"And pity much your *upper story*!"

Lo! down the lane alert the Emp'ror flew,
And struck once more Sir Joseph's hawk-like view;
And now he mounted o'er a garden wall!
In rush'd Sir Joseph at the garden door,
Knock'd down the Gard'ner—what could mando more?
And left him as he chose to rise or sprawl.

O'er peerless hyacinths our Hero rush'd,
Through tulips and anemonies he push'd,

Breaking

Breaking an hundred necks at every spring :
On bright carnations, blushing on their banks,
With desp'rate hoof he trod, and mow'd down ranks,
Such vast ambition urg'd to seize the king !

Bell glasses, all so thick, were tumbled o'er,
And lo ! the cries, so shrill of many a score,
A sad and fatal stroke proclaim'd ;
The scare-crow, all so red, was overturn'd ;
His vanish'd hat, and wig, and head, he mourn'd,
And much, indeed, the man of straw was maim'd !

Just guardian of the sacred spot,
With face so fierce, and pointed gun,
Who threat'ned all the birds with shot ;
To kill of sparrows ev'ry mother's son :
Fierce as those scarlet ministers of fate,
The warlike guardians of St. James's gate !

Yet not content with feats like these,
He tumbled o'er an hive of bees ;
Out rush'd the host, and wonder'd from their souls,
What dev'l dar'd dash their house about their polls.

Like Louis *, whose fierce heart was such,
As made him like a football kick the Dutch !

But soon the small, heroic, injur'd nation
Descry'd the author of their obligation ;

* Louis XV.

And, to repay it, round him rush'd the swarm ;
Prodigious was the buz about his ears !
With all their venom did they push their spears,
But lo ! they work'd him not one grain of harm !
Yet did no God nor Godling intervene,
By way of screen !

The happy head their pointed spears defy'd,
Strong, like old Homer's shields, in tough bull hide,
And brass well temper'd, to support the shock !—
The bees their disappointed vengeance mourn'd,
And from their fierce attack, fatigu'd, return'd,
Believing they had storm'd a barber's block.

What was thought death and tortures by the clan,
Was only tickling the great Man !
Thus round big Ajax rag'd the Trojan host,
Who might as well, indeed, have drubb'd a post.

The Gard'ner now for just revenge up-sprung,
O'erwhelm'd with wonderment and dung,
And fiercely in his turn pursu'd the Knight !
From bed to bed, full tilt the champions rac'd,
This chac'd the Knight, the Knight the Emp'ror chac'd,
Who fcal'd the walls, alas ! and vanish'd out of sight ;
To find the Empress, p'rhaps, and tell her GRACE
The merry hift'ry of the chace.

At length the Gard'ner, swell'd with rage and dolour,
O'ertaking, grasps Sir Joseph by the collar,

And

And blest with fav'rite oaths, abundance flow'rs;—
 "Villain," he cried, "beyond example!
 "Just like a cart-horse on my beds to trample,
 "More than your soul is worth to kill my flow'rs!
 "See how your two vile hoofs have made a wreck—
 "Look, rascal, at each Beauty's broken neck!"—

Mindless of humbl'd flow'rs, so freely kill'd,
 Although superior to his soul declar'd,
 And vegetable blood profusely spill'd,
 Superior, too, to all reward;
 Mindless of all the Gard'ner's plaintive strains,
 The Emp'ror's form monopoliz'd his brains,

At length he spoke, in sad despairing tones,
 "Gone! by the God that made me!—D-mn his bones!
 "O Lord! no disappointment mine surpasses;—
 "Poh! what are paltry flow'rs and broken glasses,
 "A tumbl'd scare-crow, bees, the idle whim?—
 "Zounds! what a set of miscreants to *him*!—

"Gone is my soul's desire, for ever gone!"—
 "Who's gone?" the Gard'ner straight replied—
 "The Emp'ror, Sir," with tears, Sir Joseph cried—
 "The Emp'ror of Morocco—thought my own!
 "To unknown fields behold the Monarch fly!—
 "Zounds! not to catch him what an afs was I!"

His eyes the Gard'ner, full of horror stretch'd,
 And then a groan, a monstrous groan he fetch'd,

Contemplating around his ruin'd wares ;
And now he let Sir Joseph's collar go ;
And now he bray'd aloud with bitterest woe,
" Mad, madder than the maddest of March hares !

" A p-x confound the fellow's Bedlam rigs !
" Oh ! he hath done the work of fifty pigs !
" The Devil take his Keeper, a d-mn'd goose,
" For letting this wild beast get loose !"

But now the Gard'ner, terrified, began
To think himself too near a man

In so Peg Nicholson a situation ;
And happy from a madman to escape,
He left him without bow, or nod, or scrape,
Like JEREMIAH 'midst his lamentation.

Such is the tale——If readers sigh for more,
Sir Joseph's wallet holdeth many a score.

A POETICAL

A
POETICAL EPISTLE
TO A
FALLING MINISTER;
ALSO
AN IMITATION
OF THE
TWELFTH ODE OF HORACE.

————— Hunc tu Romane caveto
Hic niger est —————

BLIND to an artful Boy's insidious wiles,
Why rests the Genius of the QUEEN OF ISLES?—
Whilst LIBERTY in iron sounds th' alarm,
Why hangs suspense on VIRTUE's coward arm?—
Whilst TYRANNY prepares her jails and thongs,
Why sleeps the sword of JUSTICE o'er our wrongs?—
Oh! meanly founding on a Father's fame,
To Britain's highest feat a daring claim;
Oh! if thy race one blush could ever boast,
And that lorn sign of Virtue be not lost;
Now on thy visage let the stranger burn,
And glow for deeds that bid an Empire mourn.
Drawn from a Garret by the ROYAL SIRE,
Warm'd like the viper by his friendly fire,

What

What hath thy gratitude *sublimely* done?
 Fix'd, like the snake, thy fang upon the *Son*!

Yes—thou most gen'rous Youth, thy hostile art
 Hath lodg'd a pois'nous shaft in BRITAIN'S Heart!
 Thy arm hath dragg'd the column to the ground,
 The sacred wonder of the realms around!
 To make snug, comfortable habitations
 For thee and all thy pitiful relations.
 Barbarian-like—how like those sons of spoil,
 Whose impious hands on hallow'd structures toil—
 Base throng, through PALMYRA'S Temple digs,
 To form a lodging for themselves and pigs!

Oh! if Ambition prompts thy soaring soul
 To live the theme of future times with R-LLE;
 Thrice happy Youth, like *his* shall shine thy name,
 Who gave th' Ephesian wonder to the flame!

Sick at the name of R—, (to thee though dear,)
 The name abhorr'd by HONOUR'S shrinking ear,
 I draw reluctant from thy venal throng,
 And give it mention, though it blasts my song.

How cou'dst thou bid *that* R-LLE, despis'd by all,
 On helpless beauty like a mastiff fall:
 Then meanly to correct the brute pretend,
 And claim the merit of the * FAIR ONE'S Friend?

* A most wanton and illiberal attack made by this man on
 Mrs. F—h—t in the House of Commons, exceeds all pre-
 cedent.

Art

Art thou the YOUTH on whom the Virtues smile?
The boasted Saviour of our sinking Isle?
O'er such, OBLIVION, be thy wing display'd!
Oh! waft them from the gibbet to thy shade!

Yet what expect from *thee*, whose icy breast,
A stranger to their charm, the LOVES detest?——
Thee, o'er whose heart their fascinating pow'r
Ne'er knew the triumph of one soft'ned hour?
To give thy flinty soul the tender sigh,
Vain is the radiance of the brightest eye!
In vain for thee of beauty blooms the rose:
In vain the swelling bosom spreads its snows——
A *Joseph* thou, against the sex to strive——
Dead to those charms that keep the world alive!

In vain thy malice pours its frothy tide——
In vain the virtues of thy PRINCE to hide——
Thou and thy imps, to dim his rising ray,
Urge clouds on clouds to thwart the golden day!
Mad toil! I see his ORB superior pass,
That smiles triumphant on the sable mass.

O ——! a Sister Kingdom damns thy deeds,
And pities hapless Britain as she bleeds.
HIBERNIA scorns each meanly treach'rous art
Hatch'd by the base r-b——n of thy heart,
That crawls an aspic bloated black with fate,
To pour a dire contagion through the State.

She,

She, with an honest voice, her PRINCE approves,
And nobly trusts the virtues that she loves ;
Detests a hangman's unremitting toil
To break upon the wheel a happy Isle ;
Who yet to push the guilt and folly further,
Suborns Addresses to applaud the murder !
Who but must laugh to see thy boasted friends,
On whose poor rotten trunks thy *all* depends !
See BUTE's mean Parasite, thy spaniel, creep,
Whose Argus' eyes of avarice never sleep ;
A close State-leach, who, sticking to the nation,
As adders deaf to Honour's execration,
Sucks from its throat the blood by night, by day,
Nor till the State expires will drop away.

Yet see another FIEND, with scowling eye,
Who draws from NATURE's soul her deepest sigh ;
Asham'd her hand should usher into light
What Fate should whelm with everlasting night !

Lost by his arts, behold the beauteous MAID *,
Whom INNOCENCE herself could ne'er upbraid,
Sunk a pale victim to the gaping tomb,
Whilst all but *he* with grief survey'd her doom ;
Whose heart disdain'd to feel—whose eye severe,
Compassion never melted with a tear !

* The melancholy circumstance alluded to here, the family of Dr. Lynch, of Canterbury, can best explain.

Yet left in silence to himself alone,
 Aghast he heaves the conscience-wounded groan!
 At ev'ry sound how horror heaves the sigh!
 How dangers thicken on his straining eye!
 He sees her *Phantom*, form'd by treach'rous Love,
 Droop in the grot, and pine amid the grove:
 He marks her mien of woe, her cheek so pale,
 And trembles at her shrieks that pierce the gale!
 At night's deep noon what fears his soul invade!
 How wild he starts amidst the specter'd shade!
 And dreading ev'ry hopeless hour the last,
 He hears the call of DEATH in ev'ry blast!
 Such are thy Colleagues*, O thou *patriot Boy*!
 Whose heads and hearts thy virtues dare employ;
 Who, crouching at thy heels, like blood-hounds wait
 To fasten on the vitals of the State!
 Such are the miscreants who would rule the realm!
 Such the black pirates that would seize the helm!

Had not I known thee, —, the Muse had sworn,
 That, blest to see the State to atoms torn,
 Hell with her host had drawn to each d——d plan,
 And for the murder nurs'd thy dark Divan.

Speak—hath thy heart with mad ambition fir'd,
 Like CROMWELL's, hot for pow'r, to thrones aspir'd?

* We must not forget, however, Messieurs their Graces of
 R. and G. Harry D., *cum plurimis aliis*, though they have
 not the honour of being mentioned in our poetical calendar.

Then

Then may that *young, old* trait'rous bosom feel
 The rapid vengeance of some virtuous steel;
 Or what, to bosoms not quite flint, is worse,
 May Heav'n with hoary age a Rebel curse——
 From sweet society behold him torn,
 Condemn'd, like CAIN, to walk the world forlorn.

Thus rous'd to anger for my Country's wrong,
 The Muse for vengeance panting pour'd her *song*—
 But, ah! in vain I wish'd the blessing mine,
 To plant a scorpion's sting in ev'ry line.

Now Prudence gently pull'd the Poet's ear,
 And thus the Daughter of the BLUE-EY'D MAID*,
 In Flatt'ry's soothing sounds, divinely said,

“ O PETER! eldest born of PHOEBUS, hear ——

“ Whose verse could ravish Kings, relax the claw,
 “ Of that gaunt, hungry savage christ'ned LAW—
 “ Indeed thou wantest worldly wisdom, PETER,
 “ To mix a little oft'ner with thy metre——
 “ Lo! if thine eye DAME FORTUNE's smile pursues,
 “ To oily adulation prompt the MUSE.

“ Give for the future all thy rhymes to praise;
 “ Strike to the glorious PITT thy sounding lyre—
 “ Thy head may then be crown'd with WARTON's bays,
 “ And mutton twirl with spirit at the fire.”

* Minerva.

“ PRU-

"PRUDENCE," quoth I, "indeed—indeed I can't—
 "Don't ask me to turn rogue and sycophant!"

Now with a smile, first cousin to a grin,
 DAME PRUDENCE answer'd, bridling up her chin—

"Sweet, harmless, pretty, conscientious Pigeon!
 "Ah! PETER, well I ween thou art not rich—
 "Know that thou'lt die like beggars in a ditch—
 "Know, too, that Hunger is of no religion.

"Sit down and make a Horace imitation,
 "Like POPE, and let the stanza glow
 "With praise of *Messieurs* PITT and Co.,
 "The present worthy Rulers of the Nation."

With purs'd-up, puritanic mouth so prim,
 Thus spoke DAME PRUDENCE to the BARD of Whim;
 Who, with politeness seldom running o'er,
 For inspiration scratch'd his tuneful scone,
 To please DAME ORACI— for once—
 A DAME, some say, he never saw before.

IMITATION OF HORACE,

(ODE XII. BOOK I.)

On Messieurs PITT and CO.

MUSE, having dropp'd Sir JOSEPH and the KING,
 What sort of gentry shall we deign to sing?

VOL. II.

8

What

What high and mighty name that all adore?
 What ministerial wight that bribes each CIT,
 Wolf-like to howl for homage to KING PITT,
 And set each smoky alehouse in a roar;
 That sends to counties, borough-towns, his crimps,
Alias his vote-seducing pimps,

To bribe the mob with brandy, beer, and song,
 To put their greasy fists to Court Addresses,
 Full of professions kind, and sweet caresses,
 And with a fiddle lead the logs along.

Shall DORNFORD, king of wine, and mum, and perry,
 Be crown'd with lyric bays, with Master MERRY;
 Two fages, who, in diff'rent places born,
 CHICK LANE and BLACK-BOY ALLEY did adorn?

Or, Muse, suppose we sing KING PITT himself,
 The greatest man on earth—a cunning elf,

Who driveth JEHU-like, the CHURCH and STATE:
 And, next to Royal PITT, we'll sing the DAME,
 Of open, gen'rous, charitable fame,

Lamenting sad a MONARCH's hapless fate;
 Who, though transfix'd by Sorrow's dart so cruel,
 So prudent, numbers each Bank note and jewel!

Nor shall we by old Bacchus WEYMOUTH pass,
 A jolly fellow o'er his glâs—

Nor, SWELLENBERG, shalt thou a shrimp appear,
 Whose palate loves a dainty dish,
 Whose teeth in combat shine with flesh and fish,
 Whose Strelitz' stomach holds a butt of beer;

Who

Who soon shalt keep a sale-shop for good places,
 For which so oft the people squabble,
 From gaping Cobblers to their gaping Graces,
 And thus provide for great and little rabble.

I'll sing how calmly C——N takes the bit,
 And trots so mildly under MASTER PITT;
 And TH——w, too, whom none but PITT could
 Who blest with Master BILLY's finest saddle, [tame,
 No longer makes our brains with neighing addle—
 No longer now JOB's war-horse snorting flame;
 But that slow Brute whom few or none revere,
 I am'd for his fine base voice and length of ear:

Yet now so gentle, you may smooth his nose——
 Poor CH——C——LLOR * will make no riot——
 Calm in his stall his aged limbs repose,
 And pleas'd he eats his oats and hay in quiet!

This Pair, so tame, amid the courtier throng,
 Shall drag their Master William's coach along,
 And raise the wonder of the million!
 Just like two bull-dogs in a country town,
 That gallop in their harness up and down,
 With MONSIEUR MONKEY for postillion.

We'll sing the Brothers of our loving Queen,
 Fine hungry, hearty youths as e'er were seen;

* The name of the horse.

Who, if once try'd, would shine, I make no doubt—
And chiefly he who merits high rewards,
Who, wriggling to the Hanoverian guards,

Kept the poor PRINCE of BRUNSWICK out,
Although so brave a Prince, and spilt his blood
So freely for the King of England's * good.

We'll sing, too, Master R—LLE, who, fond of fame,
High-daring, from the land of dumplings came,

To bear the MINISTER—to be his afs—
Like Conj'ror BALAAM's reas'ning brute,
That carry'd BALAAM, BALAK to salute,
And curse the Israelites, alas!

And lo! as did the Lord—

Who op'd the mouth of BALAAM's beast;
So hath our Lord, 'Squire PITT, upon my word,
Op'd MASTER R—LLE's, to give the house a feast!

Yet, hang it! DEV'NSHIRE is by ARAM † bent—
A circumstance that wrings the Poet's soul—
For BALAAM's Jack-afs made a speech quite neat,
Which never yet was done by PITT's poor R—.

Or shall I sing old CORNWALL's death,
Or fierce Sir BULLFACE, who resign'd his breath

* This is scarcely credible, but it is nevertheless true.—The
Prince of Brunswick's Genius was forced to yield to the supe-
rior one of the Queen's Brother!

† Balaam's Country Seat.

With

With Brother CORNWALL in the self-same year—

A downright bear !

Who bade a MONARCH, like a boy at school,
Not spend his money like a f—l?

We too might sing the King of Swine,
Sir JOSEPH ! peerless in the fat'ning line.

We too may BRUDENELL sing, who, some time since,
Admir'd and lov'd, ador'd and prais'd his PRINCE ;

Follow'd him, spaniel like, about ;

Swore himself black, poor fellow, in the face,
That he would ten times rather lose his place

Than leave him—Thus said he with phiz devout :
But when it came to pass HIS HIGHNESS try'd him,
This false APOSTLE, PETER like, deny'd him !

We'll sing LORD GALLOWAY, a man of note,

Who turn'd his Taylor, much enrag'd, away,
Because he stitch'd a star upon his coat

So small, it scarcely threw a ray——

Whereas he wish'd a planet huge to flame,

To put the moon's full orb to shame——

He wanted one so large, with rays so thick,

As to eclipse the star of Sir JOHN DICK !

Sir JOHN, who got his star, so bright and stout,

For making super-excellent *four krout* *.

* This honour of the star was really conferred on him by the
EMPRESS OF RUSSIA for furnishing the Russian fleet, in the
Mediterranean, with the above cabbage manufacture, to sharpen
their courage for the massacre of the poor Turks.

Or, Muse, suppose we sing the S—KER's wig;
 In which, 'tis said, a world of wisdom lies;
 Which, to a head-piece scarcely worth a fig,
 Importance gives, that greatly doth surprise,
 When through the chaos of the house he bawls
 For ORDER that oft flies St. Stephen's walls;
 Driv'n by a host of scrapes, and hawks, and hums,
 And blowing noses, that distract her drums.

For, Muse, we can't well sing poor GR—LLE's head,
 Because it wanteth eyes—imperfect creature!—
 Again—its lining hap'neth to be lead——
 Such are the whimsicalities of Nature:
 And thus this speaking head-piece is, no doubt,
 As dark *within* as *certes* 'tis *without*!

Yet was this Youth proclaim'd a pretty sprig
 A very promising, a thriving twig,
 That by his parents dear was said would be,
 In time, a very comely tree,
 And what those parents dear would also suit,
 Produce enormous quantities of fruit,
 By God's good grace, and much good looking after—
 A thought that now convulseth us with laughter!

Suppose we chaunt old WILLIS and his whip,
 At which the human hide revolts;
 Who bids, like grasshoppers, his pupils skip,
 And breaks mad gentlemen like colts;

Or

Or trains them, like a pointer, to his hand——
And such the mighty Conjuror's command,
He, by the magic of sticks, ropes, and eyes,
Commands wild Folly to be tame and wise.

Or grant we throw away a verse or two
Upon the BEDCHAMBER's most idle IMPS——
Those Lords of gingerbread—a gaudy crew,
Sticking together just like social shrimps ;
Regardless who the State-Coach drives,
So *they* may lead good merry, lazy lives ;
Pleas'd e'en from devils to receive their pay,
So they, like moths, may flutter life away !
PITT shall the House of Commons rule,
And *eke* of poor INCURABLES the school ;
And pour on such the vengeance of his spleen,
As meanly think of HASTINGS and the —— !
On d'monds PITT and Co. shall largely feast,
Knock down the Nabobs, and exhaust the East !

O LADY ! whose great wisdom thinketh fit
To spread thy petticoat o'er WILLIAM PITT !
This WILLIAM PITT and Thou, without a joke,
Will turn out most extraordinary folk !

PITT and the PETTICOAT shall rule together,
Each with the other vastly taken ;
Make, when they chuse, or fair, or filthy weather,
And cut up kingdoms just like bacon !

THUS

THUS having finish'd PRUDENCE, with a stare,
 Exclaim'd, "Rank irony—thou wicked Poet."—
 Quoth I, "My little Presbyterian Fair,
 "I know it."——
 "Ah!" quoth the Dame again, with lifted eyes,
 "When will this stupid world be wise?"
 "Ah! had the PRINCE his proper int'rest felt,
 "And like BUCEPHALUS, the famous, knelt
 "To take PITT ALEXANDER on his back,
 "He might have ambled prettily along,
 "And very rarely felt his rider's thong——
 "Just now and then a gentle smack,
 "T' inform his Royal colt what Being rode him,
 "And with such dignity bestrode him.
 "Yes—had His HIGHNESS but vouchsaf'd to *sloop*,
 "With *heav'n-born* PITT he might have eat his soup,
 "Joy'd in the full possession of his wishes,
 "And with his servant shar'd the loaves and fishes!"

ODE XII. Lib. I.

AD AUGUSTUM.

QUEM virum aut heroa Iyra vel acri
 Tibia fumes celebrare, Clio?
 Quem deum? ejus recinet jocosa
 Nomen imago,

Aut

Aut in umbrosis Heliconis oris,
Aut super Pindo, gelidóve in Hæmo?
Unde vocalem temere insequatæ
Orphea sylvæ,

Arte materna rapidos morantem
Fluminum lapsus, celerésque ventos,
Blandum & auritas fidibus canoris
Ducere quercus.

Quid prius dicam solitis Parentis
Laudibus? qui res hominum ac deorum,
Qui mare & terras, variisque mundum
Temperat horis?

Unde nil majus generatur ipso,
Nec viget quidquam simile aut secundum:
Proximos illi tamen occupavit
Pallas honores.

Prælius audax neque te filebo
Liber, & sævis inimica virgo
Belluis: nec te metuende certa
Phœbe, sagitta.

Dicam & Alceiden; puerósque Ledæ,
Hunc equis, illum superare pugnīs
Nobilem: quorum simul alba nautis
Stella refulsit,

Defluit

Defluit faxis agitatus humor :
Concidunt venti, fugiuntque nubes :
Et minax, quod sic voluere, ponto
Unda recumbit.

Romulum post hos prius, an quietum
Pompili regnum memorem, an superbo
Tarquinî faces, dubito, an Catonis
Nobile lethum.

Regulum, & Scauros, animæque magnæ
Prodigum Paulum, superante Pœno,
Gratis insigni referam Camœna,
Fabriciûmque.

Hunc, & incomitis Curium capillis,
Utilum bello tulit, & Camillum
Sæva paupertas, & avitus apto
Cum lare fundus.

Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo
Fama Marcelli : Micat inter omnes
Julium fidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores.

Gentis humanæ pater atque custos
Orte Saturno ; tibi cura magni
Cæsaris fatis data : Tu secundo
Cæsare regnes.

Ille

Ille feu Parthos Latio imminentes
Egerit iusto dometos triumpho,
Sive subiectos Orientis oris
Seras & Indos:

Te minor latum regit equus orbem:
Tu gravi curru quatiens Olympum,
Tu parum castis inimica mittes
Fulmina lucis.

SUBJECTS

Defluit faxis agitatus humor :
Concidunt venti, fugiuntque nubes :
Et minax, quod sic voluere, ponto
Unda recumbit.

Romulum post hos prius, an quietum
Pompili regnum memorem, an superbo
Tarquinî faces, dubito, an Catonis
Nobile lethum.

Regulum, & Scauros, animæque magnæ
Prodigum Paulum, superante Pæno,
Gratis insigni referam Camæna,
Fabriciûmque.

Hunc, & incomitis Curium capillis,
Utilum bello tulit, & Camillum
Sæva paupertas, & avitus apto
Cum lare fundus.

Crescit occulto velut arbor ævo
Fama Marcelli : Micat inter omnes
Julium fidus, velut inter ignes
Luna minores.

Gentis humanæ pater atque custos
Orte Saturno ; tibi cura magni
Cæsaris fatis data : Tu secundo
Cæsare regnes.

Ille

Ille seu Parthos Latio imminentes
Egerit iusto dometos triumpho,
Sive subjectos Orientis oris
Seras & Indos :

Te minor latum regit equus orbem :
Tu gravi curru quaties Olympum,
Tu parum castis inimica mittes
Fulmina lucis.

SUBJECTS

SUBJECTS
FOR
PAINTERS.

“ Qui veut peindre pour l’Immortalité,
“ Doit peindre des Sôts.”

FONTENELLE.

SCENE,
THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

PEACE and good-will to this fair meeting!—
I come not with hostility, but greeting—
Not eagle-like to scream, but dove-like coo it—
I come not with the sword of vengeance, rhyme,
To slash, and act as journeyman to Time—
The God himself has just arriv’d to do it.

To make each feeble figure a poor corse,
I come not with the shafts of satire sporting;
Then view me not like Stubbs’s staring horse,
With terror on th’ approaching lion snorting:
I come

I come to bid the hatchet's labours cease,
And smoke with friends the calumet of peace.

Knight of the polar star, or bear, don't start,
And, like some long-ear'd creatures, bray "what art?"—

Sir William, shut your ell-wide mouth of terror—
I come not here, believe me, to complain
Of such as dar'd employ thy building brain,
And criticise an æconomic error*.

I come not here to call thee knave or fool,
And bid thee seek again Palladio's school;
Or copy Heav'n, who form'd thy head so thick,
To give stability to stone and brick;
No—'twould be cruel now to make a rout—
The very stones already have cry'd out.

I come not here, indeed, new cracks to spy,
And call thee for the workmanship hard names;
To point which wing shall next forsake the sky,
And tumble in the Strand, or in the Thames.

* A large portion of the Royal Academy, raised at an extraordinary expence, fell to the ground lately; but as the Knight is a favourite at court, no harm is done. The nation is able to rear it again, which will be a benefit ticket in Sir William's way.

Nor come I here to cover thee with shame,
For putting clever academic men *,
Like calves or pigs, into a pen,
To see the King of England and his Dame,
'Midst carts and coaches, golden horse and foot ;
'Midst peopl'd windows, chimnies, and old walls ;
'Midst marrow-bones and cleavers, fife and flute,
Passing in pious pilgrimage to Paul's.
Where, as the show of gingerbread went by,
The rain, as if in mockery, from the sky
Dribbl'd on ev'ry academic nob,
And wash'd each pigtail smart, and powder'd bob.
Wash'd many a visage, black, and brown, and fair,
Giving to each so picturesque an air ;
Resembling that of drooping, rain-soak'd fowls,
Or, what 's a better picture, parboil'd owls ;
Whilst thou, great Jove upon Olympus, aping,
Didst sit majestic, from a window gaping.
O, West, that fix'd and jealous eye forbear,
Which scowling marks the bard with doubt and fear,

* Sir William actually gave orders for the non-admission of the Royal Academicians into the Academy, to see the Royal procession to St. Paul's, as he had some women and children of his acquaintance who wished to see the show. Half-a-dozen boards were consequently ordered to be put together on the outside of the building for their reception.

Thy forms are sacred from my wrath divine ;
'Twere cruel to attack such crippl'd creatures,
So very, very feeble in their natures,
Already gasping in a deep decline !

I seek them not with scalping thoughts, indeed,
Too great my soul to bid the figures bleed :
No—peace and happiness attend 'em ;
Where'er they go, poor imps, God mend 'em.

I come not to impart to thee the crime
Of over-dealing in the true sublime ;
I scorn with malice thus thy fame to wound ;
Nor cruel to declare, and hurt thy trade,
That too divine effects of light and shade
Wherever 'midst thy labours to be found.

Nor swear to blast an atom of thy merit,
That elegance, expression, spirit,
Too strongly from the canvass blaze ;
And damn thee thus with Raphael's praise :
Besides, against the stream I scorn to rush ;
The world ne'er said, nor thought it of thy brush.

Were I to write thy epitaph, I'd say,
“ Here lies below a painter's clay,
“ Who work'd away most furiously for Kings,
“ And prov'd that fire of inclination,
“ For pleasing the great Ruler of a Nation,
“ And fire of genius, are two different things.”

Nor come I here t' inform some men so wise,
 Who shine not yet upon the R. A. list,
 That limbs in spasms and crack'd, and gogling eyes,
 With grandeur cannot well exist.
 Nay, let it be recorded in my rhyme,
 Convulsions cannot give the true sublime.

St. Vitus might be virtuous to romance——
 Peace to the *manes* of that capering Saint :
 Yet let me tell the sons of paint,
 Sublimity adorneth not his dance.

Wide faucer eyes and dire distortion,
 Will only make a good abortion.

No, landscape painters, let your gold stream sleep——
 Sleep golden skies, and bulls, and golden cows,
 And golden groves and vales, and golden sheep,
 And golden goats, the golden grafs that brouze,

Which with such golden lustre flame,
 As beat the very golden frame.

Peace to the scenes of Birmingham's bright school !
 Peace to the brighter scenes of Pontypool ;

Aw'd I approach, ye sovereigns of the brush,
 With Modesty's companion sweet, a blush,
 And hesitation nat'ral to her tongue ;
 And eye so diffident, with beam so mild,
 Like Eve's when Adam on her beauties smil'd,
 And led her blushing, nothing loath, along,

To give the lady a green gown so sweet,
On beds of roses, Love's delicious seat.

Yes, sober, trembling, Quaker-like, I come
To this great dome

To offer subjects to the sons of paint :
Accept the pleasant tales and hints I bring,
Of Knight, and Lord, and Commoner, and King,
Sweeter than hist'ry of embowell'd saint ;
Or martyr beat like Shrovetide cocks with bats,
And fir'd like turpentin'd poor roasting rats.

Inimical as dogs to pigs,
Or wind and rain to powder'd wigs,
Or mud from kennels to a milk-white stocking ;
Hostile to Peter's phiz as if a pest,
Why springs the man of hist'ry, Master West,
And cries, "Off, off; your tales and hints are shocking ;
" Inventions—fabrications—lies—d-mn'd lies ;
" Kings, and the world besides, thy spite despise.

" Sir, you're a liar, ev'ry body knows it ;
" Sir, ev'ry stupid stanza shows it :
" Sir, you know nothing of a King and Queen ;
" In spheres too high their orbs superior roll
" By thy poor little groveling, mole-ey'd soul,
" Thou out-cast of Parnassus, to be seen.

" Sir, they do honour to their god-like station,
" The two first luminaries of the nation,

-
- “ So meek, good, gen’rous, virtuous, humble, wife,
“ Whilst thou a savage, a great fool so fat,
“ Curs’d with a conscience blacker than my hat,
“ Art rival to that fiend the Prince of Lies.
- “ Go pour thy venom on my Lear *——
“ A whisper, Hopkins, Sternhold, in thy ear :
“ King Lear, to mortify thee, goes
“ Where Majesty delights with West to prate,
“ Much more than Ministers of State,
“ Where thou shalt never show thy nose !
- “ Where Pages fancy it a heinous crime.
“ Thou foul-mouth’d fellow, to repeat thy rhyme ;
“ Where ev’ry Cook, it is my firm belief,
“ Would nobly make it a religious point,
“ Rather than put thy trash upon a joint,
“ To let the fire consuming burn the beef.
- “ There’s not a shop-keeper in Windsor town
“ That would not hang thee, shoot thee, stab thee,
“ drown,
“ That doth not d-mn thy stuff, thy odes and tales ;
“ That doth not think thy Odes would give disease
“ To ev’ry thing they wrapp’d—to bread, to cheese.
“ Nay, give contagion to a bag of nails.
- “ The very Windsor dogs and cats,
“ The very Windsor owls and bats,
- * A pretty iron-staring Sketch now in the Exhibition.
“ Would

“ Would howland squawl, and hoot and shriek to meet
“ Like thee a raggamuffin in the street.

“ The servant-maids of Windsor from each shop,
“ Some pointing brooms, and some a scornful mop,
“ Their loyal sentiments would disembody,
“ And taunting cry, ‘ There goes a lying rogue.’

“ Behold rank impudence thy rhymes inspire ;
“ Consummate insolence thy verse provoke !
“ Fool ! to believe thy Muse a Muse of fire,
“ A chimney-sweeper’s drab, a Muse of smoke.

“ The very bell-man’s rhymes possess more merit ;
“ Nay, Nichols’ Magazine exceeds in spirit :
“ A printer’s devil, with conceit so drunk,
“ Who publishes for Gentlemen and trunk ;

“ Who sets up author on old Bowyer’s scraps ;
“ Bowyer, whose pen recorded all the raps
“ That hungry authors gave to Bowyer’s door,
“ To swell the curious literary store :

“ Who on a purblind antiquarian’s back,
“ A founder’d, broken-winded hack,
“ Rides out to find old farthings, nails, and bones—
“ On darkest coins the brightest legend reads,
“ On traceless copper sees imperial heads,
“ And makes inscriptions older than the stones.

“ Too

-
- “ Too bids, to give his customers surprise,
 “ A Druid altar from a pig-stye rise.
 “ Yes, Nichols aping wisdom through his glasses—
 “ Thee, thee Apollo’s scavenger surpasses.

 “ Soon shall wee see the Fleet thy carcase wring,
 “ Mean thro’ the prison grate for farthings angling,
 “ Suspending feet of stockings by a string,
 “ Or glove or night-cap for our bounty dangling;

 “ Whilst issuing from thy mouth begrim’d with beard,
 “ Thy pale nose poking thro’ thy prison hole,
 “ The hollow voice of mis’ry will be heard,
 “ ‘ Kind ge’mman, pity a poor hungry soul :
 “ ‘ Have pity on a pris’ner’s case so shocking——
 “ ‘ Good Lady, put a farthing in the stocking !’

 “ What impudence thus bold a face to push !
 “ Arm’d with a winking light of paltry rush,
 “ As if with Truth’s bright torch, into our room;
 “ To dart on ignorance the fancied rays——
 “ To bid of barbarism the empire blaze,
 “ And kind illumine error’s midnight gloom.

 “ Get out, and pertly don’t come troubling *me*;
 “ A dog is better company than *thee*.”

I thank ye—much oblig’d t’ye, Master West,
 For thoughts so kind, and prettily exprest;

Yet

Yet won't I be refus'd, I won't indeed ;
You must, you shall have tale, and ode, and hint ;
This memory of mine contains a mint ;
And thus in bold defiance, I proceed.

Yet mind me, as to our bright King and Queen,
Their names are sacred from the poet's spleen —
Peace to their reign; they feel no more my jokes,
Whether to Hanover they wisely roam,
Or full as wisely count their cash at home,
My satire shall not hurt the gentlefolks.

Pleas'd in a hut to broil my mutton bone,
I sigh not for the ven'son of a throne :
Nay, slavery doth not with my pride agree ;
A toad-eater's an imp I don't admire ;
Nor royal small-talk doth my soul desire —
I've *seen* my Sovereigns—that's enough for *me*.

A thousand themes for canvass I could name,
To give the artist beef and fame :

Lo ! Hodsell in his country seat so fine,
Where, 'midst his tulips, grin stone apes with parrots,
Where Neptune foams along a bed of carrots,
Instead of cleaving through his native brine.

Where Phœbus strikes to cabbages his strings,
Where Love o'er garlick waves his purple wings,

Where Mars to vanquish beets heroic leans ;
And, arm'd with lightnings, with terrific eyes,
The great and mighty Ruler of the skies,
Sublimely thunders through a bed of beans ;

Close

Cloſe by whoſe ſide the hay-makers are mating,
And Dutchmen to their knees in onions ſkaiting.

A mighty warrior in the Houſe of Lords,
Swallowing alas! a bitter, bitter pill;
Eating, poor man, his own ſad words,
Exceedingly againſt his noble will;

Whiſt Rawdon by his ſide, with martial face,
Commandeth him to ſwallow with a grace;
Would make an intereſting ſcene, indeed,
And ſhow the courage of King Charles's breed!

How like a Doctor, forcing down the throat
Of ſome poor puling child a doſe of ſalts,
At which its little ſoul revolts,
With wrigling limbs, wry mouths, and piteous note;
Yet forc'd to take the formidable purge,
Or taſte a bitt'rer doſe, the threat'ned ſcourge!

Or Richmond *, watchful of the State's ſalvation,
Sprinkling his ravelins o'er the nation;
Now buying leathern boxes up by tuns,
Improving thus the nature of great guns;

* The Duke abſolutely ordered cannon to be made of leather, from a ſnuff-box-maker, which, at Woolwich, on Saturday the ſecond day of May, 1789, were ſeriously tried, and like many Nobleman, found too ſoft.

Guns

Guns blest with double nature's, mild and rough,
To give a broadside, or a pinch of snuff.
Or Richmond * at th' enormous reck'ning struck,
At Portsmouth batling hard about a duck.

A certain high and mighty Dutcheß,
Hugging her husband in her cat-like clutches,
Biting and tearing him with brandy zeal;
Whose flax in heaps is seen to fly around,
Whilst he, pale wight, emits a plaintive found,
Like animals that furnish man with veal;

Would make another pleasing scene,
Showing the mettle of an arrant Queen;
Longing to shine a first-rate star at Court,
For satire's pen, a subject of rare sport;
Longing to purify a luckless blood,
Deep-stain'd, and smelling of its native mud.

* At Portsmouth his Grace, not long since, bespoke a dinner for a few friends; and because no impression had been made on a roasted duck, Charles Lenox, Duke of Richmond, Earl of March, Master General of the Ordnance, Lord Lieutenant and Custos Rotulorum of the county of Sussex, Duke of Lenox in Scotland, and Aubigny in France, Knight of the most noble order of the Garter, &c., thought it a grievous imposition, and consequently ordered the landlord of the inn to deduct the eighteen-pence, the price of the duck, from the bill, which was done accordingly.

The

The valiant Glo'ster at the army's head,
 Drawn as the glorious Macedonian youth;
 In battle galloping o'er hills of dead,
 Would glow with such an air of truth!——
 Not on a jack-ass mounted, but a steed
 Of old Bucephalus's breed.

Salisbury examining the iron hands
 Of Fame's and sweet St. Giles's blackguard hands
 That clap our Kings to Parliament and play——
 Salisbury, too, gauging all their gaping throats,
 Exciseman-like, to find the best for notes,
 That money mayn't be thrown away:
 Resolv'd from those same legions of vulgarity,
 To get full penny-worths of popularity;
 Resolv'd his master shall be fairly treated,
 And not, as usual, by his servants cheated.
 Suppose, to give this humour-loving isle
 A pretty opportunity to smile,
 You paint the Solomon of yon fam'd place*,
 Where fair Philosophy, the heav'nly dame,
 By barb'rous usage cover'd deep with shame,
 No longer shows her exil'd face;
 Where *cent. per cent.* in value rise,
 Toads, tad-poles, grass-hoppers, and flies.

* The Royal Society.

Suppose

Suppose you paint Sir Joseph all so blest,
 With many a parasitical dear guest,
 Swol'n by their flatt'ries like a bladder big,
 Throwing away of learning such a waste,
 And proving his superior classic taste,
 By swallowing the *sumen* of a pig.

Pitt trying to unclench Britannia's fist,
 Imploring money for a King;
 Telling most mournful tales of civil list,
 The Lady's tender heart to wring,
 Tales of expence in Doctors' bills,
 High price of blisters, bolusses, and pills,
 Long journey to St. Paul's t' oblige the nation,
 And give God thanks for restoration:
 Britannia with arch look the while,
 Partaking strongly of a smile,
 Pointing to that huge dome *, the nation's wealth;
 Where *people* sometimes place their cash by stealth,
 And all so modest with their secret store,
 Inform the world they're poor, ah, very poor.

Brudnell and Symonds † with each other vying,
 Sweet youths! for little Norman's ‡ favours fighting

* The Bank of England.

† Lord B. and Sir Richard S.'s contest for the charming prize is well known to the Opera House.

‡ A pretty black-eyed Figurante at the Opera.

A picturesque effect would form ;
 That hugging mother for the daughter's charms,
 This with the yielding damsel in his arms,
 Taking the citadel by storm ;
 That running with the girl in triumph off,
 This with the dog, the mother, and the muff.

A great law Chief, whom God nor Demon scares,
 Compell'd to kneel and pray *, who swore his pray'rs,
 The dev'l behind him pleas'd and grinning,
 Patting the angry lawyer on the shoulder,
 Declaring nought was ever bolder,
 Admiring such a novel mode of finning :

Like this, a subject would be reckon'd rare,
 Which proves what blood-game infidels can dare ;
 Which to my mem'ry brings a fact,
 Which nothing but an English tar would act —

In ships of war, on Sunday's pray'rs are giv'n ;
 For though so wicked, sailors think of heav'n,
 Particularly in a storm ;

Where, if they find no brandy to get drunk,
 Their souls are in a miserable funk,

Then vow they to th' Almighty to reform,
 If in his goodness only once, once more,
 He'll suffer them to clap a foot on shore.

* On the thanksgiving day at St. Paul's.

In calms, indeed, or gentle airs,
They ne'er on week-days pester Heav'n with pray'rs;
For 'tis amongst the Jacks a common saying,
"Wherethere's no danger, there's no need of praying."

One Sunday morning all were met
To hear the parson preach and pray,
All but a boy, who, willing to forget
That pray'rs were handing out, had stol'n away;
And, thinking praying but a useless task,
Had crawl'd to take a nap, into a cask.

The boy was soon found missing, and full soon
The botswain's cat sagacious smelt him out;
Gave him a clawing to some tune —
This cat's a cousin Germain to the Knout*.

"Come out, you sculking dog," the boatswain cry'd,
"And save your d——n'd young sinful soul:"
He then the moral-mending cat apply'd,
And turn'd him like a badger from his hole.

Sulky the boy march'd on, and did not mind him,
Altho' the boatswain flogging kept behind him:
"Flog," cried the boy, "flog—curse me, flog away—
"I'll go—but mind—God d——n me if I'll pray."

* A common punishment in Russia.

THE
KING OF SPAIN AND THE HORSE.

IN sev'nteen hundred sev'nty-eight,

The rich, the proud, the potent King of Spain,
Whose ancestors sent forth their troops to smite

The peaceful natives of the western main,
With faggots and the blood-delighting sword,
To play the devil, to oblige the Lord!

For hunting, roasting heretics, and boiling,
Baking and barbecuing, frying, broiling,

Was thought Heav'ns cause amazingly to further;
For which most pious reason, hard to work
They went with gun and dagger, knife and fork,
To charm the God of Mercy with their murder!

I say, this King in sev'nty-eight survey'd,
In tapestry so rich, pourtray'd

A horse with stirrups, crupper, bridle, saddle:
Within the stirrup, lo, the Monarch try'd
To fix his foot, the palfry to bestride;

In vain!—he could not o'er the palfry straddle!

Stiff as a Turk the beast of yarn remain'd
And ev'ry effort of the King disdain'd,
Who 'midst his labours to the ground was tumbled,
And greatly mortified, as well as humbled.

Prodigious

Prodigious was the struggle of the day,
The horse attempted not to run away;
At which the poor-chaf'd Monarch now gan grin,
And swore by ev'ry faint and holy martyr,
He would not yield the traitor quarter,
Until he got possession of his skin.

Not fiercer fam'd La Mancha's knight,
Hight Quixote, at a puppet show,
Did with more valour stoutly fight,
And terrify each little squeaking foe;
When bold he pierc'd the lines, immortal fray!
And broke their paste-board bones, and stabb'd their
hearts of hay.

Not with more energy and fury
The beauteous street-walker of Drury
Attacks a sifter of the smuggling trade,
Whose winks, and nods, and sweet resistless smile,
Ah, me! her paramour beguile,
And to her bed of healthy straw persuade;
Where mice with music charm, and vermin crawl,
And snails with silver traces deck the wall.

And now a cane, and now a whip he us'd,
And now he kick'd, and fore the palfry bruis'd;
Yet, lo, the horse seem'd patient at each kick,
And bore with Christian spirit whip and flick;
And what excessively provok'd this Prince,
The horse so stubborn scorn'd ev'n once to wince.

Now rush'd the Monarch for a bow and arrow,
To shoot the rebel like a sparrow ;
And lo, with shafts well steel'd, with all his force,
Just like a pin-cushion, he stuck the horse !

Now with the fury of the chaf'd wild boar,
With nails and teeth the wounded horse he tore ;
Now to the floor he brought the stubborn beast ;
Now o'er the vanquish'd horse that dar'd rebel,
Most Indian-like the Monarch gave a yell,
Pleas'd on the quadruped his eyes to feast ;
Blest as Achilles when with fatal wound
He brought the mighty Hector to the ground.

Yet more to gratify his godlike ire,
He vengeful flung the palfrey in the fire !
Showing his pages round, poor trembling things,
How dang'rous to resist the will of Kings.

LORD B. AND THE EUNUCH.

A LORD, most musically mad,
Yet with a taste superlatively bad,
Ask'd a squeal eunuch to his house one day——
A poor old *femivir*, whose throat
Had lost its love-resounding note,
Which art had giv'n, and time had stol'n away.
“ Signor

“ Signor Squalini,” with a solemn air,
The Lord began, grave rising from his chair,
Taking Squalini kindly by the hand ;

“ Signor Squalini, much I fear
“ I’ve got a most unlucky ear,
“ And that ’tis known to all the music band.

“ Fond of abuse, each fiddling coxcomb carps,
“ And, true it is, I don’t know flats from sharps :
“ Indeed, Signor Squalini, ’tis no hum ;
“ So ill doth music with my organs suit,
“ I scarcely know a fiddle from a flute,
“ The hautbois from the double drum.

“ Now tho’ with Lords, a number of this nation,
“ I go to op’ras, more through fashion
“ Than for the love of music, I could wish
“ The world might think I had some little taste,
“ That those two ears were tolerably chaste,
“ But, Sir, I am as stupid as a fish.

“ Get me the credit of a *Cognoscente*,
“ Gold shan’t be wanting to content ye.”——

“ *Bravissimo!* my Lor,” replied Squalini,
With acquiescent bow, and smile of suavity ;

“ De nobleman mufs never look de ninny.”——

“ True,” cry’d the noble Lord, with German
gravity.

“ My

" My Lor, ven men vant money in der purse,
 " Dey do no vant de world to tink dem poor,
 " Because, my Lor, dat be von shabby curse ;
 " Dis all same ting wid ignoraunce, my Lor."——

" Right," cry'd his Lordship, in a grumbling tone,
 Much like a mastiff jealous of his bone.

" But first I want some technicals, Signor."——
 Bowing, the Eunuch answered—" Ifs, my Lor ;

" I teash your Lordship queekly, queekly, all,
 " Dere vat be call de *softenuto* note,
 " Dat be ven finger oppen vide de troat,
 " And den for long time make de squawl——
 " Mush long, long note, dat do continue while
 " A man, my Lor, can valk a mile.

" My Lor, der likewise be de *cromatique*,
 " As if de finger vas in greef, or sick,
 " And had de colick—dat be ver, ver fine :
 " De high, oh, dat musician call *soprano* ;
 " De low voice, *basso* ; de soff note, *piano*——
 " *Bravoura*, queek, bold—here Marchesi shine.

" Dis Mara, too, and Billington, do know——
 " *Allegro*, quick ; *Adagio*, be de slow ;
 " *Pomposo*, dat be manner make de roar :
 " *Maestoso*, dat be grand and nobel ting,
 " Much like de voice of Emperor, or de King ;
 " Or you, my Lor,
 " When in de house you make de grand oration,
 " For save, my Lor, de noble Englis nation."

Thus

Thus having giv'n his Lesson, and a bow,
 With high complacency his Lordship smil'd:
 Unravell'd was his Lordships pucker'd brow,
 His scouting eye, like Luna's beams, so mild:

Such is th' effect, when flatt'ries sweet cajole
 That praise-admiring wight yclep'd the soul;
 And from the days of Adam 'tis the case,
 That great's the sympathy 'twixt soul and face.

"Signor Squalini," cry'd the Lord,
 "The op'ra is begun, upon my word——
 "Allons, Signor, and hear me—mind,
 "As soon as ever you shall find
 "A finger's voice above or under pitch,
 "Just touch my toe, or give my arm a twitch."
 "Ifs, ifs, my Lor, (the eunuch straight reply'd,)
 "I sheet close by your Lorship' side;
 "And den, accordin to your Lorship' wish,
 "I give your Lorship' elbow littel twish."

Now to the opera, music's sound to hear,
 The old Castrato and the noble Peer
 Proceeded——Near the orchestra they sat,
 Before the portals of the singers' throats!
 The critic couple mousing for bad notes
 With all the keenness of a hungry cat.

Now came an out-of-tunish note——
 The Eunuch twitch'd his Lordship's coat:

Full

Full-mouth'd at once his Lordship roar'd out "pssha!"
 The orchestra, amaz'd, turn round
 To find from whence arose the critic found,
 When, lo! they heard the Lord, and saw!

The Eunuch kept most sily twitching,
 His frowning Lordship all the while,
 (Not in the cream of courtly stile)
 Be-dogging this poor singer, that be-bitching,
 Uniting too, a host of damning phas,
 And reap'd a plenteous harvest of applause:—
 Grew from that hour a Lord of tuneful skill,
 And tho' the Eunuch's dead, remains so still.

TO THE

ACADEMICIANS.

SUPPOSE you paint the Dev'l with smiling mien;
 Whisp'ring deceit to any King or Queen,
 'Tis what the prince of foot hath often done—

For lo, with many a King and many a Queen,
 In close *confab* the gentleman is seen—

With such hath Satan oft a world of fun—
 More fun, or diadems are much bely'd,
 Than all the little under world beside!

The Dev'l's a fellow of much sterling humour,
 If we may credit public rumour;

And

And all so civil in each act and look,
That whensoever we incline
On some rare dish of sin to dine,
We can't employ a nicer cook.

Who, too, so generous, disdains
To take a six-pence for his pains——
Nay, at our money would be vex't;
Happy to please us *gratis* with his art,
Provided, when from *this* world we depart,
We join his fire-side in the next.

Like Gloucester, who for pay can leave his party,
Some years ago I join'd his corps so hearty,
Thinking the Prince of Erebus ill treated:
Fir'd by the subject in my rhyming mode,
I complimented Satan with an ode,
Which, for the brushmen's sake, shall be repeated.

ODE TO THE DEVIL.

Ingratum Odi.

PRINCE of the dark abodes! I ween
Your Highness ne'er till now hath seen
Yourself in metre shine;
Ne'er heard a song with praise sincere,
Sweet warbled on your smutty ear,
Before this Ode of mine.

Perhaps

Perhaps the reason is too plain,
Thou triest to starve the tuneful train,
Of potent verse afraid ;
And yet I vow, in all my time,
I've not beheld a single rhyme,
That ever spoil'd thy trade.

I've often read those pious whims——
John Wesley's sweet d——n hymns,
That chant of heav'nly riches,
What have they done ?—those heav'nly strains,
Devoutly squeez'd from canting brains,
But fill'd John's earthly breeches ?

There's not a shoe-black in the land,
So humbly at the world's command,
As thy old cloven foot ;
Like lightning dost thou fly, when call'd,
And yet no pick-pocket's so maul'd
As thou, O Prince of Soot !

What thousands hourly bent on sin,
With supplication call thee in,
To aid them to pursue it ;
Yet, when detected, with a lie
Ripe at their fingers' ends, they cry,
“ The Devil *made* me do it.”

Behold the fortunes that are made,
By men through roguish tricks in trade !

Yet

Yet all to thee are owing——
And tho' we meet it ev'ry day,
The sneaking rascals dare not say,
This is the *Devil's* doing.

As to thy company, I'm fure,
No man can shun thee on that score;
The very best is thine :
With Kings, Queens, Ministers of State,
Lords, Ladies, I have seen thee great,
And many a grave Divine.

I'm forely griev'd at times to find,
The very instant thou art kind,
Some people so uncivil,
When aught offends with face awry,
With base ingratitude to cry,
“ I wish it to the devil.”

Hath some poor blockhead got a wife,
To be the torment of his life,
By one eternal yell;
The fellow cries out coarsely, “ Zounds,
“ I'd give this moment twenty pounds
“ To see the jade in Hell.”

Shou'd Heav'n their pray'rs so ardent grant,
Thou never company would'st want
To make thee downright mad;

For mind me, in their wishing mood,
They never offer thee what's good,
But ev'ry thing that's bad.

My honest anger boils to view
A snuffling, long-fac'd, canting crew,
So much thy humble debtors,
Rushing, on Sundays, one and all,
With desp'rate pray'rs thy head to maul,
And thus abuse their betters :

To seize one day in ev'ry week,
On thee their black abuse to wreak,
By whom their souls are fed
Each minute of the other fix,
With ev'ry joy that heart can fix,
Is impudence indeed !

Blushing I own thy pleasing art
Hath oft seduc'd my vagrant heart,
And led my steps to joy——
The charms of beauty have been mine ;
And let me call the merit thine,
Who brought'st the lovely toy.

No, Satan——if I ask thy aid,
To give my arms the blooming maid,
I will not, thro' the nation all,
Proclaim thee (like a graceless imp)
A vile old good-for-nothing pimp,
But say, " 'tis thy vocation, Hal."

Since

Since truth must out — I seldom knew
What 'twas high pleasure to pursue,
Till thou had'st won my heart —
So social were we both together,
And beat the hoof in ev'ry weather,
I never wish'd to part.

Yet when a child — good Lord ! I thought
That thou a pair of horns had'st got,
With eyes like faucers staring !
And then a pair of ears so stout,
A monstrous tail and hairy snout,
With claws beyond comparing.

Taught to avoid the paths of evil,
By day I us'd to dread the Devil,
And, trembling when 'twas night,
Methought I saw thy horns and ears,
Then sung or whistled to my fears,
And ran to chace my fright.

And ev'ry night I went to-bed,
I sweated with a constant dread,
And crept beneath the rug ;
There, panting, thought that in my sleep
Thou sily in the dark would'st creep,
And eat me, tho' so snug.

A haberdasher's shop is thine,
With fins of all sorts, coarse and fine,
To suit both man and maid :

Thy wares they buy, with open eyes ;
How cruel then, with constant cries,
To vilify thy trade !

To speak the truth, indeed, I'm loath—
Life's deem'd a mawkish dish of broth
Without thy aid, old Sweeper :
So mawkish, few will put it down,
E'en from the cottage to the crown,
Without thy salt and pepper.

O Satan, whatsoever geer
Thy Proteus' form shall chuse to wear,
Black, red, or blue, or yellow ;
Whatever hypocrites may say,
They think thee (trust my honest lay)
A most bewitching fellow.

'Tis order'd (to deaf ears alas !)
To praise the bridge o'er which we pass ;
Yet often I discover
A numerous band who daily make
An easy bridge of thy poor back,
And d—n it when they're over.

Why art thou then with cap in hand,
Obsequious to a graceless band,
Whose souls are scarce worth taking ?
O Prince, pursue but my advice,
I'll teach your Highness in a trice
To set them all a quaking.

Plays,

Plays, op'ras, masquerades, destroy ;
 Lock up each charming *fille de joie* ;
 Give race horses the glander—
 The dice box break, and burn each card—
 Let virtue be its own reward,
 And gag the mouth of slander ;

In one week's time, I'll lay my life,
 There's not a man, nor maid, nor wife,
 That will not glad agree,
 If thou wilt charm 'em as before,
 To show their nose at church no more,
 But quit their God for thee.

'Tis now full time my ode should end ;
 And now I tell thee, like a friend,
 Howe'er the world may scout thee ;
 Thy ways are all so wondrous winning,
 And folks so very fond of finning,
 They cannot do without thee.

THE
 TENDER HUSBAND.

LO, to the cruel hand of Fate,
 My poor dear Grizzle, meek-soul'd mate,
 Requins her tuneful breath——

Tho' dropp'd her jaw, her lip tho' pale,
And blue each harmless finger nail,
She's beautiful in death.

As o'er her lovely limbs I weep,
I scarce can think her but asleep——
How wonderfully tame!
And yet her voice is really gone,
And dim those eyes that lately shone
With all the lightning's flame.

Death was, indeed, a daring wight,
To take it in his head to smite——
To lift his dart to hit her;
For as she was so great a woman,
And car'd a single fig for no man,
I thought he fear'd to meet her.

Still is that voice of late so strong,
That many a sweet Capriccio sung,
And beat in sounds the spheres?
No longer must those fingers play
Britons strike home, that many a day
Have sooth'd my ravish'd ears?

Ah me! indeed I'm much inclin'd
To think I now might speak my mind,
Nor hurt her dear repose;
Now think I now with rage she'd roar,
Were I to put my fingers o'er,
And touch her precious nose.

Here

Here let me, philosophic, pause——

How wonderful are Nature's laws,

When Lady's breath retires,
Its fate the flaming passions share,
Supported by a little air,
Like culinary fires!

When'er I hear the bagpipe's note,
Shall Fancy fix on Grizzle's throat,
And loud instructive lungs :
O Death, in her, tho' only one,
Are lost a thousand charms unknown,
At least a thousand tongues.

Soon as I heard her last sweet sigh,
And saw her gently-closing eye,
How great was my surprise !
Yet have I not, with impious breath,
Accus'd the hard decrees of death,
Nor blam'd the righteous skies.

Why do I groan in deep despair,
Since she'll be soon an angel fair?

Ah! why my bosom smite !
Could grief my Grizzle's life restore!——
But let me give such ravings o'er——
Whatever is, is right.

Oh, Doctor ! you are come too late;
No more of physic's virtues prate,
That could not save my lamb :

Not

Not one more bolus shall be giv'n——
You shall not ope her mouth, by Heav'n,
And Grizzle's gullet cram.

Enough of bolusses, poor heart,
And pills, she took to load a cart,
Before she clos'd her eyes ;
But now my word is here a law,
Zounds ! with a bolus in her jaw,
She shall not seek the skies.

Good Sir, good Doctor, go away ;
To hear my sighs you must not stay,
For this my poor lost treasure :
I thank you for your pains and skill ;
When next you come, pray bring your bill ;
I'll pay it, Sir, with pleasure.

Ye friends who come to mourn her doom,
For God's sake gently tread the room,
Nor call her from the blest——
In softest silence drop the tear,
In whispers breathe the fervent pray'r,
To bid her spirit rest.

Repress the sad, the wounding scream ;
I cannot bear a grief extreme——
Enough one little sigh——
Besides, the loud alarm of grief,
In many a mind may start belief,
Our noise is all a lie.

Good

Good nurses, shroud my lamb with care ;
Her limbs, with gentlest fingers, spare ;
Her mouth, ah ! slowly close ;
Her mouth a magic tongue that held——
Whose softest tone, at times, compell'd,
To peace, my loudest woes.

And, carpenter, for my sad sake,
Of stoutest oak her coffin make——
I'd not be stingy, sure——
Procure of steel the strongest screws ;
For who wou'd paltry pence refuse
To lodge his wife secure ?

Ye people who the corpse convey,
With caution tread the doleful way,
Nor shake her precious head ;
Since Fame reports a coffin tost,
With careless swing against a post,
Did once disturb the dead.

Farewel, my love, for ever lost !
Ne'er troubled be thy gentle ghost,
That I again will woo——
By all our past delights, my dear,
No more the marriage chain I'll wear,
P—x take me if I do !

THE SOLDIER AND THE VIRGIN MARY.

A T A L E.

A SOLDIER at Loretto's wond'rous chapel,
To parry from his foul the wrath divine,
That follow'd mother Eve's unlucky apple,
Did visit oft the Virgin Mary's shrine ;
Who ev'ry day is gorgeously deck'd out,
In filks or velvets, jewels, great and small,
Just like a fine young lady for a rout,
A concert, opera, wedding, or a ball.

At first the Soldier at a distance kept,
Begging her vote and interest in heav'n——
With seeming bitterness the sinner wept,
Wrung his two hands, and hop'd to be forgiv'n :
Dinn'd her two ears with Ave-Mary flummery ;
Declar'd what miracles the dame could do,
Ev'n with her garter, stocking, or her shoe,
And such like wonder-working mummery.

What answer Mary gave the wheedling sinner,
Who nearly, and morely nearly mov'd to win her,
The mouth of hist'ry doth not mention,
And therefore I can't tell but by invention.

One day as he was making love and praying,
And pious Aves, thick as herrings, saying,

And

And sins so manifold confessing ;
He drew, as if to whisper, very near,
And twitch'd a pretty di'mond from her ear,
Instead of taking the good lady's blessing.

Then off he fat with nimble shanks,
Nor once turn'd back to give her thanks :
A hue and cry the thief pursu'd,
Who, to his cost, soon understood
That he was not beyond the claw
Of that same long arm'd giant christen'd Law.

With horror did his Judges quake——
As for the tender-conscienc'd Jury,
They deem'd him quickly to the stake,
Such was their dev'lish pious fury.

However, after calling him hard names,
They ask'd if ought he had in vindication,
To save his wretched body from the flames,
And sinful soul from terrible damnation.

The foldier answer'd them with much *sang froid*,
Which show'd of sin a conscience void,
That if they meant to kill him, they might kill :
As for the diamond which they found about him,
He hop'd they would by no means doubt him,
That Madam gave it him from pure good will.

The .

The answer turn'd both Judge and Jury pale :
The punishment was for a time deferr'd,
Until his Holiness should hear the tale,
And his infallibility be heard.

The Pope to all his Counsellors made known
This strange affair—to Cardinals and Friars,
Good pious gentlemen, who ne'er were known
To act like hypocrites, and thieves, and liars.
The question now was banded to and fro,
If Mary had the pow'r to *give* or *no*.

That Mary *could not* give it, was to say,
The wonder-working Lady wanted pow'r——
This was a stumbling-block that stopp'd the way——
This made Pope, Cardinals, and Friars, low'r.

To save the Virgin's credit, lo !
And keep secure the di'monds that were left,
They said, she *might*, indeed, the gem bestow,
And consequently it might be no theft :

But then they pass'd immediately an act,
That ev'ry one discover'd in the fact,
Of taking presents from the Virgin's hand,
Or from the Saints of any land,
Should know no mercy, but be led to slaughter,
Flay'd here, and fry'd eternally hereafter.

Ladies,

Ladies, I deem the moral much too clear
 To need poetical assistance ;
 Which bids you not let men approach too near,
 But keep the saucy fellows at a distance ;
 Since men you find, so bold, are apt to seize
 Jewels from ladies, ev'n upon their knees !

AN ODE

TO

EIGHT CATS,

BELONGING TO

ISRAEL MENDEZ, A JEW.

SCENE, *The Street in a Country Town.*

The TIME, *Midnight—the Poet at his Chamber-window.*

SINGERS of Israel ! Oh, ye fingers sweet !

Who, with your gentle mouths from ear to ear,
 Pour forth rich symphonies from street to street,
 And to the sleepless wretch the night endear ;

Lo ! in my shirt, on you these eyes I fix,
 Admiring much the quaintness of your tricks ;

Your friskings, crawlings, squawls, I much approve ;
 Your spittings, pawings, high-rais'd ramps,
 Swell'd tails, and merry-andrew jumps,

With the wild minstrelsy of rapt'rous love.

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Y

How

How sweetly roll your goosyb'rry eyes,
As loud you tune your am'rous cries,
And, loving, scratch each other black and blue !
No boys in wantonness now bang your backs,
No curs, nor fiercer mastiffs, tear your flax,
But all the moon-light world seems made for you.

Singers of Israel ! you no parsons want
To tie the matrimonial cord !
You call the matrimonial service, cant——
Like our first parents, take each other's word :
On no one ceremony pleas'd to fix——
To jump not even o'er two flicks.

You want no furniture, alas !
Spit, spoon, dish, frying-pan, nor ladle ;
No iron, pewter, copper, tin, or brass ;
No nurses, wet or dry, nor cradle,
Which custom, for our Christian babes, enjoins,
To rock the staring offspring of your loins.

Nor of the lawyers have you need,
Ye males, before you seek your bed,
To settle pin-money on Madam :
No fears of cuckoldom, Heav'n bless ye,
Are ever harbour'd to distress ye,
Tormenting people since the days of Adam.

No schools you want for fine behaving,
No powdering, painting, washing, shaving,

No

No night-caps snug—no trouble in undressing
Before you seek your strawy nest,
Pleas'd in each other's arms to rest,
To feast on love, Heav'n's greatest blessing.

Good gods! ye sweet love-chanting rams!
How nimble are you with your hams
To mount a house, to scale a chimney-top;
And, peeping down that chimney's hole,
Pour, in a tuneful cry, th' impassion'd soul,
Inviting Miss Grimalkin to come up:

Who, sweet obliging female, far from coy,
Answers your invitation note with joy,
And scorning 'midst the ashes more to mope;
Lo! born on Love's all daring wing,
She mounteth with a pickle-herring spring,
Without th' assistance of a rope.

Dear mousing tribe, my limbs are waxing cold—
Singers of Israel, sweet, adieu, adieu!
I do suppose you need not now be told
How much I wish that I was one of you.

SONG
TO
DELIA.

FORLORN I seek the silent scene,
To keep the image of my fair;
Pale o'er the fountain's brink I lean,
And view the spectre of despair.

Why should my heart forget its woe?
The virgin would have mourn'd for me——
O nymph, th' eternal tear shall flow;
The sigh unceasing breathe of thee.

Forgetful of his parted maid,
Too many an unfeeling swain
Forfakes of solitude the shade,
For Pleasure's gay and wanton train.

Yet, yet of constancy they boast!——
Their easy hearts their tongues belie——
Who love's, revere the fair one's ghost,
And seek a pleasure in a sigh.

SIR J. BANKS
AND THE
THIEF-TAKERS.

SIR JOSEPH, fav'rite of great Queens and Kings,
Whose wisdom, weed and insect-hunter sings;
And ladies fair applaud, with smile so dimpling;
Went forth one day, amidst the laughing fields,
Where Nature such exhaustless treasure yields,
A simpling!

It happen'd on the self-same morn so bright,
The nimble pupils of Sir Sampson Wright,
A simpling too for plants call'd thieves, proceeded;
Of which the nation's field should oft be weeded.

Now did a thief-taker so fly,
Peep o'er a hedge with cunning eye,
And quick espy'd the Knight with solemn air,
Deep in a ditch where watercresses grow;
On which he to his comrades cry'd, "See, ho!"
Then jump'd (unsportsman like) upon his hare.

Hare-like Sir Joseph did not squeak, but bawl'd,
With dread prodigiously appall'd——

The thief-takers no ceremony us'd;
But taking poor Sir Joseph by the neck,
They bade him speak;

But first with names their captive Knight abus'd.

"Sir, what d'ye take me for?" the Knight exclaim'd—

"A thief," reply'd the runners with a curse:

"And now, Sir, let us search you, and be d—n'd"—

And then they search'd his pockets, fobs, and purse:

But 'stead of pistol dire, and crape,

A pocket-handkerchief they cast their eye on,
Containing frogs and toads of various shape,

Dock, daisy, nettle-top, and dandelion,

To entertain with great propriety,

The members of his sage society:

Yet would not alter they their strong belief,

That this their pris'ner was no thief!

"Sirs, I'm no highwayman," exclaim'd the Knight—

"No—there," rejoin'd the runners, "you are right—

"A footpad only—Yes, we know your trade——

"Yes, you're a pretty babe of grace:

"We want no proofs, Old Codger, but your face;

"So come along with us, Old Blade."

'Twas useless to resist, or to complain——

In vain Sir Joseph pleaded—'twas in vain

That he was highly titl'd that he swore——

The instant that poor Banks his titles counted,

Which to an F.R.S. and Knight amounted,

His guardians laugh'd, and clapp'd, and cry'd

"*encore!*"

Sir

Sir Joseph told them that a neighbouring 'Squire
Should answer for it that he was no thief:
On which they plumply d-mn'd him for a liar,
And said such stories should not save his beef;
And if they understood their trade,
His *mittimus* would soon be made;
And forty pounds be theirs, a pretty sum,
For sending such a rogue to kingdom-come.

Now to the 'Squire mov'd pris'ner Knight and Co.
The runners taking him in tow,
Like privateers of Britain's warlike nation,
Towing a French East-Indiaman, their prize,
So black, and of enormous size,
Safe into port for condemnation.

Whether they ty'd his hands behind his back,
For fear the Knight might run away,
And made, indelicate, his breeches slack,
We've no authority to say.

And now the country people gather'd round,
And star'd upon the Knight in thought profound,
Not on the system of Linnæus thinking——
Fancying they saw a rogue in ev'ry feature;——
Such is the populace's horrid nature
Tow'rds people thro' misfortune sinking.

At

At length, amidst much mob and mire,
 Indeed amidst innumerable ranks,
 Fatigu'd, they reach'd the mansion of the 'Squire,
 To prove th' identity of Joseph Banks.

Now to the 'Squire, familiar bow'd the Knight,
 Who knew Sir Joseph at first sight——
 What's strongly mark'd, is quickly known agen—
 And with a frown that awe and dread commanded,
 The thief-takers severely reprimanded
 For thus mistaking gentlemen.

Then bade them ask a pardon on their knees,
 Of him that was a Knight and F. R. S.——
 Who, rather than the higher pow'rs displease,
 Imagin'd that they could not well do less——

Then on their knuckles rais'd they hands and eyes,
 And crav'd Sir Joseph's pardon for belief,
 That when they jump'd upon him by surprise,
 They took so great a *gemman* for a thief,
 Hoping to mind th' advice of godly books,
Viz. not to judge of people by their *looks*.

SOLOMON
 AND THE
 MOUSE-TRAP.

A MAN in rather an exalted station,
 Whose eyes are always eyes of admiration,

Without

Without distinction, fond of all things novel,
Ev'n from the lofty scepter to the shovel —
Just like stray'd bullocks saunt'ring through the lanes,
Made frequent curiosity campaigns;
Sometimes caught grass-hoppers—now more profound,
Would sometimes find a pin upon the ground;
Where, if the head towards him happ'd to point,
His mind was wonderfully struck —
Indeed he felt a joy in ev'ry joint,
Because it always brings good luck.

This gentleman, *hight* Solomon, one day,
In quest of novelty pursu'd his way;
Like great Columbus, that fam'd navigator,
Who found the world we've lost across the water;
But rather on a somewhat narrower scale,
Lo! on dry land the gentleman set sail —
That day it chanc'd to be his will,
To make discoveries at Salt-hill;
Where bounce he hopp'd into a widow's house,
Whose hands were both employ'd so clever,
Doing their very best endeavour
To catch that vile free-booter, Monsieur Mousse;
Whose death she oft did most devoutly pray for,
Because he eat the meat he could not pay for:
Resembling Christians in that saving trick,
Who, wanting to obtain good cheer,
Invented an ingenious scheme call'd *tick*,
That purchases like money, beef and beer:
Possess'd

Poffess'd of *tick*, for cash man need not range,
Nor toil in taking or in giving change.

Eager did Solomon so curious clap
His rare round optics on the wond'rous trap
That did the duty of a cat ;
And always fond of useful information,
Thus wisely spoke he with vociferation, [that ?
" What's that?—What, what ? hæ, hæ ; what's

To whom, reply'd the mistress of the house,
" A trap, an't please you, Sir, to catch a mouse."

" Mouse!—catch a mouse!" said Solomon with glee—

" Let's fee—let's fee—'tis comical—let's fee——

" Mouse!—mouse!"—then, pleas'd, his eyes began

to roll——

" Where, where doth he go in?" he marv'ling cry'd—

" There," pointing to the hole, the dame reply'd—

" What, here?" cry'd Solomon ; " this hole, this
hole?"

Then in he push'd his finger 'midst the wire,

That with such pains that finger did inspire,

He wish'd it out again with all his soul :

However, by a little squawl and shaking,

He freed his finger from its piteous taking——

That is to say, he got it from the hole.

" What

“ What makes the mouse, pray, go into the trap ?

“ Something (he cry'd) that must their palates
“ please.”——

“ Yes, (answer'd the fair woman,) Sir, a scrap

“ Of rusty bacon, or of toasted cheese.”

“ Oh ! oh ! (said Solomon) oh ! oh ! oh ! oh !

“ Yes, yes, I see the meaning of it now——

“ The mouse goes in, a rogue, to steal the meat,

“ Thinking to give his gums a pretty treat.”

Then laugh'd he loudly, stretch'd his mouth a mile,

Which made the muscles of the widow smile.

“ Let's see, let's see,” cry'd Solomon——“ let's see——

“ Let me, let me, let me, let me, let me, let me.”

Then took he up some bacon, and did clap

A little slice so clever in the trap.

Thus did he by his own advice,

Induce himself to bait a trap for mice !

Now home he hied so nimbly, whelm'd with glory,

And told his family the wond'rous story

About the widow's cheese and bacon scrap !

Nought suffer'd he to occupy his head,

Save mouse ideas, till he went to bed,

Where, blest, he dreamt all night about the trap.

Here let me pause, and Heav'n's great goodness chaunt——

How kind it is in gracious Heav'n to grant

To

To full-grown gentlefolks of lofty station,
A pow'r of relishing most trifling things,
Pleasures ordain'd for brats in leading-strings,
By way of happy harmless relaxation !

Next day the man of wisdom came,
All glorious, to the house of this fair dame,
To know if Master Mouse had smelt to bacon ;
When, lo ! to fill with joy his eager eyes,
And load those staring optics with surprise,
A real mouse was absolutely taken !

Not more did Rodney's joy this man surpass,
When in his cabin first he saw De Grasse !
Not more the hair-brain'd Macedonian boy,
Leap'd like a Bedlamite, for joy,
Than Solomon to see the mouse in jail !
Not Alexander, foe of great Darius,
(Men that with rich comparison supply us)
When, blest, he caught the Persian by the tail.

Around the room the mouse he bore,
Insulting the poor prisoner o'er and o'er ;
Laughing and peeping through the wire,
As if his eyes and mouth would never tire !

How like to Tamerlane the Great,
Possess'd of most unlucky Bajazet,
Who kept the vanquish'd hero in a cage ;
Mock'd him before his mighty host,
With cruel names and threats, and grin and boast,
And daily thus indulg'd imperial rage !

Now

Now o'er the widow's cat, poor watching puffs !

He triumph'd too, and ask'd the cat,
When he would act heroically thus——
And if he dar'd to venture on a rat.

To whom the cat, as if in answer, mew'd,
Which made the man of wisdom cry, "Oh ! oh !"
As if with knowledge of cat speech endu'd,
He thought that puffs had answer'd "No."
On which he laugh'd, and much enjoy'd the joke—
Then told the widow what the cat had spoke.

Six days the man of wisdom went
Triumphant to Salt-hill, with big intent,
To catch the bacon-stealing mouse :
Six mice successively proclaim'd his art,
With which, safe pocketed, he did depart,
And show'd to all his much-astonish'd house.

But pleasures will not last for aye ;
Witness the sequel of my lay——
The widow's vanity, her sex's flaw,
Much like the vanity of other people——
A vapour, like the blast that lifts a straw,
As high, or higher, than St. Martin's steeple :

This vanity then kidnapp'd her discretion,
Design'd by God Almighty for her guard ;
And of its purpose got the full completion,
And all the widow's future glories marr'd :

For, lo ! by this fame vanity impell'd,
 And to a middle-fiz'd balloon,
 With *gas* of consequence sublimely swell'd,
 She bursted with th' important secret soon.

Loud laugh'd the tickl'd people of Salt-hill——
 Loud laugh'd the merry Windsor folks around——
 This was to Solomon an ugly pill !——
 Her fatal error soon the widow found——
 For Solomon relinquish'd mouse campaign,
 Nor deign'd to bait the widow's trap again !

PETITION

TO

TIME,

IN FAVOUR OF THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

TOO long, O Time, in *Bienfiance's* school,
 Have I been bred to *call* thee an old fool,
 Yet take I liberty to let thee know,
 That I have always *thought* thee so :
 Full old art thou to have more sense——
 Then, with an idle custom, Time, dispense.
 Thou really actest now like little misses,
 Who, when a pretty doll they make,
 Their curious fingers itch to take
 The pretty image all to pieces :

Thus,

Thus, after thou hast form'd a charming fair,
 Thou can'st not quit her for thy soul,
 Till, meddling, thou hast spoil'd her bloom and air,
 And dimm'd her eye which radiance taught to roll.

But now forbear such doings, I desire——
 Hurt not the form that all admire——
 Oh, never with white hairs her temple sprinkle——
 Oh, sacred be her cheek, her lip, her bloom,
 And do not in a lovely dimple's room,
 Place a hard mortifying wrinkle.

Know, should'st thou bid the beauteous Duchess fade,
 Thou, therefore, must thy own delights invade ;
 And know, 'twill be a long, long while,
 Before thou giv'st her equal to our isle——
 Then do not with this sweet *chef d'œuvre* part,
 But keep, to show the triumph of thy art.

ŒCONOMY.

ŒCONOMY'S a very useful broom ;
 Yet should not ceaseless hunt about the room
 To catch each straggling pin to make a plum——
 Too oft Œconomy's an iron vice,
 That squeezes ev'n the little guts of mice,
 That peep with fearful eyes, and ask a crumb.

Proper Economy's a comely thing——
 Good in a subject—better in a King;
 Yet push'd too far, it dulls each finer feeling——
 Most easily inclin'd to make folks mean;
 Inclines them too to villany to lean,
 To over-reaching, perjury, and stealing.

Ev'n when the heart should only think of grief,
 It creeps into the bosom like a thief,
 And swallows up th' affections all so mild——
 Witness the Jewess, and her only Child.

THE
 JEWESS AND HER SON.

POOR Mistress Levi had a luckless son,
 Who, rushing to obtain the foremost seat,
 In imitation of th' ambitious great,
 High from the gall'ry, ere the play begun,
 He fell all plump into the pit,
 Dead in a minute as a nit:
 In short, he broke his pretty Hebrew neck;
 Indeed, and very dreadful was the wreck!
 The mother was distracted, raving, wild——
 Shriek'd, tore her hair, embrac'd, and kiss'd her child;
 Afflicted ev'ry heart with grief around:
 Soon as the show'r of tears was somewhat past,
 And moderately calm th' hysteric blast,
 She cast about her eyes in thought profound:
 And

And being with a saving knowledge blest'd,
 She thus the play-house manager address'd :——
 “ Sher, I’m de moder of de poor Chew lad,
 “ Dat meet mishfartin here so bad——
 “ Sher, I mufs haf de shilling back, you know,
 “ Afs Moses haf nat see de show.”

But as for Av’rice, ’tis the very devil ;
 The fount, alas ! of ev’ry evil ;
 The cancer of the heart, the worst of ills :
 Wherever sown, luxuriantly it thrives ;
 No flower of virtue near it thrives——
 Like Aconite, where’er it spreads, it kills.

In ev’ry soil behold the poison spring !
 Can taint the beggar, and infect the King.
 The mighty Marlborough pilfer’d cloth and bread ;
 So says that gentle satirist ’Squire Pope ;
 And Peterborough’s Earl upon this head,
 Affords us little room to hope,
 That what the Twitnam bard avow’d,
 Might not be readily allow’d.

THE EARL OF
PETERBOROUGH AND THE MOB.

THROUGH London streets upon a day,
 The Earl of Peterborough took his way.

All in his pompous coach—perhaps to dine——
The mob of London took it in their head,
This was the Duke of Marlborough, so dread
To Frenchmen on the Danube and the Rhine.

Unable such high merit to reward,
The mob resolv'd to show a great regard;
And so uniting, join their forces
To draw his carriage, and dismiss the horses.

The Earl from out his carriage pok'd his face,
And told the mob that he was not his Grace;

Then bid them be convinc'd and look:
Hard of belief, as ev'n the hardest Jew,
They told him that they better knew,
Then swore by G—— he was the Duke:

Then threw their hats in air with loud huzzas,
And form'd a thunder of applause.

Loud bawl'd the Earl that they were all deceiv'd—
Loud bawl'd the mob he should not be believ'd—

“Zounds!” cry'd the Earl, “be converts then
“this minute;”

So throwing six-pence to them, “there, there, there,
“Take that,” cry'd Peterborough, with a sneer—
“Now if you think I'm he, the devil's in it.”

ODE TO A DISTRESSED BEAUTY.

SWEET girl, forbear to droop thy head with shame—

What tho' the parson did not tie the knot?

What tho' the boy should come?—he'll bring thee

The world's an afs, and custom is a sot— [fame—

Hold up thy head, and meet mankind with pride,

And throw thy blushes and thy fears aside.

Eve had no parson—for no priest was Adam,

And yet not out of countenance was Madam;

Her modesty receiv'd no grievous shocks,

When Master Cain was put upon the stocks;

Nor when, t' increase the number at her table,

She sat about the frame of Master Abel.

Once more, then, do not be afraid;

Without thy boy, a wonder may be missing—

A likeness of my charming maid,

The boy may do a credit to thy kissing.

Thou putt'st me of the morning much in mind,

Who seems afraid to peep upon mankind—

So slow her motions! all so very slow!

And then her cheeks so deep with crimson glow:

But safe deliver'd of her boy, the Sun,

The lusty lad, so proud his race to run,

Mounts high exulting in his birth;

Dries

Dries up her tears, her blushes puts to flight,
 Tow'rs in bold triumph o'er the cloud of night,
 And pours a flood of radiance o'er the earth.

Then let me kiss away thy tears——

Oh! cease thy sighs, and be a happy mother;
 And when this chopping boy appears,
 Suppose we give the lad a little brother?

THE GENTLEMAN AND HIS WIFE.

PEOPLE may have too much of a good thing—
 Full as an egg of wisdom thus I sing!

A Man of some small fortune had a wife,
Sans doute, to be the comfort of his life;
 And pretty well they bore the yoke together:
 With little jarring liv'd the pair one year;
 Sometimes the matrimonial sky was clear,
 At times 'twas dark and dull, and hazy weather.

Now came the time when mistress in the straw
 Did, for the world's support, her screams prepare;
 And Slop appear'd, with fair obstetric paw,
 To introduce his pupil to our air;
 Whilst in a neighb'ring room the husband sat,
 Musing on this thing now, and now on that;

Now

Now fighting at the sorrows of his wife;
Praying to Heav'n that he could take the pain;
But recollecting that such pray'rs were vain,
He made no more an offer of his life.

As thus he mus'd in solemn study,
Ideas sometimes clear, and sometimes muddy,
In Betty rush'd with comfortable news——
“ Sir, Sir, I wish you joy, I wish you joy ——
“ Madam is brought to-bed of a fine boy——
“ As fine as ever stood in shoes.”

“ I'm glad on't, Betty,” cry'd the master——
“ I pray there may be no disaster;
“ All's with your mistress well, I hope?”
Quoth she, “ All's well as heart can well desire
“ With Madam and the fine young 'Squire;
“ So likewise says old Doctor Slop.”

Off Betty hurried fast as she could scour,
Fast and as hard as any horse
That trottesth fourteen miles an hour——
A pretty tolerable course.

Soon happy Betty came again,
Blowing with all her might and main;
Just like a grampus, or a whale;
In sounds, too, that would Calais reach from Dover——
“ Sir, Sir, more happy tidings; 'tis not over——
“ And Madam's brisker than a nightingale :

“ A

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" A fine young lady to the world is come,
 " Squawling away just as I left the room——
 " Sir, this is better than a good estate." [pate.
 " Humph," quoth the happy man, and scratch'd his

Now looking up—now looking down;
 Not with a smile, but somewhat like a frown——
 " Good God," says he, " why was not I a cock,
 " Who never feels of burd'ning brats the shock;
 " Who, Turk-like, struts amidst his madams picking,
 " Whilst to the hen belongs the care
 " To carry them to eat, or take the air,
 " Or bed beneath her wing the chicken?"

Just as this sweet soliloquy was ended,
 He found affairs not greatly mended;
 For in bounc'd Bet, her rump with rapture jiggling—
 " Another daughter, Sir—a charming child."——
 " Another!" cry'd the man, with wonder wild;
 " Zounds! Betty, ask your mistress if she's *pigging*."

THE PARSON-DEALER.

WHAT pity 'tis, in this our goodly land,
 That 'mongst the apostolic band,
 So ill-divided are the loaves and fishes!
 Archbishops, Bishops, Deans, and Deacons,
 With ruddy faces blazing just like beacons,
 Shall daily cram upon a dozen dishes;

Whilst

Whilst half th' inferior Caffocks think it well
Of beef and pudding ev'n to get the *smell*.

A plodding Hostler willing to be master,
And rise in this good world a little faster,
Left broom and manger at the old Blue Boar;
Meaning by *pars'ning* to support a table—
Lo, of Divines he kept a liv'ry stable—
A pretty stud indeed—about a score.

Of diff'rent colours were his Gospel hacks:—
Some few were whites, indeed—but many blacks:
That is, some tolerable—many sad:
And verily, to give the Devil his due,
The man did decency pursue,
Which shows he was not *quite* so bad.

For, lo! to dying persons of nobility,
He sent his parsons of gentility
To give the necessary pray'r—
To parting people of a mean condition,
Wanting a soul-physician,
He suited them with black-guards to a hair.

To such as were of mild disorders dying,
Viz. of the doctor, gouts, or stones, or gravels,
He sent *good* priests—of manners edifying—
To comfort finners on their travels:

But

But to low people in infectious fever,
Or any other dangerous one in vogue,
Such was his honesty, the man for ever
Most scrupulously sent a rogue.

In happen'd on a day when Fate was raging,
Crimp-like, for other regions, troops engaging,
When clergymen were busy all as bees ;
A poor old dying woman sent
To this same parson-monger compliment,
Begging a clergyman her soul to ease.

Unluckily but one was in the stall,
And *he* the very best of all !——
What should be done ?

Necessitas non habet leges——

So to the priest he goes and begs
That he would visit the Old Crone.

“ Sir,” quoth the parson, “ I agreed
“ To go to *gentlefolks* in time of need,
“ But not to ev’ry poor old lousy soul.”——
“ True,” cry’d the patron ; “ to be sure ’tis true ;
“ But, parson, do oblige me—prithee do——
“ Let’s put her decently into the hole :

“ All my black tribe, you know, are now abroad—
“ I’d do it, if I could, myself, by G-d ;

“ Then

" Then what a dickens can I do or say?—
 " Go, mumble, man, about a pray'r and half;
 " Tell the old b——ch her foul is safe;
 " Then take your fee and come away!!!”

BIENSÉANCE.

THERE is a little moral thing in France,
 Call'd by the natives *bienféance*;
 Much are the English mob inclin'd to scout it,
 But rarely is *Monsieur Canaille* without it.

To *bienféance* 'tis tedious to incline,
 In many cases;

To flatter, *par exemple*, keep smooth faces
 When kick'd, or suff'ring grievous want of coin.

To vulgars, *bienféance* may seem an oddity—
 I deem it a most portable commodity;

A sort of magic wand;
 Which, if 'tis us'd with ingenuity,
 Although an utensil of much tenuity,
 In place of something solid, it will stand.

For verily I've marvell'd times enow

To see an Englishman, the ninny,
 Give people for their services a guinea,

Which Frenchmen have rewarded with a bow.

Bows are a bit of *bienfiance*
Much practis'd too in that same France ;
Yet call'd by Quakers, children of inanity ;
But as they pay their court to peoples' vanity,
Like rolling-pins they smoothe where'er they go
The souls and faces of mankind like dough !
With some, indeed, may *bienfiance* prevail
To folly—see the under-written tale.

THE PETIT MAITRE,
AND THE
MAN ON THE WHEEL.

AT Paris sometime since, a murd'ring man,
A German, and a most unlucky chap,
Sad, stumbling at the threshold of his plan,
Fell into Justice's strong trap.

The bungler was condemn'd to grace the wheel,
On which the dullest fibres learn to feel ;
His limbs *secundum artem* to be broke
Amidst ten thousand people, p'rhaps, or more ;
Whenever Monsieur Ketch apply'd a stroke,
The culprit, like a bullock, made a roar.

A flippant *petit maitre* skipping by,
Stepp'd up to him, and check'd him for his cry—
“ Boh ! ”

" Boh!" quoth the German ; " an't I 'pon de wheel ?
 " D'ye tink my nerfs and bons can't feel ?"
 " Sir," quoth the beau ; " don't, don't be in a passion ;
 " I've nought to say about your situation ;
 " But making such a hideous noise in France,
 " Fellow, is contrary to *bienfiance*."

THE TRIUMPH OF ISIS ;

OR,

DR. CHAPMAN'S THESIS.

OXFORD'S Vice-Chancellor, a man
 Who fear'd the Lord, and lov'd the courtier clan,
 By virtue of his trade, a Thesis * order'd,
 Which curs'd the terrible assassination
 Intended for the Monarch of our nation
 By Marg'ret Nicholson, in mind disorder'd ;
 That likewise prais'd the royal peep
 On Oxford and the arts so deep.

So violent was Doctor Chapman's zeal,
 He quite forgot latinity and graces :
 Poor Priscian's head, whose wounds he cannot heal,
 Was broken in half a dozen places.

* A Latin Thesis is annually given out by the Vice-Chancellor for the subject of a Poem, and twenty pounds allotted to the prize candidate.

Yet tho' a simple Doctor, how amazing !
 He sat the University a blazing——
 Such was the kindling zeal that he inherits—
 A farthing candle in a cask of spirits !

Richards of Trinity, who won the prize,
 Now strutted victor forth with scornful eyes ;
 Bringing to mind the bards and tuneful dames
 Who vied for conquest at th' Olympic games.

Forth march'd, too, *Vice—videlicet*, the Doctor,
 Who, purring for preferment, flily *mouset*,
 Attended by each dog-whipper, call'd Proctor,
 And *eke* the heads and tails of all the houses.

Forth march'd the Nobles in their Sunday's geer ;
 Forth strutted, too, each beadle, like the Peer,
 With silver staffs, blue gowns, and velvet caps—
 A set of very pompous-looking chaps !

Whilst Hayes*, who sticks like stag-hound to a haunch,
 Mov'd on in all the majesty of paunch :
 To greet of all our ears the trembling drums
 The piper play'd ' The Conqu'ring Hero comes.'

Loud groan'd the organ through his hundred pipes,
 As if the poor machine had got the gripes ;
 As if, too, 'twas the organ's firm persuasions,
 He oft had roar'd on more sublime occasions.

* The organist.

Now Chapman took, 'midst great compeers his sta-
Crew open'd subject in a fair oration—— [tion—

Then clapp'd was Crew—to him applause was news—
Now 'gan the bard his poem to recite,
And, soaring, bade poor common sense good night,
So lofty were the pinions of his Muse!

Thick as the pattering hail his praises show'r—
So strong his Poetry's mechanic pow'r,
High mounts the Monarch by his tuneful lever;
His Muse's magnifying art so great,
Behold his George, an Alfred form complete;
Small Peg, Goliath, and her knife a cleaver!

Now back the fable bodies mov'd again,
Like beetles all so thick, a crawling host;
Whilst contemplation wrapp'd the loyal train,
Expecting by the next day's post,
To see their acts in pompous print display'd,
And wreathes of glory crown the cavalcade!

A SERIOUS REFLECTION.

HOW useless was th' above! each person grieves,
And, with the grieving Doctor, cries out shame,
That so much loyal zeal for nought should flame—
Not ev'n obtain a pair of coarse lawn sleeves,

Which poor Saint David giveth to support
The holy oil-of-fool men of a Court.

ODE TO PATIENCE.

SWEET daughter of Religion, modest fair,
Thy hands upon thy bosom so *tranquille*,
With eyes to Heav'n, with so divine an air,
So calmly smiling, so resign'd thy will;
Oh, sent to teach us, and our passions cool,
I wish thou hadst a little larger school.

Lo, man, so great his want of grace,
If he but cuts a pimple on his face
When shaving;
Like man bewitch'd he jumps about,
Kicks up a most infernal rout,
And seemeth absolutely raving;
And, lo, all this for want of thy tuition——
Thus travel souls of people to perdition!

Stand at my side, oh, stoic dame!——
On starling Martyn bid me cry out "shame,"
Instead of knocking the dull fellow down
When up the ninny-hammer starts to preach,
And impudently interrupts a speech
Of orators of fair and first renown,

Just

Just like the owl that scares the moonlight hour,
Whilst Philomela warbles from her bow'r.

And, oh ! attend me when my eyes
View dedications fill'd with fulsome lies,
In praise of *gen'rous* Queens and Kings ;
Heav'n swell the fountains of their hearts,
That seldom water the poor arts,
However sweetly adulation sings :

Eke, when I hear that stupid Parson H——
God's house with every nonsense fill,
And then with blasphemy each sentence cramm'd;
And when I hear th' impostor cry,
“ I've news, you raggamuffins, from the sky ;
“ I'm come to tell ye, that you'll all be d——n'd :
“ I'm come from God, ye strumpets—come from God—
“ I'm God Almighty's servant—hear my voice.”—
Which if it were so, would be vastly odd, [choice.
Since Heav'n would show bad judgment in the

Dead all his money-loving soul's desires,
When subtle Hawkesb'ry talks of patriot fires,
And yielding places up to save the nation ;
When of importance braggeth simple Leeds ;
When Gloster's far-fam'd wife for meekness pleads ;
And Glœ'ster's Duke breathes war and desolation ;

When Brudenell talks of elegance and ease ;
When Thurlow turns the first of devotees,

And

And to astound the million, builds a church;
 When royal folks of purest friendship boast,
 Make generosity their constant toast,
 Yet leave poor pining merit in the lurch;
 When wonders thro' his spy-glass Marlborough views,
 And sends to Banks the great, th' important news,
 Fresh from his *Cranium's* philosophic fogs;
 When Dick descants on any thing but croute,
 When Thomson ought performs beyond a scout,
 And Mawbey talks of any thing but hogs;
 Sweet PATIENCE, sooth me with thy faint-like note,
 Or, driv'n to madness, I shall cut my throat!

TO A NEST OF LORDS.

BEDCHAMBER utensils, you seem distress'd,
 And swear with horror that my rhymes molest
 Of certain folks so great the sweet repose;
 Running about with horrors, groans, and sighs,
 And floods, produc'd by onions, in your eyes,
 So strong your friendship, and so vast your woes!

Dear humming Lords, on friendship bray no more,
 Nor thus the bard's depravity deplore;
 Lo! like yourselves each man his trumpet bears,
 In tame credulity's wide-gaping ears,
 Of friendship the sublimity to sound——
 Friendship! in dictionaries only found!

Perchaunce,

Perchaunce, my Lords, in foreign parts you've been—
Perchaunce your optics fair Versailles have seen;

Likewise the Vatican, with all its state,
And *eke* th' Escorial, pride of Spain confest;
But, 'midst those scenes, did e'er your eye-balls blest
See a pig hanging in a gate?

If e'er you did this last great sight behold,
You need not, Lords, so sapient, to be told
What most untuneful notes the pris'ner makes:
Indeed the hog his mouth and lungs employs
In raising such ear-crucifying noise,
As if he really was transfix'd with flakes.

Now near him should there happen to be hogs
Passing their happy hours amidst the bogs,
Grunting soft things to their own flesh and blood;
That is, unto their sweethearts and their brides,
Lying like antient Romans on their sides,
And dining on the dainties of the mud;

Forgetting love, and dainty mud so fatt'ning,
In which they had been batt'ning,
Up leaps the herd of swine for his protection;
Just like the herd that had the devil,
Away they scamper, all so civil,
Resolving or to free him or to die——
Such is of swine the friendly quality,
Altho' proverbial for brutality!

But

But when at Newgate to be hung,
A Christian pours a dying song,
I grant that numbers hasten to the wretch,
Most pig-like—but, alas! lift not a hand
To keep him longer in the land,
And snatch him from the talons of Jack Ketch.

No; on the contrary, so fond their eyes
Of seeing how a brother dies,
I, from the bottom of my soul, believe
They would not wish him a reprieve.

Thus, were your good friend Pitt condemn'd to
Nay, ev'n were *greater people* I could name [swing—
For whom with goodly zeal you seem to flame—
I don't believe you'd wish to cut the string,
Were you but tolerably sure
The next in pow'r would give you six-pence more.

Learn then, my Lords, (tho' with contempt you treat
Friendship from hogs, as well as eat 'em. ['em)
At length my subjects end, and now
To Folly let me make my best Court bow—
O Goddess, still monopolize the GREAT:
Then oft, to please the palate of the times,
The Muse shall ride to market with her rhymes,
And thrive upon her Helicon estate.

EXPOSTULATORY ODES

TO A
GREAT DUKE
AND A
LITTLE LORD.

——— Torrens dicendi copia multis,
Et sua mortifera est facundia !——

JUVENAL.

Full many a Wight hath suffer'd for a Song,
And curs'd his volubility of Tongue.

That PETER may not THUS have Cause to say
With JUVENAL, poor Fellow, let us pray

O D E I.

MOST noble Peers, there goes an odd report,
That you, prime fav'rites of an *honest* court,
Are hunting treason 'midst my publications—
Hunting, like blood-hounds, with the keenest noses,
Which hound-like hunting nat'rally supposes
The bard dares satirize the King of Nations.

Ye

Ye sharp state moufers, with your watering jaws,
 God keep me from the vengeance of your claws :
 An Asiatic fight may be renew'd ;
 What feathers flying, what a field of blood,
 'Twixt falcon Burke and Sheridan, so brave,
 And heron Hastings, such a dainty dish,
 So wont to cram on Asiatic fish,
 The largest, fattest of the eastern wave !

Yes, yes, I hear that you have watch'd my note,
 And wish'd to squeeze my tuneful throat ;
 When Thurlow your designs most wisely scouted,
 Swearing the poet should not yet be knouted.

Thus when grimalkin in its cage espies
 A linnet or canary-bird, so sweet ;
 The scoundrel lifts, so sanctified, his eyes,
 Contriving how the warbler's back to greet :

He squints, and licks his lips, stalks round, and round,
 Twinkling with mischief fraught his tyger tail ;
 Now on his rump he sits, in thought profound,
 Looks up with hungry wishes to assail ;
 When sudden enters master with a roar,
 And kicks the scheming murderer to the door.

O D E II.

RIGHT honest watch-dogs of the State,
 I like to smile at Kings, but treason hate——

Most

Most busy Jenkinson, Bute's once best friend,
A praise that stamps a character divine!
Believe not thus the Poet can offend;
Ye gods! can Peter pour th' unloyal line?

I Peter, perpetrate so foul a thing!
I offer mischief to so good a King!
Now be it known to all the realms around,
I would not lose my liege for twenty pound!

Mild Osborne, softer than the down of goose,
I beg you will not let suspicion loose——
If so—of history I'll turn compiler——
Divulge some tame amours with Mistress C-yl-r:
So tame, indeed, so singularly stupid,
As gave a blush to little pimping Cupid!

O Heav'ns! can Jenkinson and Osborne long,
Foes to the Muse, to cut out Peter's tongue?
Arm'd with the Jove-like thunders of the crown,
To knock with those dread bolts a simple Poet down?

Lo! into Life against my will I tumbled,
And, says my nurse, I made a horrid clatter;
Kick'd, sprawl'd, and sputter'd, gap'd, and cried, and
grumbled,
Quite angry, seemingly, with Mother Nature;

Who, *queen-like*, thinking all she does is right,
Against my wishes lugg'd me into light:

And what is harder, and worse manners still,
She'll kick me out of it against my will.

Yet since on this world's theatre I'm thrown,
Which with my temper now begins to suit ;
And since its *drama* pleases, I must own
I should be sorry to remain a mute ;
Inclin'd to say, like Beckford *, undeterr'd,
“ By G—— I'll speak, and d-mme I'll be heard.”

My Lords, I fain would live a little longer,
For lo ! desire, as to a bosom wife,
Undoubtedly the greatest bliss of life,
Hath taken deeper root and stronger.

Would HE who made the world look down, and say,
“ Peter, wil't live on earth a thousand years ?”
“ Lord, Lord,” I should delighted roar away,
“ Ten thousand, if to thee it meet appears.”
“ So long ! what for ?” the Deity might cry ;
“ O great Divinity,” quoth I,
“ A thousand reasons ; principally one,
“ To see the present Prince of Wales,

* The House of Commons frequently resounded with those emphatic expressions of the late angry patriotic alderman, when gentlemen, by scraping, hemming, coughing, and groaning, (to adopt the phraseology of my old friend Dr. Johnson,) meant to oppugn the impetuosity of pecuniary arrogance, and annihilate the ebullition of pertinacious loquacity.

“ Whom

" Whom many an aspic tongue assails,
 " Aloft on Britain's envied throne.
 " Where half the monarchs that have sat before
 " Have only fat to eat, and drink, and snore;
 " To d——n the credit of the age,
 " And load with folly hist'ry's blushing page."

And, Jenkinson, should thy hard face behold

A GEORGE the FOURTH upon the throne,

Adieu at once thy age of gold!

Behold thy hopes of higher honours gone!

Then get thyself an Earldom quick, quick, quick,

For fear of Fortune's wild vagaries;

Thus shall thy daughters all, like mushrooms thick,

Rise Lady JOANS and MADGES, NELLs and MARY's.

ODE III.

I OWN I love the PRINCE—his virtues charm—

I know the youth receiv'd from Heav'n a heart:

In friendship's cause I know his bosom warm,

That maketh *certain folk* with wonder start.

'Tis true that from my soul the man I hate,

Immerf'd in mammon, and by mis'ry got;

Who, to complete his dinner, licks his plate,

And wishes to have ev'ry thing for nought:

B B 2

Who

Who if he gam'd, the dice would meanly cog ;
 Rob the blind beggar's scrip, and starve his dog—
 And that there are such wretches near a throne,
 Degraded nature tells it with a groan.

Perdition catch the money-grasping wretch,
 With hook-like fingers ever on the stretch ;
 Who, fighting, vents on charity a curse,
 That asks for WANT a penny from his purse :

The heart that lodges in that miser's breast,
 For money feels the hunger of the shark ;
 Resembling, too, the rusty iron chest
 That holds his idol—close, and hard, and dark.

Give me the youth who dares at times unbend,
 And scorning Moderation's prude-like stare,
 Can to her teeth, and to the world, declare,
 Ebriety a merit with a friend.

When friendship draws the corks, and bids the dome
 With mirth and fallies of the soul resound :
 When friendship bids the bowl o'erflowing foam,
 Till morning eyes the board with plenty crown'd ;
 Behold the VIRTUES that sublimely soar,
 Instead of meanly d—n—g, cry, "*Encore.*"

ODE

O D E IV.

WITH you, my Lords, I'm ev'ry thing that's evil;
There's scarce a crime I've not committed;
The very essence of the devil;
Deserving by the dæmon to be spitted;

Just like a turkey, goose, or duck,
Prepar'd by Joan the cook to go to fire;
So wanton have you both been pleas'd to pluck
The swan that imitates his Theban fire.

Of ev'ry quality am I bereft,
Not ev'n the shadow of a virtue left;
Not one small moral feather in my wings,
When dead, to lift me to the King of Kings.

My Lords, beware—by mouthing oft my name
Unwisely, you may d——n me into fame:
By letting thus your spleen on PETER loose
He builds triumphal arches on abuse!

In vain the Bard turns oculist, and tries
To purge the film from this world's darken'd eyes:
In vain to Printers and to Printer's devils
I fly, and advertise to cure King's Evils:
With huge contempt you look on me, alack!
My *nostrums* curse, and call the Bard a quack.

In general, authors are such coward things,
 They fear to speak their sentiments of Kings,
 Till those same Kings are dead, and then the crowd,
 Just like a pack of hounds, historian, bard,
 With throats of thunder run his mem'ry hard,
 And try to tear him piece-meal from his shroud.

Now, if we wish a Monarch to reclaim,
 In God's name let us speak before he's dead,
 Or else 'tis ten to one we miss our aim,
 By staying till the Fates have cut his thread :
 After this operation of their knife,
 I ne'er knew reformation in my life.

And yet, what is the greatest King when dead,
 When dust and worms his eyes and ears o'erspread,
 And low he lies beneath the stone ?
 The man who millions call'd his own,
 Howe'er his spectre may be willing,
 Cannot give change t'ye for a shilling !

O D E V.

YOUR taunting voices now, my Lords, I hear,
 And thus they grate the Poet's loyal ear :

“ Bard, we are both superior to thy lays——

“ Deaf to thy censure, and despise thy praise.

“ Know

“ Know that our Monarch lifts his head sublime,
“ Beyond the reach of grov’ling rhyme,
“ An Atlas hiding ’midst the thickest clouds;
“ Whilst thou, a beetle, doom’d to buz below,
“ In circles, envious rambling to and fro,
“ Survey’st the shining mist his head that shrouds.

“ Thy rhymes, insulting Kings with pigmy pride,
“ Are like the sea’s mad waves that make a pother,
“ Wild rushing on some promontory’s side,
“ One noisy blockhead following another.
“ The stately promontory seems to say,
“ Aspiring fools, go back again, go home :
“ At once the shoulder’d bullies dash’d away,
“ Sink from his stately side in fruitless foam.

“ Thou, with rabscallions like thyself,
“ A poor opiniated elf,
“ Letting on Kings thy pen licentious loose,
“ Art like an impudent lane goose,
“ Who as the trav’ler calmly trots along,
“ Starts from amongst his flock, an ill-bred throng,
“ Waddling with pok’d-out neck, and voice so coarse,
“ As if to swallow up the man and horse :

“ With rumpl’d feathers to the steed he steals,
“ And, like a coward, snaps him by the heels ;
“ Then to his gang without stretch’d pinions hobbling,
“ The fool erect returns *Te Deum* gobbling,

“ And

“ And from each brother’s greeting gullet draws
 “ The mingl’d triumph of a coarse applause,
 “ As if the trotting enemies were beaten,
 “ And man and palfrey kill’d and eaten.

“ Poor rogue, thou hast not got the trifling spirit
 “ To own thy King e’er did one act of merit.”

My Lords, with great submission to your sense,
 Giving the lie, yet hoping no offence;
 An act is his my heart with rapture hails——
 George gave the world the Prince of Wales;
 A Prince, who when he fills Old England’s throne,
 The virtues and fair science shall surround it;
 And when he quits the sceptre, all shall own
 He left it as *unfully’d* as he found it.

O D E VI.

GREAT was the Bard’s desire to sing the Queen,
 Vast in her soul, majestic in her mien;
 But fierce George Hardinge * swore if pens or pen
 Of woman, women, man, or men,

* Solicitor to the Queen.

In

In any wise or shape, in ode or tale,
Dar'd mention that superior Lady, lo !
The law should deal them *such* a blow ! —
Hang, pill'ry, or confine for life in jail !

And as a kite, on whom the small birds stare,
That tow'ring critic of the air,
Is oft beset by tribes of rooks and crows,
Amidst the crystal fields of heav'n ;
By whose hard beaks and wings, no common foes,
Sad knocks to gentle kite are giv'n ;

Surrounded thus amidst that lofty hall,
Nam'd Westminster, the gentle Bard
Might of the fable legions taste the gall :
He therefore wisely means to play his card :
The Poet's *quidlibet audendi* waves,
And thus his hide an old companion saves.

Ah, me ! the legislators of Parnassus,
In liberty, though Englishmen, surpass us !
What's found at Hippocrene, the Poet's SPA,
Is not at Westminster found law !

Parnassus never with rare Genius wars ;
But aiding, lifts his head to strike the stars :
At Westminster how different is his fate !
Where, if he soars sublime, and boldly sings,
The shears of law, like Fate's, shall snip his wings,
And bid him warble through an iron grate.

Perchaunce

Perchaunce law-neckcloths, form'd of deal or oak,
 Like marriage, often an unpleasant yoke,
 Shall rudely hug his harmless throat,
 And stop his Apollonian note,
 The empire of fair poetry o'erturning,
 And putting every Muse in mourning.

O D E VII.

YOU tell me both, with grievous malice carping,
 On one dull tune eternally I'm harping——

You would have said to MILTON just the same ;
 Who through twelve books the head of Satan maul'd—
 Such names the prince of darkness call'd,

As must have made you roar out shame.

You would (or greatly I mistake) have said,

“ What! Milton, always plaguing the poor Devil,
 “ For ever beating Nick about the head ;
 “ How can'st thou be so dev'lishly uncivil?

“ Was not *one* book sufficient for thy spleen,
 “ But must thou to a mummy beat him,
 “ And, like a pick-pocket, so barb'rous treat him,
 “ Through books a dozen or fourteen?”

“ Suppose

Suppose these things you could have mutter'd,
And glorious MILTON, like a ninny,
Had answer'd, "There is sense and reason in ye—
"Thank ye, kind Gentlemen, for all you've utter'd;
"The hint you offer not amiss is;
"I'll tear my Paradise to pieces."

Suppose I ask you what had been the evil?
Believe me, something to the world's sad cost——
By such civility to spare the Devil,
My Lords, a second Illiad had been lost.

Thus from poor Peter take the GREAT away;
Of fun you rob him of cart-loads——
What would his customers all do and say?
P'rhaps curse you for the loss of Odes.

You'll say, "Let satire meaner subjects look."
Well, JENKY *, grant my satire flies at you,
Who'd buy my melancholy vulgar book?——
Adieu, fair Fame, and Fortune's smiles adieu!

But if we, daring, trim a royal jacket,
Lord! what a buying, reading, what a racket!
How spruce the metamorphos'd Bard appears!
With what a confidence he pricks his ears!
Who just before, in piteous chop-fall'n plight,
Look'd of the woeful face, LA MANCHA'S KNIGHT!

* Here seemeth to be a contradiction; but when the reader is informed that JENKY cannot without mockery be ranked amongst the GREAT, the mystery stands explained.

Who

Who runs to see a monkey in a trap ?

But let the noble lion grace the gin,
Lo ! the whole world is out to see him snap,
To hear him growl, and triumph o'er his grin !

Cut off the head of a great Lord,
Not wiser than the head of a great goose,
Tow'r-Hill at once with gapers will be stor'd,
As if the world was all broke loose :

But when a little villain haps to swing,
What a poor solitary fling !
How few by curiosity are fetch'd
To see the rope of justice stretch'd !

Scarce any but the hangman and the priest
To do their duty at the culprit's side,
With hemp and pray'rs his neck and soul assist,
And wish the lonely traveller a good ride.

O D E VIII.

HARK ! hark ! I hear you courtier pair exclaim,
“ This Peter is the most audacious dog ;
“ The fellow has no rev'rence for a name——
“ A King to him is scarce above a log.”

Sometimes

Sometimes *below* * a log, Sirs, if you please ;
A bold assertion, to be prov'd with ease.

But, goodly Gentlemen, I do desire ye,
T'avoid in this affair minute enquiry
Concerning their respective merit ;
I fear less prudence will be seen than spirit ;
Logs universally are useful things ;
A *postulatum* not allow'd to Kings.

“ For us on Honour's pinnacle,” you cry,
“ Whose heads are nearly level with the sky,
“ High basking in the blaze of regal pow'r ;
“ This Peter, seldom from rank pride exempt,
“ Calls us, with scowling eyes of fix'd contempt,
“ A pair of Jackdaws perch'd upon a tow'r.

“ Archbishops, bishops, servants of the Lord,
“ Head servants, too, who preach the purest word,
“ With waving hands enforcing goodly matter,
“ No more by him, the scorner, are accounted,
“ Than sweepers on their chimnies mounted,
“ That wield their brush, and to the vulgar chatter.”

True, my dear Lords—for merit only warm,
Rank and fine trappings long have ceas'd to charm—
And yet, their eyes the stupid million bless,
For barely getting fights of rank and dress !

* A few foreign Monarchs justify the Poet's assertion.

When judges a campaigning go,
 And on their benches look so big,
 What gives them consequence, I trow,
 Is nothing but a bushel wig :

Yet bumpkins, gaping with a bullock stare,
 See learning lodg'd in ev'ry hair.
 But heads, not hair, my admiration draw ;
 Not wigs, but wisdom, strikes *my* soul with awe.

O D E IX.

THE man who printeth his poetic fits,
 Into the Public's mouth his head commits ;
 Too oft a lion's mouth with danger full,
 Or flaming mouth of PHALARIS's bull ;
 He pours the sad repentant groan in vain,
 The cruel world but giggles at his pain.

For, lo ! our world, so savage in its nature,
 Would rather see a fellow under water,
 Or, from the attic story of a house

Fall down fouse

Upon a set of cursed iron spikes ;
 Than see him with the blooming lass he likes,
 Elest on a yielding bed of down or roses,
 Where LOVE's fond couples often join their noses.

Upon

Upon me what a host I've got !
Who by their black abuses boil their pot.
Ay, that's the reason—wide-mouth'd hunger calls,
And from the hollows of each stomach bawls !

Thus the poor silk-worms, born to bless mankind,
 Whilst for the shiv'ring world the robe they spin,
In ev'ry ring a thousand insects find,
 Gnawing voraciously their harmless skin.

And thus the lambs whose useful fleeces treat
 With coats and blankets people of all stations,
By preying maggots are beset,
 Harb'ring whole stinking nations ;
Which from their backs the crows so kindly pick,
Enough to make a Christian sick.

Oh, would some critic crow but eat the pack
Now nestling in my lyric back,
That daily in their hosts increase,
And try to spoil the finest fleece.

Why am I persecuted for my rhymes,
That kindly try to cobble Kings and times ?

To mine, Charles Churchill's rage was downright
He was a first rate man of war to *me*, [rancour.
Thund'ring amidst a high tempestuous sea ;
I'm a small cock-boat bobbing at an anchor ;
Playing with patereroes that alarm,
Yet scorn to do a bit of harm.

My satire's blunt—his boasted a keen edge—
A sugar-hammer mine—but his a blacksmith's sledge!

And then *that* Junius!—what a scalping fellow;
Who dar'd such treason and sedition bellow!

Compar'd to them, whose pleasure 'twas to stab,
Lord! I'm a melting medlar to a crab!

My humour of a very diff'rent sort is—
Their satire's horrid hair-cloth, mine is silk—
I'm a pretty nipperkin of milk;

They too enormous jugs of *aqua fortis*.

Compar'd to their high floods of foaming satire,
My rhyme's a rill—a thread of murmuring water;
A whirlwind they, that oaks like stubble heaves,—
I, zephyr whisp'ring, sporting through the leaves.

And such all candid people must conclude it—
The world should say of Peter Pindar's strain,
“ In *him* the courtly Horace lives again—
“ *Circum præcordia Petrus ludit.*”

Which easy scrap of Latin thus I render—

No man by Peter's verse is harshly bitten;
Like lambkins bleats the Bard so sweet and tender,
And playful as the sportive kitten.

So chaste his *smiles*, so soft his style,
That ev'n his bitt'rest enemies should smile;

He

He biddeth not his verse in thunder roar——
 His lines perpetual summer—sun-shine weather——
 He tickles only—how can he do more,
 Whose only instrument's a feather ?

O D E X.

LIKE children, charm'd with Praise's sugar'd song,
 How much the Great admire the cringing throng ;
 And how most *lovingly* the men they hate,
 Who to the stubborness of conscience born,
 Tenacious of the rights of Nature, scorn
 To hold the center to the nose of State !

Too many a weak-brain'd man, and silly dame,
 Are made ridiculous by fulsome fame ;
 Rais'd on high pedestals in rich attire,
 For half the globe to laugh at, not admire.

You bid the Bard in panegyric shine ;
 With courtly adulation load the line :
 Sirs, adulation is a fatal thing ——
 Rank poison for a subject, or a King.

My Lords, I do declare that it requires
 A brain well fortify'd to bear great flatt'ries ;
 Such very dangerous mask'd batt'ries !
 That keep on great men's brains such ceaseless fires!

I hope that God will give such great men grace
To know the gen'ral weaknefs of the place.

Pray do not fancy what I utter strange——
The love of flatt'ry is the foul's rank mange,
Which, though it gives such tickling joys,
Instead of doing service, it destroys :
Just as the mange to lap-dogs' skins apply'd,
Though pleasing, spoils the beauty of the hide.

A sonnet now and then to please the fair,
With flatt'ry spic'd a little, does no harm——
That talks of flames, perfections, hope, despair,
And hyperbolically paints each charm.

P'rhaps to a fault at times, my Muse's art,
By admiration swell'd, hath soar'd too high ;
But Cynthia knew the lover's partial art,
And chid her poet for the tuneful lie.

Perhaps too loud the Bard hath struck the lyre ;
And when th' enthusiast, with a lover's fire,
More bright than angels, gave the nymph to glow ;
By Truth's delightful dictates solely sway'd,
Ought of his fav'rite Cynthia to have said,
“ She triumphs only o'er the world *below*.”

ODE

O D E XI.

MY Lords, I won't consent to be a bug,
To batten in the royal rug,
And on the backs of Monarchs meanly crawl,
And more, my Lords, I hope I never shall.
Yet certain vermin I can mention, love it,
You know the miserables that can *prove* it.
I cannot, Papist-like, (a dupe to Kings,)
Create divinities from wooden things.

Somewhere in Asia—I forget the place——
Ceylon I think it is—Yes, yes, I'm right;
There Kings are deem'd of heav'nly race,
And blasphemy it is their pow'r to flight.

Like crouching spaniels down black Lords must lie;
Whene'er admitted to the Royal eye,
And say, whene'er the mighty Monarch chats,
To those black Lords about their wives and brats,
That happen in the world to tumble;
“Dread Sire, your slave and bitch my wife,
“Hath brought to blefs your dog so humble,
“One, two, three, four, five puppies into life;
“All subject to your god-like will and pow'r,
“To hang or drown in half an hour.”

This is too fervile, I must dare confess——
“Twixt man and man the diff'rence should be less.

I own

I own I brought two wond'ring eyes to town,
Got bent by mobs my ribs like any hoop,
To see the mighty man who wore a crown——
To see the man to whom great courtiers stoop.

Much had I read, which *certés* some time since is,
My Bible so replete with Kings and Princes,
And thought Kings taller than my parish steeple;
I thought too, which was natural enough,
Jove made their skins of very diff'rent stuff
From that which clothes the bones of common people.

But mark! by staring, gaping ev'ry day,
The edge of admiration wore away,
Like razors' edges rubb'd against a stone;
Kings ceas'd to be such objects of devotion,
I saw the beings soon without emotion,
And thought like mine their bodies flesh and bone.

Like many thousands, I was weak enough
To think Jove kept a soul and body shop——
Like mercers had variety of stuff,
For such whose turn it was to be made up;

And that he treated with great liberality
Folks born to figure in the line of quality;
Giving souls superfine, and bones and bloods,
In short, the choicest of celestial goods:

But

But on the lower classes when employ'd,
 It struck me, that he work'd with much *sang froid*,
 Not caring one brass farthings for the chaps ;
 Forming them just as girls themselves amuse
 In making work-bags, pincushions, and shoes——
 VIDELICET—from scraps.

Now can't I give a thimble-full of praise,
 E'en to an Emp'ror, if uncrown'd by merit ;
 A starving principle, 'faith, now-a-days,
 And unconnected with the courtier's spirit——
 You, Sirs, I think, can give it with a ladle,
 And rock of grinning idiotism the cradle.

O D E XII.

SO much abus'd, I lose my lyric merit——
 Evaporated half its spirit ;
 Reduc'd from alcohol to phlegm :
 From solid pudding to whipp'd cream !

There was a time when not one bit afraid
 Of ought the people roar'd, or sung, or said ;
 I carelessly my fav'rite trade pursu'd ;
 Invok'd Apollo, and the Muses woo'd :
 And with the stoicism that soothes a stone,
 I sat me down and pick'd my mutton-bone.

Thus

Thus when amidst the tumbling world of waves
 The cloud-wrapp'd Genius of the tempest raves,
 And 'midst the hurrying mafs of fpecter'd gloom,
 FATE mounted on the wild wing of the blaft,
 Shouts defolation through the twilight wafte,
 And, thund'ring, threats a fyftem's doom;

Lo! with light wing a gull the billows fweeps,
 Sports on the ftorm, and mocks the bellowing deeps;
 Now on the mountain furge compos'd he fquats,
 Adjusts his feathers, and looks round for fprats.

I now may fay, with righteous David, "Lord,
 " With foes I'm fore encompass'd about;"
 And rhyme like Sternhold, once for verfe ador'd,
 " I wote not when I fhall get out;
 " So craftily the heathen me affail,
 " My canticle doth not a whit avail."

Lo! almoft every one at Peter's head
 Levels his blunderbufs, and takes a pop——
 Bounce on my dear *os frontis* falls the lead,
 But harmlefs yet, thank God! I've feen it drop:

Yet by and by fome lucklefs fhott
 May knock about the brains of tuneful Peter——
 Thoufands will fmile to fee him go to pot,
 And mock him in his grave with fhamelefs metre:
 Not

Not so our gracious King and Queen, I know it—
They've pity, if not pence to give a poet.

Patient as Job, when Satan all so vile,
 Betting his skin against the Lord's,
Adding a most contemptuous smile,
 As well as most indecent words,
Cover'd the man of UZ with boils,
At which with horror ev'ry heart recoils :

Yes, patient as the man of UZ am I,
Though forc'd on envy's burning coals to fry.

Seek I the court?—Lords, Lordlings fly the place—
The ladies, too, so full of loyal grace,
 Turn their gay backs when there I show my head;
As happen'd at St. James's t'other day,
When up the stairs I took my solemn way,
And fill'd the fine dress'd gentlefolks with dread.

Off Brudenell flew, and with his star so blazing ;
 Off flew the frighten'd Sir John Dick, so stout,
Who won his blazing star by means amazing—
 By manufacturing four crout.

Off flew with this great crout-composing Dick,
Thompson and Salisb'ry, Harcourt, and Gold-stick ;
Such was the terror at the man of rhymes,
As though he enter'd to divulge their crimes.

Thus

Thus on a bank upon a summer's day,
Of some fair stream of East or Western Ind,
When puppies join in wanton play,
Free from the slightest fear of being skimm'd;

If from that stream, which all so placid flows,
A sly old alligator pokes his nose;
P'rhaps with a wish to taste a slice of cur;
At once the dogs are off upon the spur;
Nor once behind them cast a courtly look,
To compliment the monarch of the brook.

O D E XIII.

DESERTED in my utmost need by Fate,
Like fam'd Darius, great and good;
Fall'n, fall'n, poor fellow, from a large estate; [food!
Forc'd, forc'd to brouse, like goats, the lanes for

Alas! deserted quite by ev'ry friend;
And what than friendship can be sweeter?
Lo! not a soul will kind assistance lend;
Lo! ev'ry puppy lifts his leg at Peter!

Like some lone insulated rock am I,
Where 'midst th' Atlantic vast, old Æol' raves;
Shook by the thunders of each angry sky,
And roll'd on by the rushing world of waves!

So

So hard, indeed, the critic tempest blows,
I scarce can point against the gale my nose——
A storm more violent was never seen !
So dread the war !—indeed it must be dread,
When from his shop John Nichols pops his head,
And pours the thunders of his Magazine.

For heavier artill'ry ne'er was play'd :——
And yet, not all th' artill'ry is his own ;
Hayley, a close ally, in ambuscade
Behind, assists the war of furious John.

John Nichols, with Will. Hayley for his 'Squire,
Are serious things, howe'er the world may laugh—
And therefore dread I much to face the fire
Of this intrepid *Hudibras* and *Ralph*.

You too, my Lords, combin'd with those dread foes
To tear the bard to pieces for his rhymes,
Is very cruel, Heav'n well knows,
And does no sort of credit to the times.

Yet let me feel myself—I'm not yet dead,
Though maul'd so terribly about the head :
By Printers Devils and allies surrounded :
P'rhaps, like the Prussian Monarch, I may rise
Herculean, to the world's surprise,
And see my enemies confounded.

Full many a cock hath won ten pound,
 Though seeming dead, stretch'd out amidst the pit—
 Leap'd up, and giv'n his foe a fatal wound——
 Then why not mine, ye Gods, the lucky hit?

O D E XIV.

WITH your good leave, my Lords, I'll now take mine,
 Not deem'd, *perchaunce*, a poet quite divine——

Perchaunce with beasts at Ephesus I've warr'd,
 Like that prodigious orator St. Paul,
 And for my stanzas, p'rhaps both great and small,
 You kindly wish me feather'd well, and tarr'd.

You think I loathe the name of King, no doubt—
 Indeed, my Lords, you never were more out :

I am not of that envious class of elves ;
 Though Dame M'Auley turns on Kings her tail ;
 With great *respect* the sacred names I hail,
 That is, of Monarchs who *respect* themselves.

But should they act with meanness, or like fools,
 The Muse shall place a fool's cap on their skulls.

Stubborn as many a King, indeed, I am——
 That is, as stubborn as a halter'd ram :

A change in Peter's life you must not hope :

To try to wash an ass's face,
 Is really labour to misplace ;

And really loss of time, as well as sope.

ODE

O D E XV.

PRAY let me laugh, my Lords, I must, I will—
 My Lords, my laughing muscles can't lie still :
 Unpolish'd in the supple schools of France,
 I cannot burst to pleasure complaisance.

Care to our coffin adds a nail, no doubt ;
 And ev'ry grin, so merry, draws one out :
 I own I like to laugh, and hate to sigh,
 And think that risibility was giv'n
 For human happiness, by gracious heav'n,
 And that we came not into life to cry :

To wear long faces, just as if our Maker,
 The God of goodness, was an undertaker,
 Well pleas'd to wrap the soul's unlucky mien
 In sorrow's dismal crape or bombasin.

Methinks I hear the Lord of Nature say,
 " Fools, how you plague me ! go, be wise, be gay ;
 " No tortures, penances, your God requires—
 " Enjoy, be lively, innocent, adore,
 " And know that Heav'n hath not one angel more
 " In consequence of groaning nuns and friars.
 " Heav'n never took a pleasure or a pride
 " In starving stomachs, or a horsewhipp'd hide.

“ Mirth be your motto—merry be your heart ;
“ Good laughs are pleasant inoffensive things ;
“ And if their follies happen to divert,
“ I shall not quarrel at a joke on Kings.”

O D E XVI.

IF Monarchs (the suggestion, p'rhaps, of liars)
Turn housebreakers, and rob the nuns and friars ;
Steal pictures, crucifixes, heav'nly chattels,
To purchase swords and guns and fowls for battles :

In spite of all the world may say and think,
If Empresses will punk-like kiss and drink :

If Kings will sell the hares and boars they kill,
And snipe and partridge blood for mammon spill,
Denying thus themselves a dainty dish,
And go themselves to market with their fish :

Pleas'd with the vulgar herd to join their name,
If Kings, ambitious of a blacksmith's fame,
Not wondrously ambitious in their views,
Instead of mending empires, make horse-shoes :

Dead to fair science, if to vagrant hogs,
To toymen, conjurors, and dancing dogs,
Great Princes, pleas'd, a patronage extend ;
Whilst modest genius pines without a friend :

Dismissing

Dismissing grandeur as an idle thing,
 If on bob wigs, slouch'd hats, and thread-bare coats,
 Upon vulgarity a Monarch doats,

More pleas'd to look a coachman than a King :

If with their bullocks Kings delight to battle ;

On hard horse-chestnuts make them dine and sup,
 Resolv'd to starve the nice-mouth'd cattle

Until they eat the chestnuts up ;

Poor fellows, from the nuts who turn away,

And think it devilish hard they can't have hay :

If Kings will mount old houses upon rollers,

Converting sober mansions into strollers,

Heraclitus's gravity can't bear it——

I must laugh out, and all the world must hear it.

O D E XVII.

JUST one word more, my Lords, before we part——

Do not vow vengeance on the tuneful art ;

'Tis very dang'rous to attack a poet——

Also ridiculous—the end would show it.

Though not to *write*—to *read* I hear you're able :—

Read, then, and learn instruction from a fable.

THE PIG AND MAGPIE,

A FABLE.

COCKING his tail, a saucy prig,

A Magpie hopp'd upon a Pig,

To pull some hair, forsooth, to line his nest ;
And with such ease began the hair attack,
As thinking the fee-simple of the back

Was by himself, and not the Pig, posselt.

The Boar look'd up as thunder black to Mag,
Who, squinting down on him like an arch wag,
Inform'd Mynheer some bristles must be torn ;
Then busy went to work, not nicely culling ;
Got a good handsome beakfull by good pulling,
And flew without a " Thank ye " to his thorn.

The Pig set up a dismal yelling ;
Follow'd the robber to his dwelling,
Who, like a fool, had built it 'midst a bramble :
In manfully be sallied, full of might,
Determin'd to obtain his right,
And midst the bushes now began to scramble.

He drove the Magpie, tore his nest to rags,
And, happy on the downfall, pour'd his brags :
But ere he from the brambles came, alack !
His ears and eyes were miserably torn,
His bleeding hide in such a plight forlorn,
He could not count ten hairs upon his back.

This is a pretty tale, my Lords, and pat :
To folks like you, so clever, *verbum sat*.

THE
LOUSIAD,
 AN
 HEROI-COMIC POEM.
 CANTO IV.

THE ARGUMENT.

MORNING AND MAJESTY GET OUT OF BED TOGETHER—A MOST SOLEMN AND PATHETIC ADDRESS TO THE MUSE, WITH RESPECT TO OMENS—A SERIOUS COMPLAINT AGAINST THE OMENS FOR THEIR NON-APPEARANCE ON SO IMPORTANT AN OCCASION—THE WIVES AND DAUGHTERS OF THE COOKS SEEK THE PALACE, TO ENCOURAGE THEIR HUSBANDS—A BEAUTIFUL COMPARISON OF COCKS AND MENS—THE DISMAY OF THE COOKS—THE NATURAL HISTORY OF EYES—MISTER RAMUS ENTERS THE KITCHEN—MISTER RAMUS IS PRAISED FOR DEXTERITY IN SHAVING MAJESTY—MISTER RAMUS'S CONSEQUENCE WITH MAJESTY SUPERIOR TO THAT OF GREAT MINISTERS—MISTER RAMUS'S NAMBY-PAMBY NAME BILLY, GIVEN BY MAJESTY—THE DREAD OCCASIONED BY MISTER RAMUS'S APPEARANCE AMONGST THE COOKS—MISTER SECKER, CLERK OF THE KITCHEN, ENTERS IN A PASSION—MISTER SECKER THREATENS TREMENDOUSLY—A WIFE OF ONE OF THE COOKS NOBLY ANSWERS MISTER SECKER, AND VOWS OPPOSITION—MISTER SECKER REPLIES WITH ASTONISHMENT, VOCIFERATION, AND THREAT—THE HEROINE'S REJOINER TO MISTER RAMUS, WITH MUCH SARCASM—MISTER SECKER GROWETH VERY WROTH—STUDIETH REVENGE—PRUDENCE APPEARETH TO HIM, AND ADMINISTERETH

NISTERETH GREAT AND WHOLESOME ADVICE—PRUDENCE BECALMETH THE CLERK OF THE KITCHEN—A SECOND HEROINE APPEARETH, SPELCHIFIETH, AND THREAT-ENETH—SLILY ALLUDETH TO THE IMMENSE WEALTH OF MALE MAJESTY, AND THE HEAPS OF DIAMONDS BELONGING TO FEMALE MAJESTY—PRAISETH HER HUSBAND'S CLEANLINESS, AND DENIETH A LOUSE EXISTENCE IN HIS HEAD, AND SQUINTETH AT MISTER SECKER AS THE PROBABLE OWNER OF THE ANIMAL—MISTER SECKER RAGETH A SECOND TIME—ONE OF THE FINEST COMPARISONS IN THE WORLD, BETWEEN MISTER SECKER IN A PASSION, AND A LEG OF MUTTON AND TURNEPS IN THE POT—THE POET PAUSETH, MORALIZETH, AND TREMBLETH AT THAT DEVIL, LATELY INTRODUCED TO THE WORLD, CALLED EQUALITY, THE ENEMY OF MAJESTY—SOME OF THE SWEETEST LINES IN THE WORLD ON THE OCCASION—PRUDENCE RE-ENTERETH TO BECALM MISTER SECKER, BY CLAPPING HER HAND ON HIS MOUTH—AN INEXPRESSIBLY APT BOTTLE-OF-SMALL-BEER COMPARISON—THE COOK-MAJOR RISES IN WRATH, AND IS VERY SATIRICAL ON MISTER SECKER—THE CLERK OF THE KITCHEN REPLIES WITH INTREPIDITY—A GREAT DEAL OF GOOD COMPANY RUSHES INTO THE KITCHEN—MISTER SECKER COMMANDS SILENCE, AND ANNOUNCES THE WILL OF HIS SOVEREIGN—THE SOVEREIGN ELOQUENTLY ANNOUNCETH ALSO HIS OWN WILL—A SWEET AND SUBLIME COMPARISON, EQUAL TO ANY THING IN HOMER.

WITH beauteous LAMBERT's blush, and RUSSEL's smiles,

AURORA peep'd upon the first of Isles;
And lo, to bleating flock, and whistling bird,
Uprose the Sun, and uprose G. THE THIRD,

Who

Who left his Queen so charming, and her room,
To talk of hounds and horses with the Groom.
Say, MUSE, what ! not *one* cloud with low'ring looks,
To gloom compassion on the heads of Cooks?
What ! not *one* solitary omen sent ;
Not *one* small sign, to tell the great event ?
On CATO's danger, clouds of ev'ry shape
Hung on the firmament their dismal crape ;
AURORA wept, goor girl, with sorrow big ;
And PHOEBUS rose without his golden wig !
But now the skies their usual manners lost,
The sun and moon, and all the starry host !
No raven at the window flapp'd his wings,
And croak'd portentous to the Cooks of Kings ;
No horses neigh'd, no bullocks roar'd so stout ;
No sheep, like sheep be-devill'd, ran about ;
No lightnings flash'd, no thunder deign'd to growl ;
No walls re-echo'd to the mournful owl ;
No jackals bray'd affright ; no ghost 'gan wail ;
No comet threaten'd empires with his tail ;
No witches, wildly screaming, rode the broom ;
No pewter platters danc'd about the room.
Thus unregarded droop'd each menac'd head,
As though the omens all were really dead ;
As unregarded (what a horrid slur !)
As though the Monarch meant to shave a cur !

Now to the kitchen of the Palace came
Full many a damsel sweet, and daring dame,

The

The wives and daughters of those Cooks forlorn
Whose luckless heads were threaten'd to be shorn :
Ire in each eye, and vengeance in each hand,
To cheer their husbands, pour'd the boastful Band !
Thus, when the ancient Britons rush'd to battle,
Their wives intrepid join'd the general rattle ;
Encouraging their husbands in the fray,
For fear some pale-nos'd rogues might run away :
O glorious act !—repelling coward fear.—
Thus cocks fight bravest when the hens are near.

Now on the band of Ladies star'd the Cooks,
And seem'd to shew hair-ruin in their looks.
Great is the eloquence of eyes indeed—
Much hist'ry in those tell-tale orbs we read !
What though no bigger than a button-hole,
Yet what a wondrous window to the soul !
The bosom's joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
In lively colours are depicted here !

Now to the crowded kitchen RAMUS springs,
RAMUS, call'd *Billy* by the best of Kings ;
Who much of razors and of soapfuds knows,
Well skill'd to take great CÆSAR by the nose :
Much by his Sovereign lov'd, a trusty Page,
Who often puts great Statesmen in a rage ;
Poor Lords ! compell'd against their will to wait,
Though ass-like laden with affairs of State,
Till Page and Monarch finish deep disputes
On buckskin breeches, or a pair of boots !

Billy,

Billy, a pretty name of love, so sweet,
Familiar, easy, for affection meet!
'Thus formal *Patrick* is transform'd to *Paddy*;
And *Father*, by the children christen'd *Daddy*:
And *OLIVER*, who could e'en *Kings* control,
By many a thousand is baptiz'd OLD NOLL.

Speak, READER, didst thou ever see a ghost?
If so—thou stoodest staring, like a post:
Thus did the Cooks on BILLY RAMUS stare,
Whose frightful presence porcupin'd each hair.
Now enter'd SECKER *—and now thus he spoke:—
“ This Louse affair's a very pretty joke!
“ Arn't you ashamed of it, you dirty dogs?—
“ Zounds! have you all been sleeping with the hogs?
“ But mind—you'll be, to all your great delight,
“ Bald as so many coots before 't is night.
“ No murmurs, gentlemen—'t is all in vain:
“ When Monarchs order, who shall dare complain?”
Now from the female Band, a HEROINE ray'd,
“ G—d curse me, if my husband *shall* be shav'd!
“ You shan't, you shan't the fellow's head disgrace—
“ I say, the man shall sooner lose his place.
“ Wigs, like the very devil, I loath, I hate—
“ And curse me, if a *nightcap* hugs his pate.”—
“ How, IMPUDENCE!” the wrathful SECKER cry'd,
With horror staring, and a mouth yard-wide—

* Late Clerk of the Kitchen.

“ Where,

"Where, where's my stick, my cane, my whip, my switch?

"Who taught rebellion t'ye, you saucy B——?"

"*Myself*," with hands akembow cry'd the Dame—

"I tell ye, Mister SECKER, 't is a shame—

"I tell ye that the Cooks will all be fools,

"To suffer razors to come *near* their skulls.

"*Bitch* too, forsooth! the language of a hog!

"If I'm a Bitch, then *somebody's* a Dog."

Now, all th' internal man of SECKER boil'd—

From thought to thought of turbulence he toil'd:

Now, resolution-fraught, he wish'd to stick her,

Now in her face to spit, and now to kick her.

But PRUDENCE in that very moment came,

And sweetly whisper'd to the man of flame—

"Fie, SECKER! kick a *woman*! SECKER, fie!

"On matter more sublime, thy prowess try—

"No glory springs from kicking wives of Cooks.

"Strive to surpass great Kings in binding books;

"Transcend great Kings in forcing stubborn kine

"To breakfast on horse-chestnuts, sup, and dine;

"In educating pigs, be thou as deep;

"And learn, like Kings, to feel the rumps of sheep.

"Go, triumph at the market-towns with wool:

"Go, breed for lady-cows the bravest bull;

"Tow'r o'er the scepter'd GREAT in fat of lambs;

"And rise a rival in the breed of rams.—

"These be thine acts—from hence fair glory flows,

"Whose beam, a bonfire round a Monarch glows.

"Surpass

- " Surpals in charity towards the Poor;
 " Nor bully starving MERIT from the door.
 " Behold, for patronage lean GENIUS pant:
 " What though the wealthy Great a *tasse* may want,
 " Yet, would they cast their eyes on pining MERIT,
 " Those eyes would quickly warm her frozen spirit.
 " The *fool* may lift the MOURNER from the tomb,
 " And bid the buried seeds of GENIUS bloom.
 " Yes, fools of Fortune, did those fools incline
 " To look on humble WORTH, might bid her shine:
 " Thus tallow candles in a chandelier,
 " Make the keen beauties of the glass appear,
 " Call into note a thousand trembling rays,
 " And share the merit of the mingled blaze.
 " The Great should sun-like bid their treasures flow,
 " Whose beams wide-spreading no distinction know;
 " But equal bid the crab and pine be ripe;
 " And light at once a system and a pipe."

Thus PRUDENCE spoke, when SECKER to the DAME
 Confess'd his fault, and stopp'd the bursting flame.

Now storm'd a *second* Heroine from the band,

Call'd JOAN, and full at SECKER made a stand—

" I say, Tom shan't be shav'd—he shan't—he shan't,—

" Leek porridge, stirabout, we'll sooner want;

" We'll rather hunt the gutters for our meat;

" Cry mackrel, or sing ballads through the street;

" Foot stockings, mend old china, or black shoes,

" Sooner than Tom, poor soul, his locks shall lose.

- “ Humph! what a pretty hoity toity 's here?
“ THOMAS, I say, shan't lose his locks, poor Dear!
“ Shav'd too! 'cause people happen to be *poor*—
“ I never heard of such a trick before.
“ *Folks* think they may take freedoms with a Cook—
“ Go, ask your MASTER if he'd shave a *Duke*.
“ No—if he dar'd to do it, I'll be curst:
“ No, SECKER, he would eat the razor first.
“ Goodlord! to think *poor* people's heads to plunder—
“ Why, lord! are people drunk, or mad, I wonder?
“ What! shall my poor dear husband lose his locks?
“ Because *a* han't ten millions in the stocks?
“ Because on me, forsooth, *a* can't bestow
“ A di'mond petticoat to make a show?
“ Marry come up, indeed—a pretty joke—
“ Any thing's good enough for humble folk;
“ Shov'd here and there, forsooth; call'd dog and b—,
“ God blefs us well, because we are not rich.
“ People will soon be beat about with sticks,
“ Forsooth, because they han't a coach and fix.
“ *A* shan't be shav'd, and I'm his lawful wife:
“ The man was never lousy in his life.
“ *As* what his *Mother* says—his nearest kin—
“ ‘Tom never had a blotch upon his skin,
“ ‘But when *a* had the measles and small pox.’
“ What *for*, then, shall the fellow lose his locks?
“ ‘She never in her life-time saw (she says)
“ ‘A tidier, cleaner lad, in all her days—

“ ‘And

- “ ‘ And all her neighbours said with huge surprise,
 “ ‘ A finer boy was never seen with eyes !’
 “ So, Mister SECKER, let’s have no more *touse*—
 “ Hunt further for the owner of the louse.
 “ Sir, ’tis a burning *shame*, I’m bold to say,
 “ To take poor people’s character away.
 “ Who knows the varmine is n’t your own, odsfish !
 “ You’re fond of peeping into ev’ry dish.”

Again of SECKER boil’d th’ internal man;
 Thought urging thought, again to rage began:
 Huge thoughts of diff’rent sizes swell’d his soul;
 Now mounting high, now sinking low, they roll;
 Buffling here, there, up, down, and round about;
 So wild the mob, so terrible the rout!
 How like a LEG OF MUTTON in the pot,
 With turneps thick surrounded all so hot !
 Amid the gulph of broth, sublime, profound,
 Tumultuous, jostling, how they rush around !
 Now *up* the turneps mount with skins of snow,
 While restless lab’ring MUTTON dives below—
 Now lofty soaring, climbs the leg of sheep,
 While TURNIP downwards plunges ’mid the deep !
 Strange such resemblances in things should *lie* !
 But what escapes the *Poet*’s piercing eye ?
 Just like the *Sun*—for what escapes his *ray*,
 Who darts on deepest shade the golden day ?

Muse, let us pause a moment—here we see
 A woman, certainly of low degree,
 Reviling *folk* of elevated station;
 Thus waging war with mild SUBORDINATION.
 Should sweet SUBORDINATION chance to die,
 Adieu to Kings and Courtier-men so high;
 Then will that IMP EQUALITY prevail,
 Who knows no diff'rence between head and tail;
 Then Majesty, the lofty nose who lifts,
 With tears shall wash and iron her own shifts;
 To darn her stockings, from her height descend;
 Which now are giv'n to MACKENTHUN* to mend—
 Turn her fair fingers into vulgar *paws*,
 And wash her dirty laces and her gauze.
 Then dimm'd are coronets that awe inspire,
 And sceptres stuff'd, like faggots, in the fire.
 Ne'er let me view the hour, my soul that shocks,
 When female Majesty shall wash her smocks:
 Such humbled grandeur let me never see;
 Soapfuds and Sov'reignty but ill agree:
 Malkin, and Majesty, but ill accord:
 Rubbers and Royalty are kin abhorr'd!
 Strange union! 't is the Vulture and the Bat;
 A gulph and mudpool—elephant and rat;
 A great Archbishop, and an Undertaker;
 The Muse of Epic, and a Riddle-maker;
 A roaring King in tragedy sublime;
 And he who plays poor Pug in Pantomime;

* A Lady, attendant on the Princesses.

The Lord who in the Senate wonder draws,
 Firm in the fair support of Freedom's cause;
 And that same Lord, behind the scenes, a snail,
 Who, crawling, of an actress holds the tail;
 MARCHESI on the stage, with steel and plume,
 And that MARCHESI in a Lady's room;
 Sir JOSEPH *, Jove-like, with his hammer'd arm,
 Who thund'ring breaks of sleep the opiate charm;
 And *that* SIR JOSEPH, with a simple look,
 Collecting simples near the simple brook.

Again came PRUDENCE, quaker-looking *form*,
 Sweet-humour'd Goddess, to suppress the storm,
 Who clapp'd her hands (indeed an act uncouth)
 Full on the gaping hole of SECKER's mouth;
 Compressing thus a thousand iron words,
 Sharp ev'ry soul of them as points of swords:
 But soon her hand forsook his lips and chin;
 Who own'd the Goddess, and but gave a grin.
 Thus from a fretful bottle of small beer,
 If, mad, the cork should leap with wild career;
 Lo, to the bottle's mouth the butler flies,
 And with dexterity his hand applies!
 In vain the liquor buffles 'mid the dome;
 John quells all fury, and subdues the foam!

* Sir JOSEPH BANKS. A part of his royal insignia is a hammer to knock down a dispute, and keep the Royal Society awake.

Now rose the MAJOR—"Mister SECKER—Sir,
" You make in this affair a pretty flir!
" 'Twere doubtless a fine present in a *box*,
" To offer to our sovereign Lord, the locks:
" Some *vast* reward would follow to be sure;
" A pretty little, sweet, snug *sinécure*.
" Yes—MASTER SECKER well can play his cards:
" Sublime achievements claim sublime rewards.
" I humbly do presume, Sir, that his *Grace*
" Has promis'd ye a warm Exciseman's place:—
" *Some folks are Jacks-in-office*, fond of power!"
Thus spoke the Cook, like vinegar so sour.
" No matter, Master Major, what I get;
" All that I know, is this, your heads shall sweat:
" I'll see the business done, depend upon't—
" I'll order matters, d—n me if I don't:
" Yes, Master DIXON, you shall know who's who—
" Which is the better gemman, I or you."
Thus answers SECKER to the man of woes,
And points his satire with a cock'd-up nose.

Scarce had he utter'd, when a noise was heard;
And now behold a motley band appear'd!
With Babel sounds at once the kitchen rings,
Of Groom, Page, Barber, and the best of Kings!
And lo, the best of Queens must see the fun;
And lo, the Princesses so beauteous run;
And Madam SCHWELLENBERG came hobbling too;
Poor lady, losing in the race a shoe!

But

But in revenge-pursuit, the loss how slight!
The world would lose a *leg*, to please a spite.

And now for PEACE did SECKER bawl aloud;
And lo, PEACE came at once among the crowd.
In courts of justice thus, to hush the hum,
“ Silence !” the cryer calls, and all is mum—
“ Cooks, Scullions, all, of high and low degree,
“ Attend, and learn our Monarch’s will from *me*.
“ Our Sov’reign Lord the King, whose word is fate,
“ Wills in his wisdom to see shav’d each pate :
“ Then, Gentlemen, pray take your chairs at once;
“ And let each Barber fall upon his sconce.”—
Thus thunder’d SECKER with a MARS-like face,
And struck dire terror through the roasting race.
Thus roar’d ACHILLES ’mid the martial fray,
When ev’ry frightened Trojan ran away.

Calm was the crowd, when *thus* the King of Isles,
Firm for the shave, but yet with kingly smiles—
“ You must be shav’d—you shall, you must indeed:
“ No, no, I shan’t let slip a single head—
“ A very filthy, nasty, dirty trick—
“ The thought on’t turns my stomach—makes me sick.
“ Louse—louse—a nasty thing, a louse I hate:—
“ No, no, I’ll have no more upon my plate.
“ One is sufficient—yes, yes—quite a store—
“ I’ll have no more—no more, I’ll have no more.”

Thus

Thus spoke the King, like ev'ry king who gives
 To trifles, lustre that for ever lives.
 Thus stinking vapours from the oozy pool,
 Of cats and kittens, dogs and puppies full,
 Bright Sol sublimed, and gives them golden wings,
 The cloud on which *some* say, the *Cherub* sings.

A P A I R
 OF
 LYRIC EPISTLES
 TO
 LORD MACARTNEY AND HIS SHIP.

Yes, of our Bagshot wonders tell KIEN LONG;
 Delicious subjects for an Epic Song!

EPISTLE TO LORD MACARTNEY.

O, if successful, thou wilt be ador'd!

Wide as a CHESHIRE CAT our Court will grin,
 To find as many Pearls and Gems on board
 As will not leave thee room to stick a pin.

EPISTLE to the SHIP.

TO THE READER.

IT has been my wish, that the following pair of
 Lyric Epistles might be presented, with my Odes, to
 the Emperor KIEN LONG, on account of the quan-
 tity of original merit—but, to use a sublime phrase,
 as it would be "*letting the cat out of the bag*," I have
 forborne.

The bustle and prowess of the invincible DUKE on
 Bagshot-Heath—the Heath on fire—the royal visit—the
 the

the Man of Straw blown from the Mine—the explosion of the Powder-mills at Hounslow—the attention of GODS, as well as of the CROWS, to the Camp—the humility of the Bagshot bushes, &c. are circumstances which, however they may be disdained by the fastidious pen of HISTORY, ought to be recorded. Indeed, I from my soul believe, that our Historians, as they are called, are too *conceitedly lofty* to think of fullying a page with an account of the Camp-trans-action; but *Poets* were the only historians of ancient times, which I am ready to prove by a profusion of learned quotation; and consequently *your* dull uninspired prose-men are invaders. For my part, I am resolved to support the *poetical charter*; and consequently, as often as the DUKE, and the KING and the QUEEN, and MADAM SCHWELLENBERG, and LORD CARDIGAN, and old NICOLAI the fiddler, and SIR FRANCIS DRAKE, and the *Pages*, the *Cooks*, and the Stable-boys, &c. &c. shall utter goods things, achieve great actions, and be seen in close and important conversation together, such *events* shall be honoured with niches in my LYRIC TEMPLE of IMMORTALITY.

The Epistle to the SHIP seems to be full of Poetry and good wishes; but the horrid picture of the future disappointment of our Ambassador and his *Suite* at *Pekin*, with the disgracefully attendant circumstances, we hope to be merely a playful sketch of fancy of the Muse, and that she has really been visited by no such flogging illuminations.

A LYRIC EPISTLE

TO

LORD MACARTNER,

AMBASSADOR TO THE COURT OF CHINA.

O CROWN'D with glory by our *glorious* King,
 Deck'd in his liv'ry too, a *glorious* thing,
 Amid the wonders at SAINT JAMES's done;
 At House of BUCKINGHAM, in RICHMOND bow'rs,
 At Kew, and lastly WINDSOR's lofty tow'rs,
 Rich scenes at once of *Majesty* and *Fun*;
 Forget not *thou* the *Camp* on BAGSHOT HEATH,
 Where met the grimly regiments of death;
 Where not the DEV'L their rage sublime could
 damp—
 Though HEAV'N, as if it meant to mock the matter,
 Pour'd on their powder'd heads huge tubs of water,
 And made the mighty heath a dirty swamp.

Yes, of our Bagshot wonders tell KIEN LONG—
 Delicious subjects for the Epic song.

Talk of the valiant troops, all heav'n-descended,
 On which the Kings of Britain oft depended,
 When

When bold **REBELLION** through the nation ran ;
Her venom spread, and told a *vulgar* host,
To humble, sweet *Subordination* lost,
That lo! the *mightiest Monarch* was but *Man*!

Such foldiers! such rare gen'ral's! no *poltroons*,
Swell'd by the *gas* of courage to balloons ;
Where, though those men like bacon all were smoak'd,
Not *one*, by **GOD**'s good providence, was *choak'd*.

Of **RICHMOND**'s mighty chieftain, **RICHMOND** speak—
“ *Now* wet, a riding dishclout,” shalt thou say—
“ *Now* broiling, whizzing, dropping like a steak,—
“ So val'rous, 'mid the sun's meridian ray !

Talk to **KIEN LONG** about His **GRACE**'s *soul*;
What wisdom, sweetness, love, pervades the whole !

But *souls* in *common* are a dreary waste,
By brambles, thistles, barb'rous docks disgrac'd ;
That need the ploughshare, harrow, and the fire—
Some souls are caves of filth and spectred gloom,
That want a window and a broom,
To yield them light, and clear the mire.

When honours lift th' unworthy fool on high,
On **FORTUNE** how with fierce contempt I scowl!
She hangs a dirty cloud upon the sky,
And with an eagle's pinion imps an owl.

Yet

Yet knaves and fools enjoy their *lucky hours*,
And ribbons, 'stead of ropes, their backs adorn—
Thus crawls the TOAD amid the fairest flow'rs,
And with the LILY drinks the dews of morn.

But royal RICHMOND honours exaltation—
The pole-star of our military nation.
How pleasant then to see a RICHMOND rise!
Friend of a KING, and *fav'rite* of the SKIES!

CHARLES *, to support a bastard and a wh—
Impos'd a tax on coals, that starv'd the poor:
Those *sans-culottes*-men made the saddest din!
But mark, how often *good* proceeds from *evil*!
'This deed of CHARLES is now a *white-wash'd* Devil—
Lo, RICHMOND casts a lustre round the sin!

By means of this *once shameful* tax on coal,
He sniggles *modest* MERIT from her hole!

Where is the Soldier that is not his friend?
See ADMIRATION to his virtues bend;
And lo, the scar-clad VETERAN adores!
While GLORY humbly kneeling to the skies,
With supplicating hands and fervent eyes,
A length of days upon his head implores.

Say, that His Grace, ambitious of a name,
Is ever angling to catch Martial Fame:

* King of England, whose Mistress was a French woman,
the great, great, and illustrious Ancestor of his present GRACE.

And say too, how most fortunate the Duke,
 What noble fishes hang upon his hook;
 Whilst *humbler* mortals lab'ring day and night,
 Poor patient creatures, seldom feel a *bite*.

Power in the hands of VIRTUE is heav'n's *dew*,
 That fost'ring feeds the flow'r of happiest hue—

In VICE's grasp, it withers, wounds, and kills:
 'Tis *then* the fang so fatal, form'd to make
 A passage for the venom of the *snake*,
 That NATURE's *life* with *dissolution* fills.

Bow down, ye armies, then, and thank your God,
 That RICHMOND holds the military rod:
 No *Janus* he, with *selfish* views to *job*,
 And touch the Nation's pocket with a *job**.

Yes, let the Emp'ror all about him hear,
 'Talk of the bold transactions of the Peer;

And say, what probably he can't believe,
 That lo, the dauntless body of His Grace,
 In duels bor'd, has scarcely one sound place—

A honeycomb, a cullender, a sieve!

Say *how* that nothing could his courage check;
 Proud of his post, and fearless of his neck,

* Witness the *convenient* house and gardens near Plymouth Dock, so *economically* built with the Public Money. The *annals* of honour furnish us not with a sublimer instance of *self-denial*.

Though

Though only *one* upon his shoulders *dear*—
 Thus VALOUR smiles at danger, death, and pain,
 And feels an eighteen-pounder through his brain,
 Coolly as *some* a pat upon the ear!

Say, how he gallop'd wild, up hill, down dale;
 Frighten'd each village, turn'd each hovel pale;
 Struck all the birds with terror, save the crows,
 Who, spying such commotion in the land,
 Concluded some great matter was in hand,
 Much blood and carnage 'midst contending foes.

Say, how the world his deeds with wonder saw;
 Say, that the Bagshot-bushes bow'd with awe;
 And say, his phiz such valour did inspire,
 That lo, the very ground he trod, caught fire*.

Say, how went forth to see him, half the nation,
 Their mouths well cramm'd with dust and admira-
 So ardent ev'ry eye's devouring look, [tion—
 To seize the galloping, the flying Duke.

Such eating and such guzzling ev'ry day!

Nothing to pay!

All the Duke's friends, great quality and small;
 Our great King GEORGE, and lovely QUEEN,
 Were entertain'd seat-free, I ween—
 Our generous nation doom'd to pay it all.

* This is a literal fact.

And yet, when PARLIAMENT beholds the bill,
I think that Parliament, with much ill will,

May growl, and swear it was an idle thing,
This game of foldiers, such a *childish* play—
But let *me* answer PARLIAMENT, and say,

It was not *childish*, FOR IT PLEAS'D THE KING—

It made TOM PAINE, the bull-dog, hold his tongue ;
Arm'd with such lion-paws, and teeth so long!

Say, that the sun-like Duke shone forth so bright,
That PUNCH ne'er triumph'd in a fiercer fight.

Say, how he fir'd the *Hounslow* mills of powder :
Say, how the sympathizing grain, with sound,
Frighten'd the tiles from all the roofs around,
Defying the *bold* THUNDER to roar louder!

Say, that immortal CÆSAR* trod the place
Now fiercely gallop'd over by His Grace.

Say, that the GODS beheld him from on high—
That, to the Lord of battles†, with a sigh,

Thus spoke the MONARCH of the clouds—"Son
MARS,

" Had TROY possess'd a hero like the Duke,

" With *such* a soul, and *such* a fighting look,

" Our City had been safe amidst her wars.

* JULIUS CÆSAR was most certainly at BAGSHOT. † Mars.

“ Go quickly, pull thy hat off to the DUKE,
“ And beg a lesson from the HERO’s book.”

Lord! as the Duke, where *powder* only flam’d,
Was so inspir’d, so val’rous, and so hot;
How had this Duke the sons of battle sham’d,
‘Mid scenes of thunder, where they charg’d with
shot!

Say too (and verily it was no joke)
Although so lofty on their *cloud-capp’d* tow’rs,
Such were the volumes of ascending smoke,
Smutty as blacksmiths look’d the heav’nly POW’RS;
And that the MAN of *straw* * (a thought how bright!)
Flew up, and put their GODSHIPS in a fright!

Tell him, which probably may cause a smile,
That at the distance of a mile,
His GRACE, a skull that powder wants, can note;
(Which, when it happens, let that skull beware;)
See too a club with *one* disorder’d hair,
And mark *one* spot of grease upon a coat.

* It is *reported*, that a colossal figure, stuffed with straw, was blown out of the hill, to give *their Majesties* an adequate idea of the ascent of ten thousand men or so, a frequent event at grand sieges. It is moreover reported, that this stuffed figure obtained a large portion of royal approbation. Indeed I am strongly inclined to believe the story.—It was quite a *new* idea.

Thus war was Gothic, slovenly, unchaste,
Till RICHMOND usher'd in the morn of taste!

Say too, that, for the honour of the nation,
We hope to see a book on *reputation*,
Proving that *public* vice should bring no shame*;
That *private* only d—ns a noble name.

Thus the poor NYMPH, too easy to contend,
Who blushing sins in secret with a friend,

Shall be a viler hussy than the woman
Who hangs her lips like cherries out for sale,
And shews her bosom's lilies, to regale

Each grazing beast that offers—quite a COMMON.

“ Why should I say all this unto the King ?”
Thou cryest, O MACARTNEY.—Good may spring :
It may unto thine embassy give weight,
By putting great KIEN LONG into a fright.

“ Who knows,” KIEN LONG may whine with
rueful face,

“ But all the rank and file are like His GRACE—

“ Then shall I shake upon my sapphire throne :

“ For troops like RICHMOND, that on valour feast,

“ May, like wild meteors, pour into mine East,

“ And leave my palace neither stick nor stone ;

“ Like roaring lions rush to eat me up—

“ In Britain breakfast, and in China sup.”

* The reader is desired to ask Lord Lauderdale concerning
this matter.

TO

TO THE SHIP.

O THOU, so nicely painted, and so trim,
Success attend our COURT's delightful whim;
And all thy gaudy gentlemen on board;
With coaches just like gingerbread, so fine,
Amid the Asiatic world to shine,
And greet of China the Imperial Lord.

Methinks I view thee tow'ring at CANTON:
I hear each wide-mouth'd salutation gun;
I see thy streamers wanton in the gale;
I see the fallow natives crowd the shore,
I see them tremble at thy royal roar;
I see the very MANDARINES turn pale.

Pagodas of Nang-yang, and Chou-chin-chou,
So lofty, to our trav'ling Britons bow;
Bow, mountains sky-enwrapp'd of Chin-chung-
chan;
Floods of Ming-ho, your thund'ring voices raise;
Cuckoos of Ming-fou-you, exalt their praise,
With geese of Sou-chen-che, and Tang-ting-tan.

O monkeys of Tou-fou, pray line the road,
Hang by your tails, and all the branches load;
Then grin applause upon the gaudy throng,
And drop them honours as they pass along.

Frogs

Frogs of Fou-si, O croak from pools of green;
 Winnow, ye butterflies, around the scene;
 Sing O be joyful, ev'ry village pig;
 Goats, sheep, and oxen, through your pastures
 prance;
 Ye buffaloes and dromedaries, dance;
 And elephants, pray join th' unwieldy jig.

I mark, I mark, along the dusty road,
 The glitt'ring coaches with their happy load,
 All proudly rolling to PE-KIN's fair town;
 And lo, arriv'd, I see the Emperor flare,
 Deep marv'ling at a sight so very rare;
 And now, ye Gods! I see the EMP'RO*R* *frown*.

And now I hear the lofty Emp'ror say,
 " Good folks, what is it that you want, I pray?"
 And now I hear aloud MACARTNEY cry,
 " EMP'RO*R*, my COURT, inform'd that you were
 rich,
 " Sublimely feeling a strong money-itch,
 " Across the eastern ocean bade me fly;

" With tin, and blankets, O great King, to barter,
 " And gimcracks rare for China-Man and Tartar.

" But presents, presents are the things we mean:
 " Some pretty diamonds to our gracious QUEEN,
 " Big as one's fist or so, or somewhat bigger,
 " Would cut upon her petticoat a figure—

" A pet-

“ A petticoat of whom each poet sings,
“ That beams on birth-days for the Best of Kings.
“ Yes, presents are the things we chiefly wish—
“ These give not half the toil we find in trade.”—
On which th’ astonish’d Emp’ror cries, “ Odsfish!
“ Presents!—present the rogues the Baskinade.”

Stern RESOLUTION’s eye, that flash’d with fate,
At danger cowering, wears a wither’d look;
Palfy’d his sinewy arm, where vengeance fate,
Whose grasp the rugged oak of ages shook—
His blood, so hot, grown suddenly so chill;
Sunk from a torrent to the creeping rill.

In short, behold with dread MACARTNEY stare;
Behold him seiz’d, his seat of honour bare;
The bamboo sounds—alas! no voice of Fame:
Stripp’d, schoolboy-like, and now I see his Train,
I see their lily bottoms writhe with pain,
And, like his LORDSHIP’s, blush with blood and
shame.

Ah! what avails the coat of scarlet dye,
And collar blue, around their pretty necks?
Ah! what the *epaulettes*, that roast the eye,
And loyal buttons blazing with *George Rex*?
Heav’ns! if KIEN LONG resolves upon their stripping,
These are no talismans to ward a whipping.

Now

Now with a mock solemnity of face,
I see the mighty EMP'ROUR gravely place

Fools-caps on all the poor degraded men—

And now I hear the solemn EMP'ROUR say,

“ 'Tis thus we Kings of China *folly* pay;

“ Now, children, ye may all go home agen.”

O beauteous vessel, should this prove the case,

How in old England wilt thou show thy face?

I fear thy visage will be wondrous long.

Know it may happen—Ministers and Kings,

Like common folk, are fallible—poor things!

Too often sanguine, and as often wrong.

Yet, if successful, thou wilt be ador'd—

Lo, like a Cheshire cat our COURT will grin!

How glad to find as many gems on board,

As will not leave thee room to stick a pin!

END OF VOL. II.

